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business will have to be re-organised, made Big instead of little, its preposterous system of "way-leaves" abolished, its paying pits worked to the limit of their capacity, its selling operations co-ordinated, and its useless pits closed.

WHY, then, shirk this issue? Why pretend any more that the individual English mine-owner, steel-manufacturer, cotton-manufacturer, paper-manufacturer, or any other individual English industrialist, can hold his own and go on paying decent wages to all his workpeople, when his French, German, American, Italian or Czecho-slovakian competitors — sheltered behind impregnable tariff walls— are no longer individual concerns, but huge combines, already seeking alliances one with the other, and seeking always to prevent our industries getting their fair share of international trade?

CERTAIN shrewder brains in the Socialist party—though still subscribing, for election purposes only, to those sixty-five articles which are a mere mixture of pious bunk and fictional flourishes—have grasped this fundamental feature of modern industrialism. But their remedy, nationalisation, would be worse than the disease for which they prescribe it, because nationalisation, whether of coal, steel, tin or cotton, presupposes a Government office capable of running these giant industries—and anybody who has had even one experience of transacting business with a Government office knows that our officials, in the present state of their mental development, are incapable of anything except courteous officialdom. Which does not sell goods!

SOCIALISTS, moreover, when tackled with the irrefutable fact that a system of bureaucratically run Trusts (for that is what State Socialism amounts to) would still be exposed—and doubly exposed in view of the lack of flexibility inherent in all State enterprises—to the full blast of cheap-labour, high-efficiency foreign competition, take refuge, as is only to be expected, in a flabby internationalism. "Progress is to be achieved," say the sixty-five articles, "not by pitting the workers of one nation against those of another, but by the common co-operation of all nations in establishing, as far as is possible" (note the hedging of that "as far as possible") "equitable international standards of life and work." Socialism, in other words, hopes that a time will come when the Chinese, the Japanese, the German, the French, the Belgian, the Italian and the Russian workingman will have had their wages raised to the London or the Lancashire level—just in order to give the London or the Lancashire working-man his chance to get their jobs.

NOW this, I protest, is drivel. Just as it is drivel to pretend that America is going to "let up on us" in her fight for world-markets because of "hands across the sea."

"THE Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," of which the Victorian poet wrote so glibly, *may* come. But it won't come in our time. And the preachifying of our Labour Party that international competition is "suicidal rivalry in mutual degradation" will not stay one foreign manufacturer's hand from our throat. In Peace, as in War, life is an eternal struggle. In Peace, as in War, the unfit nations—that is to say the nations who suffer from incompetent leadership—go under; while the fit nations—the nations whose leaders put their country above their own selfish interests—prosper and survive.

ITEM, for Socialists to write that "the wage-earner's first safeguard is his Trade Union" proves the whole Labour Party still a prey to that most childish of all the hallucinations, that class-warfare at home will bring orders from abroad.

THIS hallucination is responsible for at least the half of our post-war trade disasters. Pseudo-Conservatism, and our innate slackness, account for the rest. Capital and Labour are the husband and wife of all industry. A statesman's duty is to see that Capital and Labour live in amity together; only a politician, seeking that most disreputable of all gains, party-advantage, would try to sow discord between the two.

IN a free community such as ours is, Capital and Labour *must* co-operate. The disgruntled on one side, the hide-bound on the other, must both go. To-day, nothing can save us except the team-spirit; finely-unselfish leadership in the commissioned ranks; unfaltering—but not unreasoning—obedience below.

OUR major industries must unite against the foreigner. And both the men at the head of those Big Business unities and the executive officers under them must learn that, however much a man may be worth in *money*, his *value* is the service he gives to his kind. Only thus is the amassing of private fortunes justified. Only thus will the workers, the rank and file of our industrial army, learn to respect—and not grudge his reward to—the man at the top.

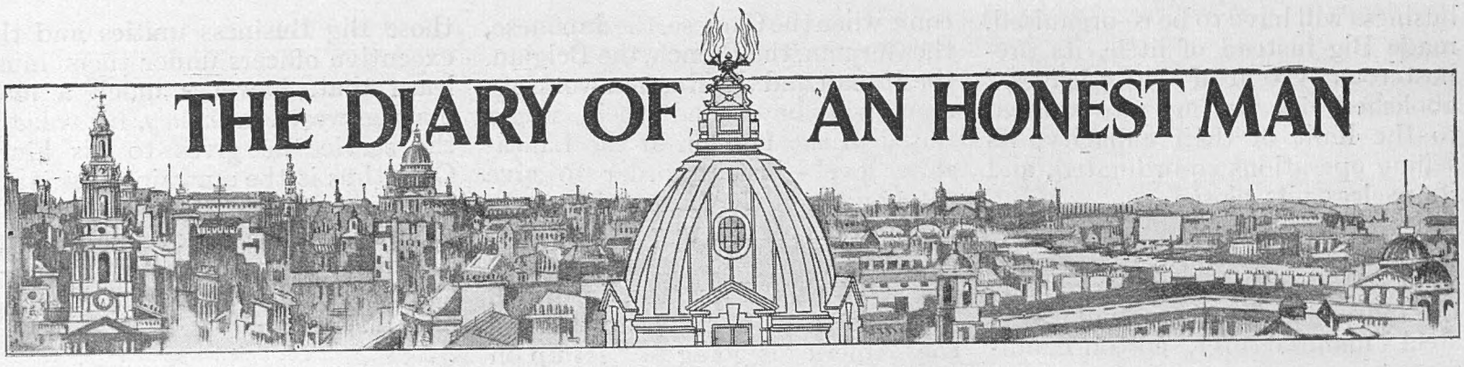
IT is the fashion, among the so-called intelligentsia (the most fusty-brained section of our national community) to decry the old "feudal system." Yet actually it is a new feudal system that we in England most need to-day. The knight who led his men-at-arms to war, the landowner who devoted his life to the welfare of his tenantry, are gone. But the spirit of them is still with us, our finest leaven of hope. I could give you the names of a dozen well-known businesses where that spirit is transforming mere commerce into glorious adventure; where masters and men are in unison; where all feel that "the game is greater than the player of the game and the ship is more than the crew."

BUT many of our business ships are sinking, riddled with foreign round-shot, while the captains carouse in their cabins and the crew huddle, murderous and mutinous, in the hold. Some of those ships are past saving. But the main fleet is still saveable. Hard work, clear thought, rigid thrift, and the team-spirit can bring it victorious to port.

YET not even the hardest work, the clearest thought, the closest thrift or the stoutest team-spirit can save the good ships of English industry, so long as economic issues are bandied and battered about in the sordid arena of party politics; so long as the foreigner is allowed every advantage and we in Great Britain none.

PESSIMISTS tell me that "the Empire" is a dead issue. But the Empire—if only we visualise it aright—is our one, our last hope against the Big Business enemies who are without its walls.

AT the moment, those walls are of the flimsiest. Let us strengthen them—even if it means the whole, whole-hog programme of Imperial Preference. Because only thus can we hope to survive.



The Coalition Reappears.

I HAVE read Mr. Lloyd George's statement of the intentions of the Liberal Party in the next Parliament four times without losing my admiration of the skill of the Welsh wizard in juggling with words. That he would form a government if he gets the chance was plain as a pikestaff, but what if the Liberals are not the largest party in the new Parliament?

At this point *The Times* report extends over half a column before the first hint of answer is to be found. "I am not blind," said the great seer of visions, "to the fact that there is a vast parliamentary territory common to all men of progressive minds." This is painful, but true. *But* the Liberal Party "would most decidedly decline even to contemplate the possibility of a repetition of the experiment of 1924." *But*, again, "consideration of what might best be done in a Parliamentary situation must be left to the party leaders of the time. It would be folly to hamper those leaders in any way."

From what we know, it would not only be foolish, but useless for any party to try to "hamper" Mr. Lloyd George by limiting in any direction his freedom to advocate any policy at any time. In any case those old-fashioned Liberals who believed in exclusively Liberal policies have long ago left the party, so the plea for freedom of action met with a ready response. For the rest, what does it mean? What can it mean but the threat of a new Coalition?

Mr. Lloyd George is, perhaps, not far wrong in thinking that, against such a menace even Tories and Socialists might combine. Happily there are still times when in the face of danger men of all parties can be trusted to unite. Whatever fate is in store for England, we cannot afford more of those Downing Street breakfasts, where, in the words of a participant, vouched for by Mr. Austin Hopkinson, "it was all delightfully informal: we just got up and helped ourselves."

The Lost Leader.

SO Lord Birkenhead has left the Government, and the retirement from high office of the most conspicuously successful man of his generation is a more ominous portent than seems to be realised. The prizes of politics have not ceased to glitter, but all that glitters is not gold, and political life to-day is a rich man's luxury. The result is that our governing classes can no longer afford, and our first class brains are no longer willing, to govern. Since the success of popular government depends on the ability of the democracy to enlist the services of both these classes, the moral is significant. Either the prestige of Parliament will continue to decline or the State must pay its servants something comparable to that offered outside. Yet big business is quite complacent.

I remember an eminent city magnate, I think it was Lord Banbury, at a meeting of the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons a few years ago, asking the Treasury representative what the Civil Service wanted with fifteen or so £3,000 a year posts. The Treasury representative was silent for a moment. "Why," continued his questioner, "my Railway has only got ten men at that figure!" Yet business men complain of government inefficiency! And the same men who will pay the general manager of a big industrial undertaking £12,000 a year, free of income tax, will, on the same line of reasoning, hold up their hands in horror at the suggestion that a Secretary of State or a High Court Judge should be paid half that sum. What folly!

Art for Loot's Sake.

THE Russian Government announces that it is going to sell a vast number of its art treasures next month by public auction in Berlin. Thus ends the legend that the confiscation of the private collections of Russia was inspired by the zeal of the Soviet to educate popular taste. It is a pity that the sale is not to be in Paris, for there would then be a chance that some of the owners of this property might make a little money by driving more enlightened internationalists in their taxi-cabs to the sale rooms.

As it is, we fear that the proceeds of the sale will not get far beyond the members of the Communist party, that exclusive society which, alone among all the clubs of the world, has a waiting list of half a million. Meanwhile the Soviet are issuing a third "internal loan" of £40,000,000, making a total of £110,000,000 in the current financial year which has been raised by inflation. But the optimistic Communists expect the foreigner to come to their rescue with loans in the spring. We shall see.

A Problem of Economics.

THE September Trade Returns show a decrease, as compared with 1927, of £13,731,000 in imports, of £4,002,000 in exports, and of £1,198,000 in re-exports. What is foolishly called the "adverse balance" is reduced, but what the figures mean is that we are selling less, and therefore consuming less. In other words, we are poorer. A reduction in the "excess" of imports over exports means, of course, merely that our invisible exports as well as our visible exports have declined, except in so far as we have been living on capital or uninvested savings. No comfort is to be derived from either fact.

As if to point the moral, the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Associations, whose statistical department is remarkably efficient, announce that "there are few indications of recovery" in the power industries. The picture presented by these statistics, they continue, "is one of gradually intensifying state of depression in all the basic industries with the exception of shipbuilding and certain branches of steel production. Signs of recovery are not at present visible."

An interesting point is that while our exports of iron and steel have fallen in September by 24·9 per cent., our imports have fallen by 33·6 per cent. Safeguarders will "prove" from this that the slight signs of a revival would be intensified by restricting imports still more. Others will "prove" that a falling-off of imports does not imply an increase in exports, but *vice versa*. I draw the simple conclusion that the question calls for expert advice and not for speech-making. But why cannot the experts be set to work at once?

Love and Let Love.

OUR enterprising contemporary, the *Evening News*, has induced Mr. Aldous Huxley (with portrait) to write on love. An older and wiser man, Mr. Henry Nevinson, once told me of his profound conviction that no man could write sensibly on anything unless he had been tinker, tailor, soldier or sailor. Unfortunately our newspaper proprietors seem to believe the exact opposite, and every day some novelist, poet or essayist is rushed into print with the most ingenuous opinions on morality, disarmament, economics, the reform of the poor law, or the cure for the depression in the herring industry.

Mr. Aldous Huxley on the history of love in literature is entertaining and wise, but when he gets on to sociology he is no happier than his equally brilliant contemporaries.

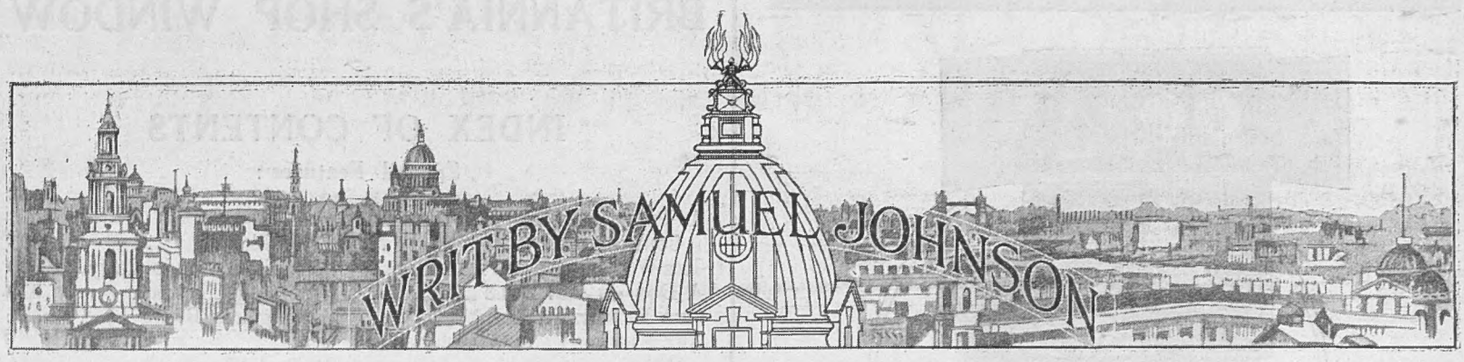
"*Psycho-analysis has taught*," he writes, "*that all forms of sexual behaviour previously regarded as wicked are statistically normal* (*and normality is solely a matter of statistics*)."

What rubbish! What psycho-analysis teaches us is that temptation is normal, not that sin is normal. And what history teaches, which is rather more important, is that the capacity to resist temptation is normal in healthy societies and rare in decadent societies. The ultimate test of nations, as of individuals, is their behaviour, not their primitive instincts, which scientists and fundamentalists both agree to be ape-like in the extreme. If we want to remain a great people for goodness sake let us behave ourselves decently, and leave the investigation of sewers to the L.C.C.

The Naval Manœuvres.

THE Naval Exercises of the Atlantic Fleet off Cromarty have been mainly given over to gunnery practice. For the Navy manœuvres, like war, mean little interruption of the ordinary routine. A ship is always in active service, and breakfast on the morning before a fleet action may well be the same as on a Sunday morning in peace time. The Navy is at a disadvantage, however, when it comes to battle practice, because the effects of gunfire on hypothetical enemies can only be guessed, depending in war not only on the manœuvres of our fleet but on those of the enemy. This is the fundamental difference between land and sea war.

The tactical objectives of a land operation will be fixed points—a ridge, a ravine, a line of trenches, a wood or a fortress. For the defence, movement means tactical defeat; hence the infantry motto: "To advance is to win." The result is that target practice can reproduce almost exactly the situation prior to or resulting from field manœuvres, and the two halves of training make a tolerably complete whole.



In fleet actions this can never be the case. The main defence of one fleet against another is not the quality of its armour, but the brains of its commander. The target at which ships fire in their peace-time practice is a target which they will never get in war time, because it is a target deprived of that intelligent mobility which is the first line of a fleet's defence. It is this which provides the incalculable element in naval warfare and introduces a personal factor unknown in war. Even Napoleon never rated himself higher than an army corps. An Admiral can lose an Empire in half an hour. Precisely that was the fate of the Athenian Empire at Aegospotami.

The Chairman of "Lyons."

MR. ALFRED SALMON, who died last Friday, was one of the pioneers of the modern popular tea shop and restaurant. No other recent development of retail trade has been either as useful or as profitable, and few decent people will grudge the profit when they remember the cheap "eating houses" of twenty-five years ago. When another man of Mr. Salmon's organizing genius sets to work to do for the licensed house what Alfred Salmon did for the restaurant, Londoners of all tastes will be able to eat their lunch in comfort.

At present the teetotallers are crowded out of their legitimate territory by thousands of people whose simple desire to eat, drink and sit down, roughly at one and the same time, presents a problem beyond the wit of twentieth century publicans to solve. It is time the old *entente* between publicans and sinners was restored. Here is a task for our pacifists.

Alcohol and Intellect.

DR. HERBERT J. NORMAN, lecturer in mental disorders at Westminster Hospital, has cited James Thomson, Poe, Verlaine, Francis Thompson and Swinburne as people whose deterioration was due to drink or drugs. No doubt people who drink too much get every bit as ill as people who eat, smoke or sleep too much, or strain their hearts or cut their throats. But why select five brilliant and famous men whose achievements have enriched the world as instances of deterioration.

Swinburne in his later days at "The Pines" neither drank nor wrote. Should we have been better off had he started earlier? The fact is that there are more poets who drink because the writing of poetry (and the making of speeches, for that matter) involves an intense expenditure of nervous energy at isolated moments.

The instances quoted do not illustrate the effect of alcohol on intellect (if so, it would only be necessary to treble our national consumption in order to solve all our problems), but the effect of intellect on alcohol, which is rather different. Happily or unhappily, there is no danger of this infection spreading in our progressive century.

Discord at Weymouth.

THE Weymouth Town Council is surprised because they dressed up the members of their Municipal Orchestra like cowboys and yet failed to make a profit. The explanation, popular in Weymouth, is that the simple townsfolk thought the men were foreigners.

Greatly daring, I venture to correct the Town Councillors of this charming city. The truth is that it never occurred to anybody that the unhappy men were musicians.

Having got safely over the stage when that promising violinist Mr. Johnson had to masquerade as Carl Hindenburg, surely we can spare him the necessity of re-disguising himself as Broncho Bill the fillibusting fiddler. And if the Weymouth Town Council can't, the public can, and will.

Next Week.

OCTOBER 20TH.

Federation of Rambling Clubs' Dinner, Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge. 7 *p.m.*
Royal Marines Old Comrades Association Dinner, First Avenue Hotel. 7 *p.m.*
Lord Reading and Mr. Philip Snowden at Readers' Pensions Committee Dinner, Holborn Restaurant. 7 *p.m.*
Princess Mary Opens Chantry Park, Ipswich.

OCTOBER 21ST.

O.P. President's Dinner, Hotel Cecil. 7 *p.m.*

OCTOBER 22ND.

Freedom of City to Archbishop of Canterbury, Mansion House. 1.30 *p.m.*
Duke of York Unveils Memorial, St. Columba's, Pont Street. 3.15 *p.m.*
Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., at Nelson Day Dinner, Trocadero. 8 *p.m.*

OCTOBER 23RD.

Royal Horticultural Show.
Lord Melchett at King's College Faculty of Science. 5.30 *p.m.*
Christ Hospital Founders Day Dinner, Trocadero. 7 *p.m.*
Mr. L. St. Clare Grondona, on Australia and Empire Trade, University College, 5.30 *p.m.*

OCTOBER 24TH.

Institution of Mining Engineers, Burlington House. 11 *a.m.*
Duchess of York at All Saints' Church, East Sheen. 3 *p.m.*
Fellowship of Rogues and Vagabonds, Comedy Theatre. 3 *p.m.*
Knights of the Round Table Dinner to New Italian Ambassador, Girdlers' Hall.
Mr. Baldwin Receives Freedom of Aberystwyth.

OCTOBER 25TH.

British Empire Club Luncheon, 12, *St. James's Square.* 1.15 *p.m.*
Colchester Oyster Feast.

OCTOBER 26TH.

Overseas League Luncheon to Sir Cecil Rodwell, Criterion Restaurant. 1 *p.m.*
Duke of York Lays Foundation Stone of New Royal Hospital School, Greenwich.
Old Millhillians Club Jubilee Dinner, Hotel Victoria. 7.15 *p.m.*
Prime Minister at League of Nations Union Meeting, Royal Albert Hall.
Mr. Rudyard Kipling at Liverpool Shipbrokers' Dinner.

Truth in Advertising.

I HAVE sometimes, perhaps, hinted a doubt as to the political morality of certain progressive politicians. As far as the London Labour Party is concerned I owe an apology.

"Beware of the man who shouts economy" is their simple and manly warning to the electorate in connection with the November municipal elections. I offer them a more alluring slogan, "Bigger and Better Rates!" I need not explain that, according to this Labour leaflet, the increased expenditure is to be on behalf of the children, the aged and the infirm. No voter may expect to receive a penny. But the party should make this clearer: Here is a suggestion. "Vote for higher expenditure, Your conscience need not trouble you. Not a penny will ever reach *you*."

And they could go even better. Why should not the Labour Party improve on the Government's de-rating scheme by providing that all increases in the cost of social services should be paid for by the people who vote for them in direct proportion to their income? Then we should see London placarded with a really irresistible appeal: "Vote for higher rates. Don't be afraid. You pay them. No-one else will suffer." Having started by being honest, why should our Labour leaders not go on?

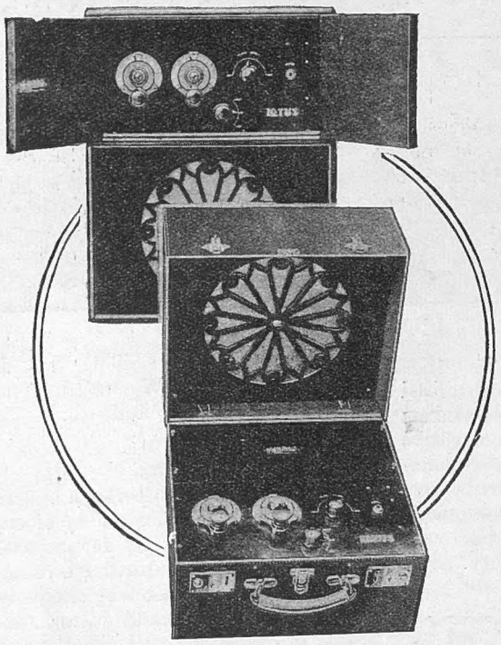
Unpleasant Truths.

FOLLOWING on the English Church Assembly at Gloucester has come the Congregational Union Assembly at Leeds. The keynote of both these gatherings was an anxiety strongly contrasting with the optimism of the great lay assemblies of the Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists, also just concluded. While the future holds for the politicians visions of progress, the Churches see signs of impending disaster.

The Bishop of Durham, in a speech which received about a tenth of the publicity given to any one of Mr. Lloyd George's innumerable orations, described as the chief characteristic of to-day the secularisation of education and the attack on the family. Many Congregationalist speakers struck the same note, comforting themselves, however, with the belief that the new claims come mainly from people "born in luxurious homes." The new claims come, on the contrary, almost entirely from those who want to live in more luxurious homes than their own. They come, not from the aristocracy either of birth or wealth but from the logocracy of writers, speakers and teachers who find the restraints of the society into which they have unexpectedly arrived irksome and irrational.

What they forget is that man is a creature only half tamed. He may or may not have an ape-like ancestry, but he has an ape-like future always waiting for him. In plain words, man has got to be careful, and the modern generation is not being careful.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."



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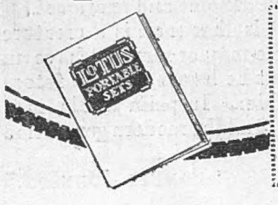

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A PLAIN MAN *at the* LIBERAL CONFERENCE

Written and Illustrated by A. H. D'Egville

I HAVE always wanted to know what Liberal principles were. For years I have heard public men talking about Liberal principles. In fact, I had almost begun to believe that they were the only party who *had* any principles. But somehow the exact definition of Liberal principles had always eluded me, and so I said to myself, "Once more into the Beach!" and off I trotted to Yarmouth again.

But alack! alas! and also woe! apart from the fact that I perceive very definitely that Free Trade is a positive Liberal principle, for reasons which differed with different speakers, all the others seemed quite negative and nebulous, and merely tended to confirm my suspicion that the average Liberal is either a gentleman dressed up as a Socialist or a Socialist dressed up as a gentleman.

Well, after seeing the Conservative Conference, this affair seemed like nothing more than a knot of people meeting for a grouse-shouting party. Indeed, the organisers apparently expected quite a small attendance, as none of the loud speakers (mechanical ones, that is) were used, so that many oratorical gems were mumbled into nothingness.

Leave Out the Gush.

NOW while I am the last person to wish to deprive public meetings of their traditional procedure, which, after all, has made our meetings something they could never be in any other country, surely, when time is short, we might forgo some of the "gush" which marks the opening of two-thirds of the speeches and thereby wastes much valuable time.

Almost every seconder, for instance, "has the honour" to second and "is particularly fortunate and gratified to be on the same platform, may he go so far as to say, to exist in the same solar system, as our worthy friend, Mr. Skuffington-Boob, whose work for the party has been, may he say—he may and he does—of transcendental and, perhaps he will not be accused of overstating the case (No, no) if he says omniscafrubius value!" He then goes on to say that something goes without saying, but says it all the same, and that there is no need to remind us, and proceeds to do it.

It's all a mystery to me.

And in the matter of addressing the audience the Liberals were interesting, for while the Conservatives invariably began with "Mr. Chairman, My Lords, ladies and gentlemen," and the Socialists with "Mr. Chairman and comrades," the Liberals seemed undecided whether the delegates before them were, in fact, "ladies and gentlemen," or "fellow workers," or merely "fellow Liberals."

An Organ Recital.

NEVER have I attended a conference of people so affected with coughing, sneezing, asthmatic wheezing and affections of the bronchial tubes and thorax generally. So persistent did these interruptions become that many speeches, almost incomprehensible at best, became simply a series of disjointed phrases, now deprived of a verb by a sneeze, now robbed of a predicate by a coughing "obligato" on 700 organs.

In one case it became so bad that all I could hear was "Mr. (cough, cough) and gentlemen. It is a great (achisso, ACHISSO), the motion brought forward by our old and tried friend (a-hem, a-hem), Sir (splutter). As you know, he has for years had a (cough, cough) and in addition to this he has done all he can to (wheeze), which entitles him more than anyone else to (achisso, achisso, cough, splutter and wheeze)."

I remember my old headmaster once stopping his sermon when this kind of thing was going on. He said "Stop coughing, my boy. Never cough again." Every cold in the chapel was cured at once.

The meeting was also interesting in another respect. It apparently had no mind of its own, except when it was asked to pay something. Thus Mrs. Mumbleforth-Skroot would get up and denounce *X*. "Bravo!" shouted everybody. Then Mr. Ditherbody-Sidewhisker would spring forward and defend *X* with all his weight, and "Bravo!" yelled everybody again, until it became quite evident that the vote simply went to the best speaker, and that, as is frequently the case, reason was overruled by rhetoric.

Which only shows the need for training the lesser known but quite sound thinkers to a higher standard of oratory, or, alternatively, keeping a sharp eye on the better known and more fluent ones.

There is no doubt that the event of the conference was the executive's proposal that delegates should pay a levy of 5s. to the expenses of the Conference.

Some of the Liberal papers called it a "scene." Believe me it was an earthquake, and came near to wrecking the whole meeting. You can't get a Liberal to pay up like that, and whether we sympathise with the proposal or not, we must give Sir Charles Hobhouse his due for his firmness in the upheaval that followed in sticking to the rules of procedure as laid down by the party executive.

Naughty, Naughty.

BUT, on the other hand, it was curious to see Sir Charles, who had previously pointed out that only naughty Conservatives ever tax anything, trying to get away with a tax on the delegates themselves, and the delegates would have none of it. But, as a plain man, I could not help thinking that Sir Charles was tacitly admitting that government, even government of a party, cannot be carried on without taxes after all. "Your food will cost you more" I seem to have heard the Liberals say in criticism of the Conservatives. I was waiting to hear Sir Charles say "Your conferences will cost you more!" But he didn't. Truly, Liberal principles are difficult to grasp.

Finally a show of hands was called for, and the motion carried by a small majority, which caused the conference no end of surprise, even to the extent of challenging the count and demanding a card vote. One young man, delighted at the opportunity of exercising his vocal chords, and recalling the procedure so dear to the local meeting in the village hall, moved that Mr. Chairman be asked to leave the chair. Some shouted him down, and others said "Bravo!" as before. "Yes! No! Sit down! Stand up! Withdraw! Who said so? Rot!" It was a pretty sight. "This," said the chairman, when some kind of order had been re-established, "is the kind of lack of discipline of which the other parties accuse us!"

It was. Whatever criticisms we may level at the Conservatives, we must give them full credit for being imbued with a sense of discipline, without which nothing is ever done, and which is delightfully lacking in the other two parties. Even the order "No Smoking" was disregarded.

Hands up.

SPEAKING as a Plain Man I must say that the Liberals appeared a great deal more divided than they would have you think, and the manifesto issued by three Liberals at Tavistock confirms this view. I noticed that whereas every motion before the Conservative Conference was either definitely passed or definitely *not* passed, and whereas it was at once clear which way the conference would vote, even if they took a long time coming to it, so vague and divided were the Liberals that count after count of hands had to be taken, which wasted much time and frequently revealed very large minorities.

On the question of disarmament, Mrs. Runciman spoke fluently. But women speakers are, I fear, painful. Their poor, thin voices are not equal to the strain of public speaking, and much as we would like to admire them, they almost automatically become rather like Nellie Wallace or Sydney Fairbrother.

Less armaments, she insisted, meant less threat of war, and with the exception of Mr. Eddinger, whom I once met in Switzerland wearing the largest plus fours in the Western Hemisphere, the conference was in favour of Britain setting an example by disarming first. All of which, to a Plain Man, presumes that all nations are honest and will follow suit. But her policy was the policy of the Dear Old Lady. Indeed, in many respects, the whole Liberal policy is as ladylike as its conference manners are ungentleman-like.

Little Englanders.

BUT what I want to know is what are we going to do if, having reduced our Navy to the size of a regatta and our Army to the proportions of a voluntary fire brigade, some power should cast an eye on, say, Egypt, or Egypt on the Soudan. It seems to me that if there is such a thing as a logical Liberal, he must inevitably be a little Englander. For

(*Continued overleaf*)

Plain Man at the Liberal Conference—*cont.*

unless we are well armed and give every evidence of standing no nonsense, how shall we contrive to protect our scattered Empire? The motion on the agenda asks us to "reduce our armaments to a minimum compatible with national security." And what is the minimum? They don't tell us. They can't. They daren't. We've *got* it!

Great disappointment was expressed by Sir Francis Acland and by the Conference in general that we had done so little to forward the work of the League of Nations. It was alleged that never had our prestige sunk so low. No one suggested, of course, that our prestige had sunk, not so much from our lack of support, but from the fact that we had ever supported it at all.

Sir Francis also said that if all the unemployed formed in fours without any space between the ranks would stretch from Tavistock to Yarmouth, and there would be thousands over.

These figures always fascinate me. I have myself made a number of equally useful and informative calculations. For instance, I have estimated, by a complicated formula, into the details of which I need not enter now, that if all the Liberal M.P.'s in the House of Commons were to stand on their heads, nobody would notice. Isn't it amazing?

My heart went out to Mr. Arthur Brampton, who is the world's best seconder. Having listened to a very well put motion, he got up quickly and said, "I beg to second the motion," and sat down again. Quite different was the Hon. George Lambert. He waved his arms about, spoke in jerks like a motor 'bus getting out of a block in Piccadilly, and indulged in the kind of heavy wit which we associate with the understudy to a touring comedian. And it was therefore too ridiculous to hear him refer to "Jix" as a "great comedian." Let him remember that it is much more difficult to be funny intentionally than to be a buffoon unintentionally. I could not make head or tail of what he was talking about. He was supported by Major H. E. Crawfurd, who was slow, ponderous and halting, and a Liberal member of Parliament.

The Wizard's Speech.

As for Mr. Lloyd George, he did what all party leaders do when they aren't in power. He found fault with everything. He asserted that the Government had not fulfilled its pledges, and said it with the air of a man making a gigantic discovery, and as such it went down splendidly with the audience, who swallowed everything like a shoal of cod fish. You know that dull, unintelligent look that appears from time to time in the eye of a cod fish? It seemed permanent in the case of this audience. As I listened to him, it became quite clear that all men in power are, *ipso facto*, scoundrels, while those left out in the cold, *ipso facto*, become angels the moment they are thrown out. Why it is we always put the scoundrels in power I can't think. He made the usual promises. He had the only solution to the country's difficulties. He was going—he didn't say it actually, but it was implied—to have another shot at making England a "land for heroes to live in." He made the same speech that every leader has made when he is in opposition to the Government. But how careful he was—those notes!

The State First.

Still, as a speech it was good. After all, it is always easier for a man not in power to say what he is going to do than for a man in power to defend what he has left undone. I often wonder if these politicians really have any sense of humour. Does it never occur to them that we must be laughing a little to hear each leader in turn claim the same virtues for his party and seek election on those virtues? "We shall not be actuated by thoughts of party. The state will be our first thought." Which party has not said that? I sometimes wonder, too, if these speeches are much good, for in each case it is the blind leading the blind. How much better it would be to have all the leaders on the same platform and let them question and answer on the spot in public! It is so easy for a man at Yarmouth to answer, a month later, a statement made by an opponent now well out of sight.

Anyway, Yarmouth can now get on with cleaning out the Aquarium.

Good Acting, But Too Much Talk

By Maitland Davidson

"The Brass Paperweight" By T. Komisarjevsky, after Dostoievsky (Apollo).

What is it (or was it) about the Russian temperament that so often seems to lead their literature into the paths of sordid crime? That is at any rate the main *motif* of this play, which is really a dramatisation of "The Brothers Karamazov," the celebrated novel by Dostoievsky, while the paperweight of the title is the weapon used to commit the murder on which the plot centres.

I do not know whether this play is likely to attract the general public; I rather doubt it, although at the *première* last Monday there was fervent applause from the pit at the close. For myself, I confess I was prejudiced in the matter by having seen some little time ago another dramatic version of "The Brothers," which was given at the Garrick by the Moscow Art Theatre Company, and was done in Russian.

My prejudice was all in favour of the present performance. Not that the Moscow players did not act well; I got the general impression that they did; and some of my colleagues, presumably knowing the language, went into positive ecstasies over them. No, my trouble was that, in spite of an elaborate synopsis of the various scenes—it was done very much in the episodic manner—I could not follow the drift of the talk at all. And if you cannot do that, what on earth is the good of going to a play—unless perhaps for the pleasure of telling your friends you have been? I rather suspect this as the secret of many of those who *schwärm* about the Guitrys and other foreign actors with whose language they have the barest nodding acquaintance.

"Pass the Brandy."

Personally the one and only word I understood in the Russian version was "Cognac," though fortunately that was repeated a good many times. So it was a particular delight to see practically the same play (as far as the chief threads went) and actually grasp from first to last what it was all about.

The opening scene is the one in which cognac is mentioned so often. Here we find—just as in the other case—the disreputable old father tippling away, with sons and retainers at hand, and maundering about his affection for the girl Groushenka (a pity there seemed some difference as to the pronunciation of that name). Enter a third son, Dmitry, who is in love with Groushenka himself; there are high words, a blow and a threat. So, when the old man is murdered the same night Dmitry is promptly arrested, for he had been seen in the grounds, and was also known to be in need of 3,000 roubles, which were missing from his father's room. The lovers are watching with desperate horror the inevitable approach of tragedy, when a discovery is made that alters the whole aspect of things.

Crime and Local Colour.

The brooding psychology of the book has nearly all got washed out in this stage summary; also the characters (presumably for the English market) have been very considerably respectabilised. Groushenka, for instance, was originally, I think, a lady of some looseness, but here she is almost as good as gold.

Out of it all, however, has emerged quite an interesting crime play, to which the unfamiliar aspects of Russian life and manners—Mr. Komisarjevsky is naturally able to paint that part of the picture in convincing colours—impart a certain flavour of its own. And the picturesque clothes of 1850, with hooped gowns for the women, and the artistic settings devised by the author, all help.

Why I am dubious about the play's success is because there is, from the point of view of the theatre, an excess of talk in it and a deficiency of movement. This did not vitally affect my enjoyment of the play's qualities, but it probably would that of many others.

Fine Acting.

One thing all can enjoy is some remarkably good acting, especially by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke as old Karamazov—it was regrettable that he had to be removed half way through—and of Miss Lydia Sherwood as Groushenka.

Miss Sherwood is the girl who opened her London career a year or two ago in the small part of a maid in "Lavender Ladies"; soon she was playing "lead" in that same piece. Mr. Maurice Browne, who carried off with such tragic dignity his difficult rôle in "The Unknown Soldier," is a little too much on the high-strung note here, and hardly robust enough for the reckless roysterer Dmitry was, but he lends vibrant significance to such few thoughts as he has been given to utter, like "I've learned that every one of us is responsible for all men." And the last scene between these two has a quality in it that, I think, probably inspired the enthusiasm of those final cheers.

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY

A New Eastern Question

By CRAWFURD PRICE

IT is obvious that the importance of the present diplomatic "goings-on" in the Near East has not been fully recognised in this country. The actual conclusion of a Græco-Italian pact and the impending conclusion of a Græco-Yugoslav pact are welcomed, apparently, as an indication that the nations concerned have at last agreed to bury the hatchet and settle down to an era of unprecedented goodwill. That is by no means the whole story.

Certainly the agreements are to be welcomed, but they smack more of the old Balance of Power than the Covenant of the League of Nations. They reflect the greatest credit upon the political *sagesse* of the Greek and Italian Premiers, but the Yugoslavs have merely bowed to the inevitable consequences of the Græco-Italian deal, and will doubtless conceal their chagrin with some difficulty.

YET how infinitely refreshing, in these days of puerile diplomacy in Western Europe, to find a statesman with a definite purpose and a grim determination to see it through. M. Veniselos has not lost his "touch" during a voluntary exile from Greece, and there can be no question that he remains a man of vision, high courage and indefatigable energy. For the vision is nothing less grandiose than a "Balkan Locarno" which shall dissipate the clouds that overshadow the Peninsula, as they have overshadowed it for centuries, and permit its peoples, at long last, to bask serenely in the sunshine of peace and security.

A Game of Diplomacy.

WHATEVER its consequences for the Balkans—and they cannot fail to be significant—the game of diplomacy that has now been enjoined will have important results in the Eastern Mediterranean and a definite repercussion in Europe. In Greece itself they are already manifest. Veniselos returned to find his country wallowing in the slough of party politics, perplexed at home, almost despised abroad.

With less parade but with little less compunction than Mussolini had employed in Italy, he sent the old government about its business, appealed to the electorate, and, despite the forebodings of his friends, was elected to the Premiership with so strong a following that he became, to all intents and purposes, a Dictator.

The rôle is not entirely distasteful. For all his benign countenance and persuasive eloquence, Veniselos is temperamentally a Dictator. He brooks no interference. He loves to rule; and in 1928, as on his arrival from Crete in 1909, he speedily ruled out the politicians who were obstructing progress and development.

Then, as we may imagine, he scanned the foreign horizon, to see Greece still on bad terms with Italy, still wrangling with Serbia about Salonica, still depriving Bulgaria of the promised outlet on the Ægean, and still quarrelling with Turkey about the interchange of populations. A sorry prospect, to be sure, and one from which many political leaders would willingly have turned aside.

The Long View.

MOST men in like circumstances would, I think, have taken a parochial Balkan view, and first attempted a compromise with Serbia, if only because the two nations are allies of recent date and their respective requirements are fairly common knowledge. But not so M. Veniselos. Such an attempt would have been foredoomed to failure, for ever since 1913 the Serbs have sought to secure control of the railway between Salonica and their own frontier and unhampered freedom within the port itself. No such concession was possible without a surrender of Greek sovereign rights, for which reason successive *pourparlers* have either broken down or been left entirely in the air. Short of an arrangement calculated to jeopardise Hellenic interests, it was necessary to find ways and means to force Serbia's hand, and while I

do not suggest that no other Greek statesman spotted the obvious method, the fact remains that none of them had the courage or the ability to exploit it.

The fact is, of course, that since the Great War the seat of discord in the Balkan Peninsula has shifted geographically and taken on an entirely new aspect. Time was when the cry went up from Macedonia, when Greeks, Serbs and Bulgars contended for the reversion of that unhappy province. To-day the struggle lies between the Yugoslavs (South Slavs) and the Italians. Not for the first time in history, they are contending for the mastery of the Balkan Peninsula as well as the Adriatic Sea.

They regard themselves as hereditary enemies, and when Signor Mussolini flatters Hungarian nationalism, makes friends with Bulgaria, and establishes a virtual protectorate over Albania, the Yugoslavs, not unnaturally, imagine that he is endeavouring to encircle them with the potential allies of Italy.

A Dangerous Conglomeration.

IN this dangerous conglomeration the position of Greece is one of considerable importance. While the old feud between Serbs and Bulgars remained a principal factor in Balkan politics, she had everything to gain by a close alliance with Belgrade. To-day, however, the menace lies rather in the prospect of a Southern Slav confederation (including Bulgaria), which may be sorely tempted to seek possession of that narrow strip of coastline, from Salonica to Dedeagatch, which now belongs to the Greek republic and bars the Slav descent to the Ægean Sea.

In voluntarily acknowledging Italian sovereignty over the Dodecanese (the twelve islands of the Ægean which are as Hellenic as anything in Athens), M. Veniselos sacrificed a large slice of Greek *irredenta*; but in so doing he may claim to have saved Salonica. The first fruits have been immediately manifest. As I suggested would be the case, negotiations with Belgrade took on a new complexion, the Greek attitude stiffened, and the Serbs consented to a settlement on conditions which, for several years past, they have declined to countenance.

Briefly stated, Serbia has had to content herself with running rights over the railway from Ghevghelli to Salonica, and with the free zone for her commerce in the port itself. She waives every former claim which affected Greek sovereign rights.

So much for the immediate effect of the Græco-Italian pact. Its implications are of even greater moment. If the understanding means anything it means that Yugoslavia must reconcile herself to two things: (1) that she will not, in the event of war with Italy, be able to transport munitions through Salonica—an important point seeing that the Adriatic would be closed to her; (2) that Italy will never willingly consent to a Serbian descent to the Ægean. In short, by reason of a very shrewd diplomatic move, the political position in the Orient has undergone a dramatic evolution. Greece no longer fears for the safety of her dominions, and M. Veniselos will find it comparatively easy to negotiate treaties with all his neighbours.

AND what of the repercussion in Europe? Certainly the effects are not negligible. Between them, Greece and Italy now dominate the Eastern Mediterranean, where they possess innumerable naval, military and aerial bases. They control the entrance to the Dardanelles, which they can attack or defend by land, sea or air. They have also to a large extent nullified the Franco-Serb pact, which, there is some reason to believe, covers a secret military alliance.

All of which makes the Anglo-French naval understanding, with its suggestions of military co-operation, look rather more foolish than it did before. In any case, there can be no doubt that the Eastern Question has undergone an historic change, and that the prestige of Italy and Greece had been considerably enhanced. Whether the prospects of enduring peace have thereby been enhanced is a matter of opinion. Personally, I think they have.

IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwisely, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our aay.

Said:

Lord Beachamp:-

I speak with hesitation on the subject of silk stockings I hear some have cotton at the bottom & cotton at the top - h.t I don't know.

Mr Cecil Sansbury:-

(on being fined £5 for dangerous driving)
Is that the way you treat people on their honeymoon? We have not killed anyone yet

Mr Lloyd George:-

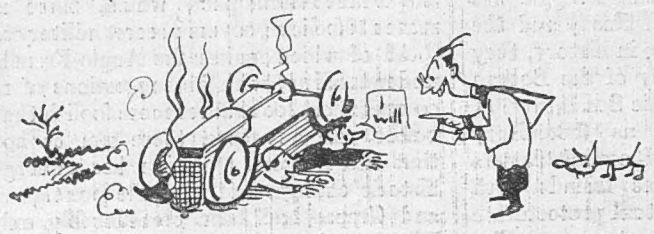
The Socialists have made it clear that under no conditions will they associate with the Liberals unless they swallow Socialism, horns, hoofs & all

"George A. Birmingham":-

Are we really going to the Dogs as fast as he says we are?

A Daily Express Heading:-

Bridal couple in overturned car- Ceremony performed despite injuries.

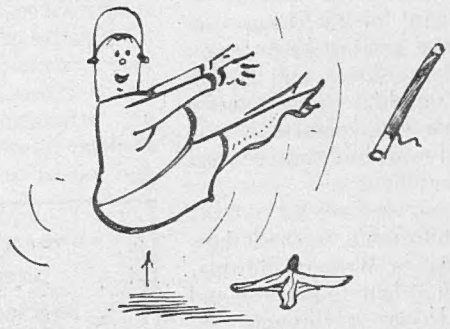


Lady Eleanor Smith:-

'If you & the young man don't go away immediately,' he hissed, 'I'll send for the hall porter to eject you all from the hotel!'
The door was then slammed in our faces & a key was turned.
I can take a hint as well as anyone We turned sadly away.

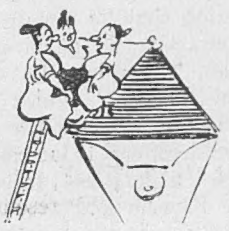
Hon. George Lambart:-

We are a resilient people.



A Deptford woman in Court:-

I was conversing with two friends on the corner of the lamp-post.

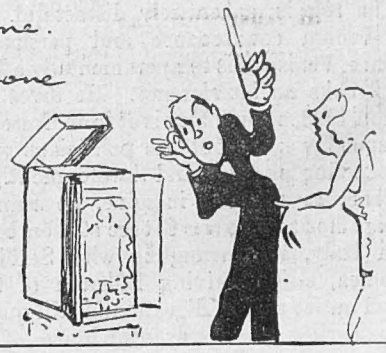


Lord Birkenhead:-

If I were a bishop -

A recent advertisement for a gramophone.

"The Gramophone you can't hear"



D'Egville

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

CANADA'S EL DORADO

By J. Saxon Mills

CANADA prefers Britons. So we were informed this week by Mr. Mackenzie King. Gentlemen also prefer blondes. But the main fact to note is that out of 143,991 immigrants entering Canada during the year ending March 31st, 1928, only 52,617 were British subjects.

The fault is mainly on this side of the water. What can be done, with a Labour Party fighting every attempt to give the benefits of the Empire to the working man, with a Liberal Party which hugger-muggers a dull reference to the Empire into an obscure corner of its policy, and with Unionists who, professing Empire sense, spend so much of their time ear to ground and wait on public opinion instead of leading and inspiring it?

MEANWHILE Canada is opening up her vast treasure-houses. The Hudson Bay railway will join hands with Fort Churchill on the Bay in about a year's time. This will revive Canada's oldest outlet and relieve the "grain-blockade" south and west. But it will do more. It will open what may prove the richest mineralised area in the world—not to mention lumber and pulp and fisheries—an area hitherto almost unscratched. Canada is rolling her map out northwards.

Here is an El Dorado for the prospector who means to sit down and realise its hidden wealth. Americans and Canadians are already in. New York firms are preparing to exploit the new wealth of a Dominion established by British blood and brains.

The Briton in this country has not yet heard of these big opportunities. If he begins to get interested, it is usually in a purely speculative way—buying a claim and selling it at a profit. That is not what is wanted. Americans and Canadians are supplying all the practical technique and developmental capacity, the real work that must go to the proper harvesting of these immeasurable resources. England has toiled and fought for Canada in the past. It is a pity that her people should not have a share in the good things going, that, with the opportunities of the richest and biggest Empire in the world at her feet, she should count even her registered unemployed at a million and a quarter.

Meantime, Mr. Dunning, Canadian Minister of Railways, is to be congratulated on seeing his life's dream almost accomplished. In one month recently 3,000 passengers left the end of "steel" on the new railway and passed into the empty lands beyond. Already there are six mining developments afoot which will mean an expenditure of £15,000,000. And all this is just a beginning. There ought to be enough work in Canada alone to absorb the energies of every available Briton for generations to come.

What Will Australia Say?

NEXT month the Australian elector will have an opportunity of expressing his views, silently yet eloquently, on Australian politics, with special reference to the strike which has been holding up life and trade in the Commonwealth for months past. Mr. Bruce, at the head of his Nationalist-cum-Country party, has ruled Australia for ten years. The sporting instinct in democracies usually prompts them in such cases to "give the other fellows a chance."

In fact, the leader of a recognised party in this country or the Dominions knows that if he keeps on walking and smiling and slanging the gentlemen in office, his time will surely come—unless something unusual cross-bars the natural swing of the pendulum. Mr. Baldwin will have to reckon with this law of political motion next June and he will have to show good cause, better than he seems to have at present, why it should not throw him on to the sawdust.

Mr. Bruce would normally have been swung off in 1925. A maritime strike then in progress saved him and the same cause may save him again. As things are, Australia cannot afford the luxury of a Labour Government. Mr. Bruce's policy, which includes developed preferences with the home country, organised land settlement, Empire co-operation, and a 98 per cent. British Australia, so obviously hits the white that one might fancy a sensible community would vote it *nem. con.*

Some wrong things want righting in Australia, notably the absurdly swollen populations of the capitals and the gradual weighting of the urban as against the rural scale. Mr. Bruce and his party are the only folks who can or care to deal with these problems, and Australia will remember that next month.

Man and the Gnat.

IT was Sir Ronald Ross, a British Doctor, more than the whole body of American contractors and engineers, who built the Panama Canal. If Sir Ronald had not discovered the source of malaria in the anopheles mosquito, and thus made it possible to fight and conquer the disease, the American attempt to canalise the Isthmus would have been as ghastly a failure as the French.

As a result of Sir Ronald's malarial discovery, "yellow-jack" was also tracked down to a similar source and man was thus fully equipped by science for the fight with the two biggest tropical plagues. Panama, once the deadliest fever-trap in the world, was rapidly made, if not an actual health-resort, yet a place where white skins could work in health and comfort.

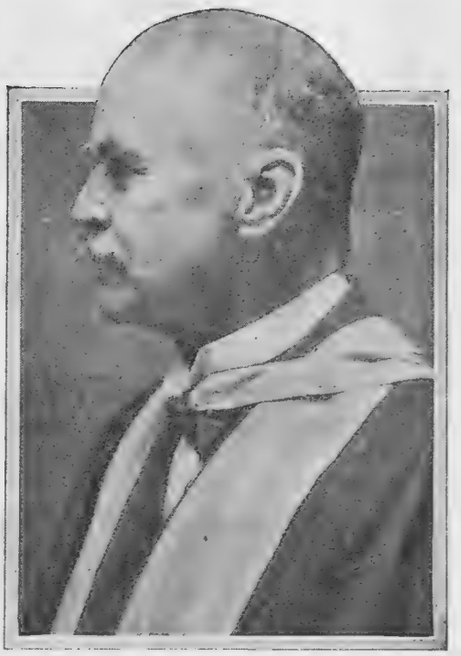
Now England is the biggest tropical power in the world, and one might have expected that the new knowledge would be applied to combating malaria in every province afflicted with that deadly plague.

What was done at Panama can be done anywhere else provided the necessary powers and a little money are available. Yet the organised battle with the gnat has scarcely begun in our torrid Empire as a whole. Some good work has been done in Malaya, but India and our vast possessions in West and East Africa are in many parts still soaking in malaria. Sir Ronald Ross has to lament that thirty years after his epoch-marking discovery we are still arguing about the anti-malarial campaign instead of getting at it.

The resulting loss in human life and efficiency is incalculable. Thousands of our workless might get employment in our tropical colonies if these were made as safe and healthy as they might be. We pride ourselves on being the ablest tropical administrators in the world. I want to know—as the Americans say.

Wanted—A Hall of Conference.

WHEN the Imperial Conference is hidden in its "interlunar cave" it is hard to get any information on any subject germane to it. For example, the 1926 palaver prescribed that there should be two Committees to deal with the reservation of Bills and Merchant Shipping Legislation. If one asks in official quarters whether these committees have met and reported, one comes out at the same door one went in by, like the Persian poet, and with about as little information.



Sir Ronald Ross.

Badly wanted is a secretariat to carry on in intervals between Conferences and keep the interest active. It is time, indeed, we had in London a great Hall of Conference, the common possession of the whole Empire.

We might well pull down the present buildings of the Treasury, which are no longer worthy of the dignity of England or of the magnificence of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and build there a stately edifice where the Imperial Conference would meet and the Conference Secretariat live, where Imperial committees and commissions would do their work and where even the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council might find its home.

Such a building in the very heart of Imperial London would remind all country cousins that England is not just a little European State, but a member of a vastly greater organisation. We have no such reminder at present.

Public Schools and the Empire.

OUR public and secondary school boys in these days often find it hard to get started on a career when schooldays are over. Several organisations have been set up for the purpose of bringing the opportunities offered by the British Empire within their reach. It certainly seems desirable that we should send out unto the Empire a good many young persons who will carry with them the qualities which the public school atmosphere and discipline are said to produce. It is also a pity that our youths should degenerate in idleness just when they ought to be getting launched on a useful career.

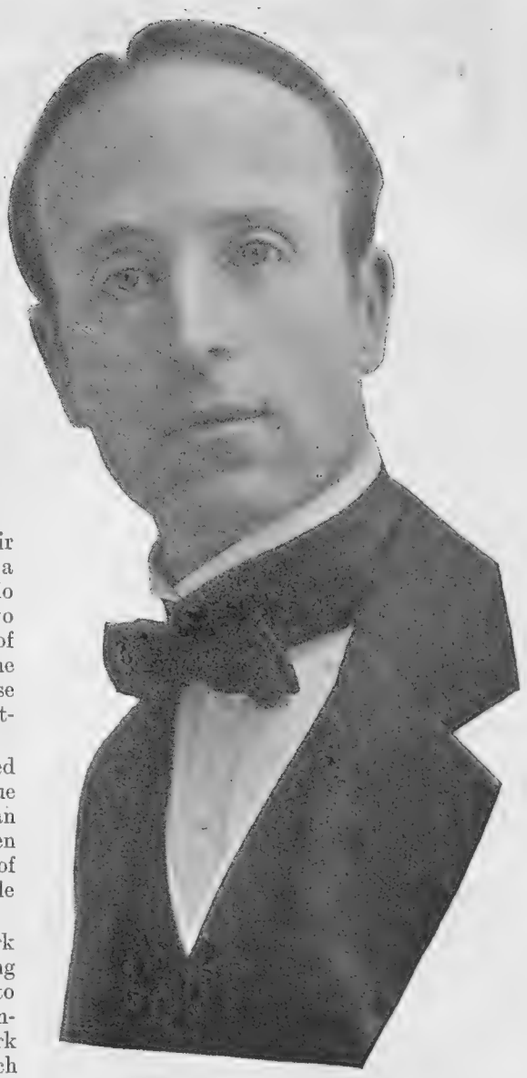
Yet here is a strange thing. The boys don't come forward. The agencies I have mentioned complain that they cannot get their schemes manned—or boyed. Headmasters and assistant masters, being in the main quite ignorant and indifferent about the British Empire, keep on saying nothing about it. And so some of our best British stock runs to waste and hopeful lives are blighted and disappointed.

Perhaps our schoolmasters will be so kind as to bring the Empire—with its boundless claims and opportunities—to the notice of the boys they send out into the world.

THE WORKER *IS* NOT *A* MACHINE

By the Marquis of Londonderry

If we want to emerge from international strife we must pay attention to the mental and physical well-being of the worker.



IN these days of industrial reconstruction much is said about the urgent need for increased production. We have, however, not only to ensure a greater output in industrial production, but at the same time be able to guarantee that the workers shall have increased facilities for a far greater measure of health and comfort.

In conjunction with the British Ministry of Health, the Industrial Research and Fatigue Board has carried on an extensive investigation into the relations of the hours of labour and of other conditions of employment, including methods of work, having regard both for industrial efficiency and the preservation of health among the workers. Its main duty was to initiate, organise and promote investigations in different industries with a view to finding out the most favourable hours of labour, spells of work, rest pauses and any other conditions applicable to the nature of the work and the various classes of workers.

This is a step forward in the right direction, and should play a part in helping to stabilise industry—besides bringing more social order into the present-day industrial unrest. To acquire the industrial efficiency that our modern world demands much more attention must be paid to the health of the workers.

Ruskin says, "There is no wealth but Life," and it is essential to the industrial wealth of this country and its vast responsibilities that a healthy life should be ensured to the millions of workers daily engaged in industry—even if that protection has to come from Government supervision and, if necessary, some measure of State control.

Workers are Not Robots.

One of the essentials to remember in output is that the workers themselves are not machines. Many regrettable mistakes have been made in the past through the neglect to regard the human element in industry. We still need to take a much broader outlook, a saner and more human view of the daily task of the workers, giving them a better human status in the work and life of the nation.

Even the question of wages is secondary to the insistent demand that the workers be recognised as a man and not a machine. Perpetuating any system which makes of workers merely producing machines means unhealthy trade. It fosters discontent and class hatred, and in the end means a greatly diminished output. If we want to emerge from much of the present industrial strife it is certain that we shall have to pay still greater attention to the mental and physical well-being of the workers.

Humanisation of Industry.

As a living part of industry they are indispensable, working as individuals, understanding the process and object of their labours, their brains working with their hands. Such a changed frame of mind toward them will do more to increase output and ensure health to all classes of workers than any number of acts of Parliament, which cannot supply the fundamental need—the great need to humanise industry further and establish a real co-partnership between capital and labour.

The rate at which all work can be performed by the human organism without undue fatigue is dependent, in no small degree, upon what can be called the "rhythm of work." It has been proved that continuous work, in the sense of continuous muscular energy, is not possible except for a certain short period of time.

Hence the desirability of organising our work properly, of instituting proper shifts and giving ample time for both work and rest in order to safeguard health and consequently obtain increased output. These repeated spells of work and rest are termed by the Industrial Research Board "rhythm," and the universal adoption of this system will indeed be a great step forward.

Too little attention in the past has been paid to the subject of fatigue. Short output is the result of numerous causes, the greatest being indifferent health, and often is due to the fact that no attention is paid to the conditions of labour and the alleviation of fatigue.

Rhythm in Work.

Fatigue falls under three classes, subjective, objective, and static, all of which have to be studied in relation to the general health of the worker.

For instance, in subjective fatigue the actual wear and tear of the body begins to play a defensive role and gives ample warning of the coming of physical depletion. Objective fatigue is more easily discernible, and usually manifests itself at the end of a monotonous day. Static fatigue is due to the prolonged fixation and immobility of certain groups of muscles, such as prolonged standing or sitting, or stooping.

All these forms of fatigue can be remedied by paying due attention to rhythm in work and by so organising the daily task as to create such contrasts in work and action as will give relief to the monotonous duties and bring into use the other muscles or organs of the body, and as often as possible the mind.

We must also consider security of employment and its relation to health and output. A worker who is in constant fear of losing a job is obviously incapable of doing his or her best work, giving it undivided attention. There is a great temptation to slow down and delay the coming discharge. Not only does this state of affairs create an unhealthy worker, mentally and physically, but it is a heavy blow at industrial output.

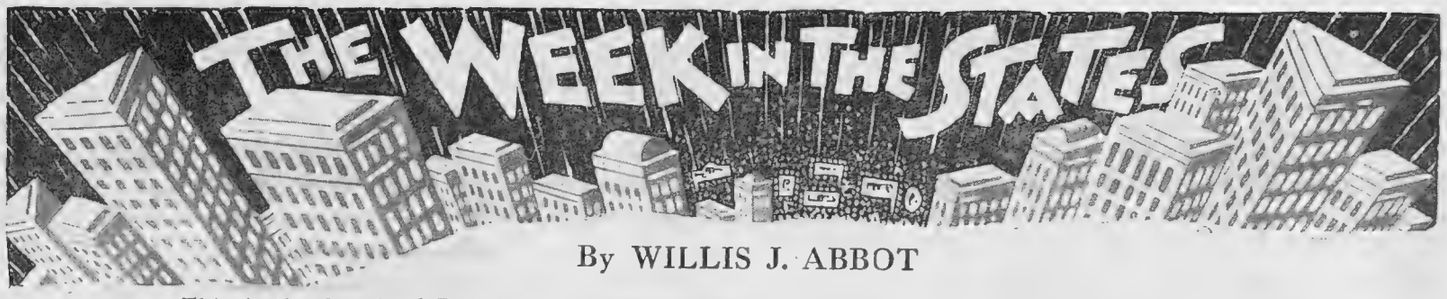
No factory or workshop to-day should exist without its welfare committee. It pays to guarantee the worker decent meals, comfortable housing and even a measure of amusement during the working day. I am glad to find many employers have adopted a wholetime official to look after the welfare of their employees—not to act as a busybody or to interfere arbitrarily with men's lives or leisure, but to give an organised lead in sport, games and recreation.

Health and Increased Output.

We want to re-establish the personal touch wherever possible between employers and employed. One of the gravest defects of the huge commercial undertaking to-day is that the old personal relationship of the employer and his worker has disappeared. This in many cases was a true co-operation, carrying with it a mutual interest in one another and often establishing lifelong relationships of the best kind.

The character of the foreman or manager and the way in which he exercises his authority are, of course, of the utmost importance to the efficiency and subsequent output of any factory; they react upon the well-being of the workers under his charge. For increased output contentment is essential and this is largely a matter of human supervision.

Health and increased output are inseparable. They grow together. An athlete trains for his task and knows that his success depends entirely upon his fitness. If the nation wants its workers to do a bigger job and greatly increase output then the nation, through the Ministry of Health, must see that the health of its workers is preserved, and realise that money spent on health is a real insurance for our future commercial prosperity.



By WILLIS J. ABBOT

This is the fourth of BRITANNIA'S exclusive cables dealing with the Presidential Campaign in the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day.

THE question whether British or Continental public opinion can comprehend the strength of the Prohibition sentiment in the United States has not been fairly reflected in the American Press any more than it is manifested by the practices of the prosperous section of American society. Rich men can violate the law. Habitually rich men own most of the American newspapers, with the result that the Press generally scoffs at the law. Yet oddly enough this political campaign, in which both sides are afraid of the Prohibition issue, is showing that issue to be dominant in the thought of people—with increasing evidence that Prohibitionists are in the lead. Mr. Hoover has at least frankly declared that he hopes for the complete success of the Prohibition Law. His utterances have been greeted with enthusiasm throughout the electorate.

The New York Herald and Tribune, the leading Republican paper in the United States, which has supported Mr. Hoover while opposing Prohibition, now surrenders by saying that it is evident that public opinion is not ripe for any change whatsoever in the Prohibition Law.

The fact is, of course, that only the final returns of the election will be conclusive on this subject, but by every indication they will result in further strengthening of the Prohibition Law.

A Strong Women's Vote.

While women have voted in the United States in earlier Presidential elections, registration shows that they are preparing to utilise the ballot to an unprecedented degree this year. To some extent this is due to the systematic awakening by the Catholic Church authorities to women who support the Democratic ticket. But the registration of women is unprecedentedly great in those rural districts in which Romanists are negligible in number. The general indication is that the sex is aroused by the menace to the continuance of the Prohibition Law, and is rallying to its support. Should this prove the fact, the overwhelming defeat of "Al" Smith is inevitable.

Immigration Issue.

A second issue of European interest now forging to the front in the campaign is the limitation of immigration. There is a considerable agitation among foreign-born citizens for a change in the law to admit a greater number of new citizens. Tammany is always strongly in favour of overthrowing the limitation upon immigration, because immigrants landing in New York are speedily made citizens and voters for the Tammany ticket. In all Congressional action the Tammany delegation has been the unit for the destruction of the existing law. "Al" Smith has avoided making any specific utterances, but he is held bound by his political affiliations. The chief assault on the law takes the form of urgency, that the relatives of immigrants now settled in the United States be brought in irrespective of the quota allotted to their countries. As the peoples of South-eastern Europe against whom the law is especially directed are peculiarly prolific, such a modification of the law would result in the addition of thousands monthly to the number now permitted to enter.

Mr. Hoover, recognising the human need for reuniting families, declares his approval of legislation to that end, but he insists that the number so admitted should be kept within the present allotment to each country.

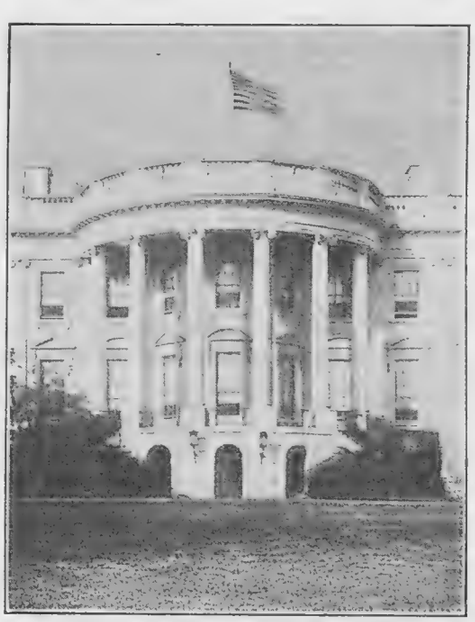
This is a bitter disappointment to the enemies of the Immigration Law, and warmly approved by those who strive to check the flood of unworthy immigration to the United States.

Diplomats' "Trade Union."

An interesting international issue is raised by the concerted agreement of twenty-two American diplomats abroad declaring their purpose not to resign at the time of the change of administration in March. A long precedent demands that every major diplomatic official presents his resignation whenever the administration changes, the theory being that Ministers and Ambassadors represent not the Senate or House of Representatives, but the executive itself. The new President should have the opportunity to be represented by ambassadors of his own choosing.

Out of this, in the past, grew certain abuses, as the diplomatic staff was made the victim of the political spoils system. The evil became notorious and the law, known as Roger's Act, was enacted, having for its purpose the elimination of the spoils system and the regulation of appointments and promotions in the Diplomatic and Consular Service; it also provided that the two services be put on the plane of equal dignity. Unfortunately the enforcement of the Act was left to the State Department, and much dissatisfaction has proceeded from the methods there. The endeavour to achieve equality between the Consular and Diplomatic Services was virtually abandoned, and a small official clique in the State Department have seemingly construed the Act for the benefit of its members, distributing desirable appointments and promotions among themselves. The matter attracted the attention of Congress and a Senate inquiry was ordered.

Now the declaration of a large number of prominent diplomats that they hold their positions to be superior to the President's power of appointment or removal suggests the formation of a kind of trade union within the Diplomatic Service.



The White House, Washington. Who will be the next tenant?

The President's View.

President Coolidge, in this week's newspapers, takes a strong point of view and declares they they must resign and that they are mistaken in the idea that the Roger's Law made them a self-perpetuating body. The President thinks that since he is responsible for the conduct of foreign relations the diplomatic representatives are responsible to him, and subject to his direction. It is reported authoritatively that Mr. Hoover holds an identical view, and that in the event of his election he will expect the resignation of diplomatic officials now in office.

There is a widespread feeling that the effort to free the Diplomatic Service from politics has resulted in the creation of the opinion among the diplomatic officials that they are superior to any political authority and indifferent to public opinion. Many have become alienated from the life and thought of their country. I have myself met a diplomat in the Balkan region who boasted that he had never been west of Hudson River, and seemed to take a pride in knowing nothing of his own native land. The question is a delicate and puzzling one, since no one desires a return to a system which enabled the spoils of politicians to force the appointment of unfit men to diplomatic offices. On the other hand, the delivery of the entire Diplomatic Service to a small privileged group in the State Department is obviously improper, and has already aroused widespread antagonism in powerful political circles. The attitude of the President, and whosoever may be his successor, will be observed with wide interest.

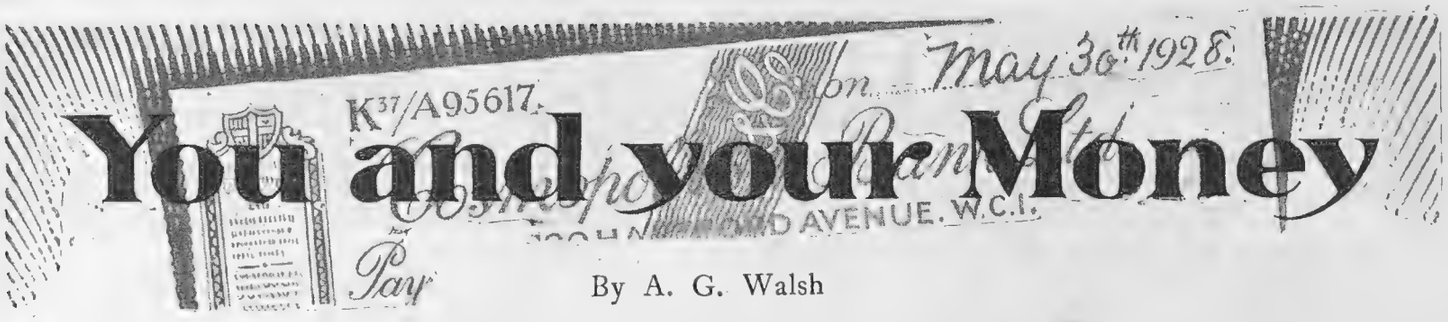
"Where are the Islands?"

A representative of the proposed Chicago World's Fair in 1932 described the plans. He told of a recent effort to interest the delegation from Germany. He said the Fair buildings would be on the Islands in Lake Michigan.

"Where are the Islands?" asked an auditor.

"Not yet built," said the Chicagoan.

"Dat is too much!" cried the German in incredulity. But the Chicago plans are progressing well, and the Fair promises to be a great event.



You and your Money

By A. G. Walsh

WHEN to take a profit is a vexed question with investors. How often have you sold a share, and then seen the price unexpectedly rise two or three shillings? It is such might-have-beens that induce many misguided people to hang on to their securities in the hope of securing as large a profit as possible. And in the end, instead of a profit, there is a loss.

Nobody ever does wrong in taking a profit, however small. The golden rule of wise investmet and sane speculation is: "Take profits and cut losses." I don't profess to be able to judge the psychological moment when to sell to best advantage. On merits a share may be too high, but it does not necessarily follow that the price will not go higher.

The successful speculator is the one who sells on a rising market: the unsuccessful is the one who always waits for a bigger profit—and often gets left behind.

There are exceptions to almost every rule. My remarks as to being content with a small profit apply to cases where the cause of a rise in the price of a share has not transpired, or is merely prompted by rumour. If you have first-hand knowledge, then you must use your own judgment based upon your information.

IF you have bought the particular share because it has been widely tipped, or has become active on some vague rumour, take a quick profit. Never aim too high. Don't get the idea that the appreciation in one share alone will bring a fortune to you. For every share that does rise sufficiently in price to bring a fortune to those who hold it long enough, a hundred shares slump in value after a sharp spell of activity.

Share movements are not controlled on the time-table principle, as some investors imagine. At any rate, I have been asked when one share will reach its maximum price; when I expect another to double in value; and so on. Such questions I do not mind; but I cannot prophesy future price movements. All I can do is to express the view that a certain share on merits, or on prospects, ought to advance in value in time.

Cutting Losses.

AN examination of several lists of securities sent in by readers of BRITANNIA prompt these observations. There are people to-day who still hold Mexican Eagles bought at six times their present price. These holders missed several opportunities to sell out, if not at a profit, at least with comparatively moderate loss. I am afraid that the opportunity will never again arise.

Rubber shares, too, at high quotations, figure on many lists. Here the position is different. It is not due to causes affecting individual companies that the shares have slumped, but to conditions affecting the whole industry.

Now the holder of a rubber share should ascertain whether these conditions are likely to be of a temporary or a permanent nature. As rubber has become an essential raw material the general view is that the depression will gradually pass away. One may safely deduce that any improvement will quickly be reflected in the value of rubber shares. Therefore such shares are worth holding.

When any of your securities fall in value, seek a reason; write to your broker, or ask my opinion. Check the yield at the price of the moment based upon the last dividend. If it is low, the shares are dear, unless there is a prospect of the next dividend being increased. The fall may only be a temporary set-back.

These are points that should be considered before cutting a loss. But how many investors have the courage to sell out quickly in the initial stages of a slump? "I'll hold on, the price will soon recover," you say. But it declines, and if there is a likelihood of it going lower still, sell at once. You may have a chance of buying in again at a cheaper figure.

Sometimes a holder will wait too long to make it worth while selling out. If there is a reasonable chance of the price recovering, then it would be inadvisable to cut a loss. It is always a difficult task to advise shareholders, whose shares have dropped in value from, say, 25s. to 12s. 6d. Half the original capital is gone; to recover it means seeking something that will double in value or appreciate 100 per cent.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Beira Rails.

SOME interesting statistics regarding the Beira Railway have reached me from a Birmingham reader, who does not accept my view that with the shares at 28s. the market is looking too far into the future.

My correspondent would be in entire agreement with my views if applied to African railways generally, but in the case of the Beira, he claims that there are factors calling for special consideration in weighing up the position. "Shareholders are certain to be on velvet," he says, "when the chairman reveals the actual position at the next meeting." He adds that after the amalgamation of the Beira Railway and the Beira Junction, which he expects to be "an accomplished fact within the next few weeks," the latter shares will be nearer 20s. than their present price (9s.) and the former will rise in proportion."

Whether this optimistic view is merely a pious hope or whether it is based upon "inside" knowledge I have no means of ascertaining. My correspondent certainly has confidence in the immediate prospects of the undertaking, but, frankly, I cannot see any justification for the assumption that Beira Junction shares will be near 20s. in the next few weeks.

The company undoubtedly is doing well and earning a handsome return on its share capital. But the shares are essentially a lock-up. Before dividends can be paid a debit balance of £52,560 has to be cleared off, and then the settlement of the arrears of preference dividend, now amounting to £22,500. Together £78,000. The year's net profits are unlikely to exceed £30,000.

I must admit that when the preference dividends are paid the prospects for the ordinary shares will be rosy indeed—if traffics are maintained.

Dud Directors.

MR. BALDWIN hopes that some day there may be "some qualifying test for directors" and that the "guinea-pig" type of director is relegated to its proper place—the museum. What a fine opportunity for dealing with this problem has been missed! A new Companies Act is just coming into law. The Bill, as originally drafted, sought to impose restrictions upon directors so irksome that had the clauses not been amended good men would have hesitated to have accepted directorships.

Like the bucket-shop, the dud and the dummy director are evils irradicated in the financial world. Time and again the problem of purging the City of these financial undesirables and nonentities comes under discussion. It gets no further.

Years ago an eminent company lawyer in a paper read before the Law Society rightly pointed out that "the weak spot in the ordinary joint stock company is undoubtedly that its management must of necessity be by deputy—that is, by directors or those in the position of directors." He further denounced the ignorant directors whose main interest was in their remuneration from the company.

It is difficult to see how a test of competency can be imposed. Numerous attributes might be put forward as a qualification. To adapt a well-known saying to: "A man is known by the company he directs," the business record of the proposed director might be in itself an excellent test of competency.

Ex-Convicts as Financiers.

A MUCH greater menace than the "guinea-pig," the dud, or ornamental director, is the convicted crook, who assumes the double rôle of company promotor and director. These are the confidence tricksters of finance. Bucket-shops and bogus companies are their specialities.

Despite sentences for fraud upon investors they frequently settle down in the City, form companies by the dozen, induce investors to part with sound shares for rubbish, and they do themselves well on the proceeds.

When this sort of thing can be done, it is obvious that our company laws are lax, incomplete and non-protective to the investor. No wonder ex-convicts and other tricksters can

You and Your Money—*continued.*

ply openly in the heart of London their calling as self-styled financiers with impunity.

Baird Television Tested.

MY recent criticism of the finance of the Baird Television companies has not passed unnoticed. Many letters have reached me. Some support me; others are quite the reverse. I am concerned naturally more with the financial aspect than with the technical side of the proposition. My motive in directing attention to the senseless speculation was to warn you that the high price of the shares was entirely unjustified by the present stage of developments, that no profits could yet be earned, and that a holder of the shares was more likely to suffer a heavy loss than to make a profit.

There is nothing to withdraw, nothing to modify, nothing to qualify. The result of last week's demonstration upholds my contention that the Baird system *in its present state* is not suitable for broadcasting. Reports are current to the contrary, I understand. They are misleading.

Precisely what are the views of the B.B.C. engineers who witnessed the test I cannot say, but an official statement is to be issued shortly. From a private source I learn that the result of the demonstration was far from satisfactory. My informant describes it as a "wash out."

Roumania's New Loan.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been manifest in the City in the rumours concerning the flotation of a new Roumanian Stabilisation Loan. I understand that arrangements in this connection are, in fact, on the point of completion (if indeed they have not been actually completed ere this issue leaves the press), and that the loan will be floated simultaneously in London, Paris and New York.

So far I have not been able to glean information regarding the terms. In view of the fact that Roumania is a country of great wealth in natural resources, her position is such that I do not think that the public should anticipate that the terms of the new issue will be on a basis to yield more than 6½–7 per cent.

A new loan on such terms would, of course, make the existing 4 per cent. Consolidated Loan (the British issue) look remarkably cheap around 47. At this price it is quoted on a 8½ per cent. basis.

There is no other foreign Government Loan, upon which interest has been regularly paid, affording so tempting a yield, and I can only come to the conclusion that the relative cheapness of the existing issue is because so few investors know of its existence.

Predicted in Britannia.

ON September 28th, in the first issue of BRITANNIA, I stated that there was a probability of the directors of the British American Tobacco Co. considering the segregation of the purely trading assets from the company's general investments. I gave you a timely hint. This is now what the directors propose.

To be precise, the various investments of the company are to be transferred to a holding concern called Tobacco Securities Trust. Its capital will be £5,000,000, consisting of four million £1 ordinary and four million 5s. deferred shares.

If you hold British American Tobacco ordinary shares you will be entitled to receive, as a bonus, one ordinary as well as one deferred share of the new trust in respect of every 8 B.A.T. shares. A holder of, say, 100 "Bats" will be entitled to 12 new shares of each class, the same as a holder of 96 "Bats." On the odd shares (the difference between 96 and 100), the holder will receive a cash allowance of 5s. per share. This, of course, will obviate the necessity of purchasing another four shares to round off a holding in order to qualify for the fullest allotment of new shares.

The Value of the Shares.

WHAT ought the new shares to be worth? The ordinary are entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 15 per cent. and then to one-half of the remaining distributable profits. Without precise knowledge of the assets to be taken over by the new trust, I cannot express any opinion upon the participation possibilities. I imagine that the fixed dividend of 15 per cent. ought to be secure enough. On a fixed 6 per cent. yield basis the ordinary should be valued at £2 10s. at least. In my opinion the market will take into consideration the prospect of a participating dividend and value the shares at over £3 apiece before long.

The value of the deferred shares must be problematical, dependent as it will be upon the amount of profit available for dividend. But it has to be remembered that, as the balance of profit is equally divisible between the two classes, the ordinary (over and about the 15 per cent.) will receive the same cash dividend on each £1 share as the 5s. deferred. Therefore the rate on the latter must be four times the participating rate on the ordinary.

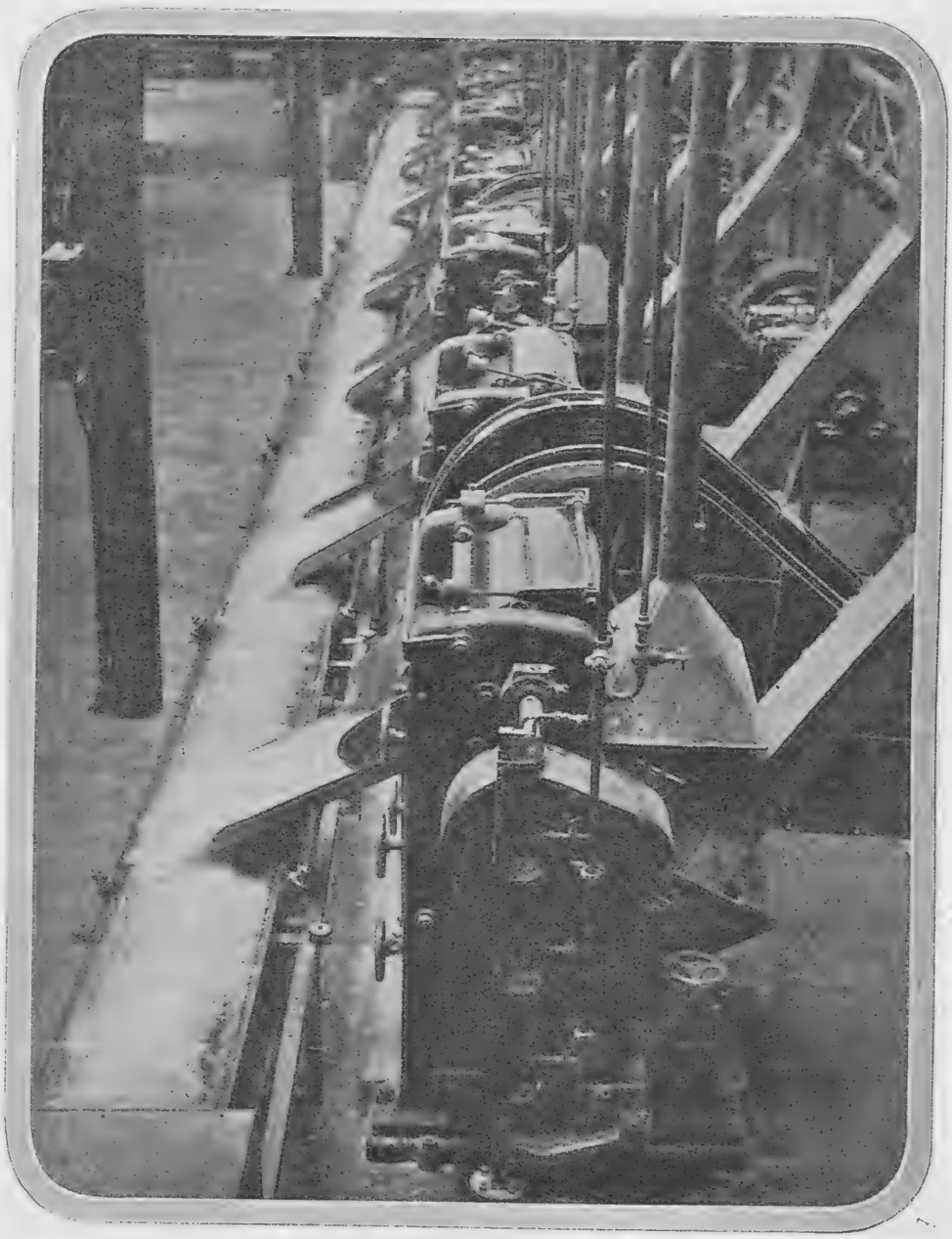
The market price of the deferred shares must be arbitrary until there is some indication of the future earnings. Quotations of 10s. to 15s. for the deferred shares in the early stages of the new trust's career are not improbable.

What About "Imps"?

THIS brings me to the question of how the Imperial Tobacco Co. stands in connection with the B.A.T. share distribution. I believe that the Imperial's holding of "Bats" is 5,800,000 shares. This entitles it to 725,000 shares of each class of the new trust.

I doubt if the Imperial—assuming it still retains that number of "Bats"—will pass on its allotment of shares in the Tobacco Securities Trust to holders of its own ordinary. A distribution, I am afraid, could only be carried out on the basis of one share of each class in respect of every 40 Imperials. Small shareholders would have to be left out.

I cannot predict what course the Imperial's directors will pursue, but the situation appears to have interesting possibilities. The market is still hopeful of a bonus in some shape or form in the early future. In any case, I should not advise holders of "Imps" to realise now. In well-informed quarters the idea prevails that the latest profits have attained a new high record.



Photo— *Machines making "Lux" at Port Sunlight.* *—E. O. Hoppé.*

By A. G. Walsh

CONDITIONS in the Industrial Share Market are changing, slowly but surely. Frenzied speculation in doubtful one shilling shares, and in gramophone records, has given place to a demand for more solid Industrials. Some brokers are making up their minds that the first stage of a period of price readjustment in the Industrial group is in sight.

For about two years share values have been rising steadily, and in many cases, quotations have advanced to ridiculous levels. During this period the basic firmness of the Industrial market has been due to the fact that large quantities of shares have been bought outright and taken off the market.

In that respect the boom in Industrials has been different from other booms where shares were bought largely with the idea of snatching a quick profit. This boom, so far, has been conspicuous for the absence of periodic floods of liquidation.

When the inevitable reaction does come, I don't believe that the public will come in as sellers. They will sit tight, watch prices decline and hope for a recovery.

Record Shares React.

MEANWHILE shrewd holders continue to realise gramophone shares on every favourable occasion. There is no excuse for anyone, who eventually finds himself bereft of a considerable portion of his capital through injudicious gambling in "records." These remarks apply more to the new companies than to the H.M.V. and Columbia, two companies strongly entrenched in the industry. At the same time, although a sound share Gramophone (H.M.V.) £1 shares seem to be fully valued on immediate dividend prospects above £10. This week they have been changing hands between £13 and £14. On the basis of the dividend of 55 per cent. just recommended, the yield is only 4 per cent.

Obviously the shares are valued on the company's potentialities. Its earning capacity is now over 90 per cent. on capital; but to predict dividends commensurate with earnings would be looking too far into the future. I anticipate that when the "steam" is out of the gramophone division we shall see H.M.V. shares under £9 again.

TO my mind the most interesting feature of the Bill is the clause: "In case the moment is not opportune in which to exercise the authority to expropriate, the Executive Power is authorised to revise the contract with the San Paulo Railway." One of the conditions is that the company is to carry out the electrification scheme and to increase its carrying capacity. This is exactly what it has been willing to do all along.

It is plain that there is no strong objection to the railway remaining under British control. People who have travelled in Brazil tell me that the business community in the State of San Paulo are strongly against the transference of the control of the railway. None of the State-owned lines comes anywhere near to the San Paulo in efficiency.

If you happen to be a shareholder I don't think you need take the Bill seriously. Up to the present the officials of the company have no knowledge of its fate. From what I can gather the Government is not anxious to take over the system, the purchase of which might prove too costly.

Effect of Tobacco Scheme.

PERHAPS the most interesting feature of the market has been the effect upon share quotations of the British-American Tobacco Co.'s scheme. My comment will be found on the previous page. Publication of the details has been followed by heavy profit-taking and "Bats" (as British-American shares are called), after a rapid rise to the new record of £7 5s., dropped like a stone to under £7. In sympathy, "Imps" receded a few shillings from their new record of £6 10s.

COURTAULDS have continued the bright spot in the Art-silk group. The rise in Nueras is based upon reports of the success of the Lilienfeld experiments, in which Courtaulds are actively interested. I notice British Enkas are falling back. I cannot understand this, for the company is associated with the powerful Dutch group who have just formed an international marketing organisation for their products.

TWO big deals have been announced this week, but the purchasers' names have not been disclosed. The offer for Freeman, Hardy & Willis, the multiple boot stores, is believed to emanate from a financial group identified with the acquisition in recent years of several large drapery businesses. The deal involves some £3,000,000.

In connection with the offer for Huggins' brewery, the name of Watney, Combe & Co. has been freely mentioned in this connection.

There is a disposition to sell Marconis. The publication of accounts cannot be delayed much longer, and I expect that the details of the merger terms will be announced immediately afterwards—probably at the meeting.

£5,000,000 Birmingham Loan.

INVESTORS who expect 6 to 7 per cent. with absolute safety should note that the Birmingham Corporation considers £4 12s. 6d. per cent. is an adequate return upon a thoroughly sound investment—a stock of highest grade. At any rate, the Corporation has arranged a £5,000,000 4½ per cent. loan, the stock being offered at the price of £97 5s. for each £100. This is simply in accordance with the prevailing values of British Corporation and similar stocks.

Home Rails.

JUST when it looked as though Home Rails were returning to popular favour, a batch of poor traffic returns completely upset this market. As the companies are quietly carrying through an internal reorganisation and effecting economies here and there, the gross traffic declines, as a market factor, should not be accepted at face value.

That is to say, the actual net decrease should be much less than the shrinkage in gross receipts would suggest. Of course, Home Rails won't rise merely on a few scattered buying orders. No class of securities can possibly advance and maintain that advance, for any reason except competitive buying, no matter what the prospects may be.

When the probable economies affected are taken into account, it will be found that Home Railway stocks to-day are mostly undervalued.

The San Paulo's Future.

THERE has been a disposition to dismiss as idle talk the recent rumour that the State of San Paulo has been urged to acquire the main line railway owned by the San Paulo Railway Company. A Bill to empower the Government to do so actually has been submitted to Congress. It is a private member's measure and I am credibly informed that it has little chance of success.

It is difficult to understand the motive for this action unless it is to transfer the line from British to Brazilian control. One of the main clauses of the Bill provides that the new lessee "shall undertake to maintain tariff rates, which shall yield an annual net revenue in relation to the recognised capital, not in excess of the limits established for other railways in the State of San Paulo."

Another provision in the Bill is that the line is to be electrified, transport capacity increased by at least 20 per cent., and other improvements carried out.

Rubber Stocks Down Again.

RUBBER is keeping steady. The stimulating factors here are the reduced stocks, the better inquiry received from American manufacturers and the reserved attitude of sellers. Fears are also arising as to the adequacy of stocks in the major markets as well as in manufacturers' hands.

With world consumption at a high level, this is important. Should stocks prove to be inadequate, then we may witness a sudden demand for rubber, the natural corollary to which might be the forcing of the price of rubber up to an artificial figure.

This would be the very thing that everybody desires to avoid. Violent price fluctuations do the industry not a halfpenny of good.

The total of the London stocks of rubber is down to 27,370 tons; a year ago the figure was 71,000 tons. This substantial reduction encourages me in the hope that the statistical position, as represented by these stocks, will counteract any tendency to depress rubber prices when restriction is removed at the end of this month.

New Oil Issue.

THE hopes expressed of an early revival in Oils again have been falsified. Brokers tell me that they see "nothing to go for" in this market at the moment. With production of crude oil in the United States still at a high figure, they daren't: what inducement is there?

True, restriction is now in operation in several oilfields, but it is not yet fully effective. The expanding and unrestricted output of Venezuela is an influence upon the outlook.

General conditions, I am confident, are improving, and the fact that one of the well-known mining houses—the Central Mining—sees fit to sponsor a new oil flotation at this period, is an indication that brighter days for the industry are in sight.

The oil company referred to is the Tocuyo Oilfields of Venezuela, with a capital of £2,500,000. An issue of shares is about to be made.

THE WEEK ON WINGS

THE BERLIN AERO SHOW

By
E. M. ROSSITER
(Our Exclusive Air Expert)

The British section at the Berlin Aero Show.
Three large halls are filled with the latest civil aircraft from every leading European country.

THE German Aero Show, the Ila, was opened on October 7th at Berlin, and is to remain open until October 28th. For the first time in history some 150 aircraft of modern design have been assembled in which the military element—prohibited by the Treaty of Versailles in German aviation—is entirely absent.

German firms predominate in number and also in originality of ideas. As the German aircraft industry was not released from a crippling Allied control until May, 1926, and enjoys no Government orders for military aircraft, the vitality it displays is all the more remarkable. The German exhibits range from the smallest to the largest practical aircraft in existence, and none are mere experiments built for show purposes.

Giant Flying Boats.

The thick-wing monoplane design originated by Professor Junkers is becoming more and more the family stamp of German aircraft. The most striking of the German machines is the massive Rohrbach "Romar," the largest flying boat in the world, which is the latest embodiment of the far-sighted German policy of developing large seagoing aircraft for the great ocean routes. Built entirely of metal, including the wing covering, this machine carried 12 passengers a distance of 3,000 air miles. It has been built to the order of the Deutsche Lufthansa for trials on the route to South America. The Dornier Company, another exponent of large flying boats, exhibits the "Super-wal," which, like the "Romar," is intended as an intermediate type prior to the production of machines of still larger load capacity and improved seaworthiness.

Gliders and Light Aeroplanes.

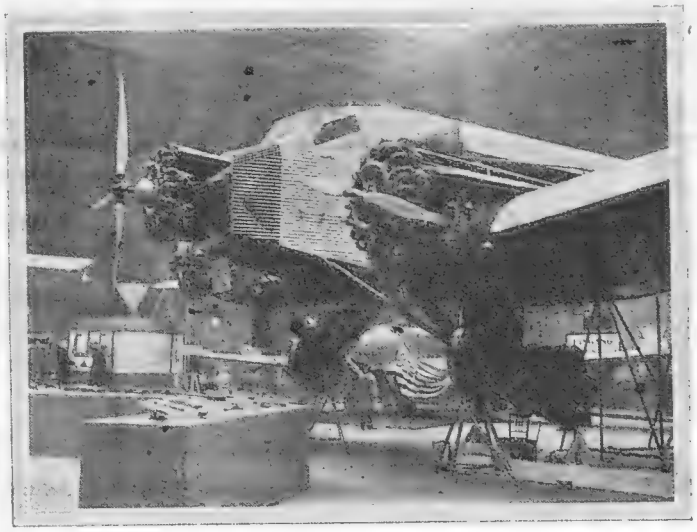
Germany is still interested in gliding flight. A large section is occupied by *segelflug* machines, and this branch of flying is evidently very actively encouraged as an economical means of preliminary flying training. Power-driven light aeroplanes are likely to become as popular in Germany as in England. The miniature thick-wing aeroplanes are very attractive, though somewhat flimsy and underpowered according to British standards. The Klemm with its 20 h.p. Daimler engine, nevertheless, possesses very useful qualities. Fitted with an engine of 40 h.p. it won the first prize at the French International Trials at Orly last month.

Airships are represented by the latest type 550 h.p. Maybach engine, beside which is the original 20 h.p. engine used by Count Zeppelin.

The redoubtable Junkers firm have a complete section of the show to themselves and include in their exhibit the imposing G.31 passenger aeroplane and the famous "Bremen" which accomplished the first East to West aeroplane flight across the Atlantic. Junkers, who not long ago built their 1,000th aeroplane, are making rapid progress with their new air liner in which the passengers and engines will be housed inside the wing.

The Junkers heavy-oil engine is not shown. If it is true that this engine develops one horse-power for not more than three pounds of weight the reign of the petrol engine, at least for commercial aircraft, is practically ended.

The Rohrbach "Romar"—the largest flying boat in the world, built for trans-ocean air routes.



Germany's latest three-engined air express—the Junkers G.31.

Nineteen Nations Represented.

Nineteen nations are represented at the show. France has an excellent display, including the new Farman passenger transport, the F.180, popularly known as "the Flying Bar." Italy shows among her exhibits the Macchi-Fiat racing seaplane with which Major de Bernardi won the world's speed record at 318½ m.p.h. It is a pity that the British attempt on the record could not have been made earlier in the year so as to release the Supermarine-Napier for exhibition.

British representation reflects the present situation of civil aviation in this country. British engines make a first-class impression, but there is no example of a British commercial aeroplane. The Gypsy-Moth, Avian and Bluebird light aeroplanes are supreme in their class, and they, together with the Handley Page wing-slot device and the Gloster Hele-Shaw variable pitch propeller, help to save the reputation of the British industry. British efforts in the domain of ancient history are very successful.

The real marvel of the Berlin show is the fact that the German aircraft industry has been kept alive in spirit and substance through the difficult years which have followed the war—through a revolution, a financial collapse, harsh Treaty restrictions, industrial depression, loss of colonies and markets and other difficulties too numerous to mention.

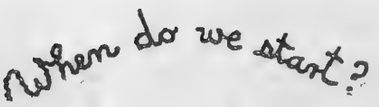
British Aero Show.

One hopes that the British Aero Show to be held in London, probably at Olympia, in July next year, will be as great a credit to this country. The British Aero Show will at least have the distinction that it will not be supported by Government money. The Treasury have refused to make a grant, though the Air Ministry will probably book space as an exhibitor and organise a display of the official aids to flying—Meteorology, Wireless, Navigation, Inspection, Research, etc.

Flying Through the Ages.

An extraordinarily fascinating historical exhibit has been arranged by the Royal Aeronautical Society in conjunction with the Air Ministry, beginning with the earliest legends and leading through the experimenters of every age to a collection of scale models illustrating progress in British aircraft from the days of Mr. A. V. Roe's first flight. The original papers are shown of Sir George Cayley, who laid down a sound basis for aeronautical science 120 years ago.

ACES AND KINGS



By JACK DALTON

I AM afraid that there was a typographical error in my problem last week whereby the Queen of Spades was substituted for the 9. Before giving the solution I will, therefore, reprint the hands in their correct form.

Z (dealer)	Y (dummy)
Spades K, 9, 4.	Spades 10.
Hearts A, 3.	Hearts 10, 7, 2.
Diamonds A, 7, 6, 4, 3.	Diamonds K, Knave, 9, 2
Clubs A, K, 5.	Clubs Q, 10, 6, 4, 3.

Score game all. Love all.
Z deals and calls one No Trump. All pass.

A	Y	B	Z
	Trick 1		
4 Hearts	2 Hearts	*Knave* Hearts	3 Hearts
	Trick 2		
9 Hearts	7 Hearts	5 Hearts	*Ace* Hearts
	Trick 3		
7 Clubs	3 Clubs	2 Clubs	*Ace* Clubs
	Trick 4		
3 Spades	4 Clubs	8 Clubs	*King* Clubs

The card italicised wins the trick.

How should Z continue to play the hand and why? What is his best chance of winning the game?

Solution of Problem.

This problem affords an excellent example of counting the hands, being at the same time quite simple and straightforward.

You can begin by assuming that A has led from a four card suit, and as soon as it is shown (on trick 4) that he has only one Club, his whole hand can immediately be counted. He must have held originally 4 Spades, 4 Hearts, 4 Diamonds, and one Club.

That is not very difficult to arrive at, because if he had held more than four cards of any suit, he would have led that suit in preference to a Heart, of which he can have only four—his original lead was the 4, and Z can see both the 3 and the 2. B's hand can now also be counted. It consisted originally of 4 Hearts, 4 Clubs, 5 Spades, and no Diamonds at all.

You therefore know the composition of both A's and B's hand, but there still remains one very important factor that has to be considered, namely, the position of the Ace of Spades. Everything points to it being on the wrong side, in other words, in A's hand. If B had held five Spades to the Ace and no Diamonds, he would surely have called "two Spades" to indicate a lead, and you can almost take it for granted that A has it. I will now review Z's position.

Playing Z's Hand.

His only chance appears to be to win five tricks in Diamonds, which with three Clubs and one Heart will give him the game. Can he do this? He knows for certain that A's Diamonds consist of the Queen, 10, 8, 5. He must therefore lead the 6 of Diamonds and trust to luck that A will not cover with the 8. He can then allow the 6 to run, and the rest is easy.

A cannot possibly tell that his partner has no Diamonds whatsoever, and it is not in the least likely that he will cover, but even should he do so, Z still has a chance of game. He must at once stop leading Diamonds and play the 10 of Hearts in the hope of finding A with both the King and Queen. He discards a Club and a Spade from his own hand and no matter whether A leads a Diamond or a Spade, the game is still assured. If A covers the 6 of Diamonds, Z's difficulty then is that he cannot get back into his own hand to make the fifth trick in Diamonds.

The situation presented by this hand is one that you should always be on the lookout for, *i.e.*, the holding of a singleton and three "4 card" suits against a No-trump declaration. This is often easy to detect, and you are thereby enabled to gauge the exact distribution of the suits.

Clearing a Suit.

I imagine that most of you know that the correct lead from Ace, Queen, Knave, and others against a No-trump call is the Queen, but how many of you can tell me why it is the Queen and not the Ace? You may say that as long as you know which card to lead that is all that matters, but I do not quite agree. Anybody who tries to play Bridge entirely by rules will never get very far with it, but if you can only grasp the reasons that are behind what you are told to do, you will soon find that your game will improve.

Now this lead of the Queen from Ace, Queen, Knave, and others, is one of the most important to remember, especially when there is no card of re-entry in the hand. The reason why the Queen is the card selected in preference to the Ace is that you want, if possible, to get the King out of the way on the first round as you will then have complete command of the suit.

If you lead the Ace first and follow with the Queen, the King is certain to be held up if it is against you, and the result is likely to be that your partner will not have another card of the suit to lead you when he gets in again. The same argument applies when you are the third player and hold the Ace, Queen and another of a suit that your partner opens against a No Trump. If you play the Ace on the first trick and return the Queen, the declarer can hold up the King against you. This, however, you can easily prevent by not playing the Ace on the first round but putting up the Queen instead, thereby allowing the declarer to win the trick with the King if he has it. He is obliged to do so if he can as otherwise he may never make it at all, being in the dark as to the position of the Ace.

This situation is of common occurrence, and nearly all the text-books will tell you to play the Ace at once and then return the Queen, but in my own mind I am quite convinced that it is wrong. Unless the declarer happens to hold the King single—which is most unlikely—there is nothing to be gained by playing the Ace, whereas you may easily lose by it.

Next Week's Features in Britannia

In addition to our regular features and other articles on subjects of topical importance, next week's issue will include:

LORD THOMSON
on
Parties and Politics.

ALFRED NOYES
on
The Press Chaos.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL
on
The Changing Face of England.

ALEC WAUGH
on
The White Woman in the Far East.

BISHOP WELLDON
BENITO MUSSOLINI
GILBERT FRANKAU.

Adelphi: 8.10 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.15.
Aldwych: 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri., 2.30
Ambassadors: 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
Carlton: 8.15 "Good News" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Comedy: 8.30 "Deadlock" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri. 2.30.
Criterion: 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road" *Comedy*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
Daly's: 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Drury Lane: 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Duke of York's: 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous" "*Historical*" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Embassy: 8.30 "The Seventh Guest" *Mystry Play*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Everyman: 8.15 "The Master Builder" *Drama*
Matinee: Sat., 2.30.
Fortune: 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" "*Historical*" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Gaiety: 8.30 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Garrick: 8.15 "The Constant Nymph" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.
Globe: 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Haymarket: 8.30 "Alibi" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Hippodrome: 8.15 "That's A Good Girl" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
His Majesty's: 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
Kingsway: 8.30 "Thunder on the Left" *Phantasy*
Matinees: Wed., Thur., Sat., 2.30.
Little: 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
London Pavilion: 8.15 "This Year of Grace" *Revue*
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30.
Lyceum: 8.15 "The Flying Squad" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Lyric: 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
New: 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Playhouse: 8.30 "Excelsior" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Prince of Wales: 8.30 "By Candle Light" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Queen's: 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Royalty: 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
St. James's: 8.30 "The Return Journey" *Fantastic Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Savoy: 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.
Shaftesbury: 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Strand: 8.15 "The Beetle" *Mystery Play*
Matinees: Tues. and Sat., 2.30.
Vaudeville: 8.15 "Charlot, 1928" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Sat. 2.30.
Winter Garden: 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
Wyndham's: 8.30 "Loyalties" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

ART GALLERIES.

NEVINSON—Exhibition of New Pictures
DORA GORDINE—Sculpture
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10-6 daily

At the Theatre

NEW PLAYS *Not Up to* STANDARD

By Maitland Davidson

Photo— —Hugh Cecil.

James Bernard Fagan.
(Producer and part adapter of "The Beetle," reviewed here.)

"Deadlock." By May Edginton. (Comedy.)

THE question of how much theatre audiences ought to get for their good money as expended at the box office—running as high as fourteen shillings for a single stall, with even bigger totals in some cases—has been spot-lighted into special prominence by the production at the Comedy of *Deadlock*, an unskilfully handled play about divorce by Miss May Edginton.

I am not referring at the moment to the quality of the shows provided, though there may be something to be said on that score, particularly in regard to certain of the latest. The immediate point is the quantity of entertainment supplied.

Nor is it fair to talk of the standard of quantity as a sordid one to apply to a work of art, and trot out the eternal joke about the backwoods millionaire who complains that the artist has not painted him a large enough picture for his money, which has appeared in comic papers of all countries periodically since the Year One.

The theatre public is not buying a work of art, but paying for an evening's amusement, at a price which deserves full and overflowing measure—a "long pull" of whatever the play-brewers have put into their vats. Three hours is not too much to ask; as often as not, deducting quite unnecessarily long intervals, the evening tots up to more like two But *Deadlock* beats even this for short-weight.

Short Measure.

The curtain on the first night was announced to rise at 8.30. Some time after that a coloured lady, with a voice of somewhat inadequate volume and range, started singing negro ditties such as "Adam never had no mammy to take him on her knees" and "Heaven." She was politely received, but still there was no sign of the play, and when it finally began at 9 o'clock, there had been several vocal protests from a disgruntled gallery, with which, for once, one could fully sympathise.

It was all over before 11 and there had been two intervals, so the actual net amount of playing-time, so to speak, was, approximately, an hour and a half. This is not good enough from the paying public's point of view. It likes, I am sure (as I do myself) a good, stout, well-fleshed play—and no complaints to the management next morning, even if that 11.45 train from, say, Waterloo to Surbiton, was only just caught at the double and by kind indulgence of a sympathetic Cerberus at the platform gates.

In this instance, I must confess, from the critical standpoint, one did not particularly yearn for a bigger joint after tasting the first cut or two. The meat was poor, or shall we say badly cooked? For there are possibilities in the situation with which the play opens.

Sir Richard Norrice owns newspapers, a mistress and a luxurious house in Mayfair; in a background of penury is a gloomy wife whom he would settle in comfort if she would divorce him, but she won't, and so he won't. There is also a seventeen-year-old son, chained to a bank; in a brief interval of freedom he innocently visits this almost unknown father, who hints at a much better job for him on the paternal papers, while the charming lady (introduced as Mrs., not Mistress) kindles his young soul to rapture with an invitation to spend his fortnight's holiday with their party amid the snow and ice of Mürren's heights; "Excelsior" becomes instantly his device.

The Pink Lady.

So far so good, at any rate as regards the initial idea. For me, I am afraid, the play was already half ruined at an early stage by the performance of the actress who took the part of the said Mrs. Ramsey, a Scarlet Lady of such devastating affectation and archness that she seemed rather some Pink Lady of musical comedy, and struck so false a note that one's sensibilities were almost irretrievably jarred. Then the opportunities of the plot began to be steadily missed and any promise it had to be frittered away.

In the course of a long, far too long conversation between the wife and lawyer, we learn that the strong sense of Duty which had made her refuse to divorce her husband was no staunch if pig-headed affair of principle but just hate of the other woman; sympathy vanishes before the sacrifice of her son as well as herself for bitterness' sake. Learning prematurely of her young Excelsior's projected adventure,

"O stay," the Mother cried, "and rest
Thy head on this maternal breast . . ."

But it was angry pique not affection that inspired her post-haste trip to London, where she, very imprudently, considering her income, took a suite at the Savoy—"all furniture and decorations very kindly supplied by the Savoy Hotel," but a view from the windows that never was on sea or land—and tried to tempt him to barter the Alps for matinée seats and a hockey dance at home.

He not surprisingly refused, pointing out very reasonably that the parting was only for two short weeks, and an ending seemed inevitable which would at least have meant the very proper overthrow of selfishness masquerading as mother-love, when—blest if the woman's bursting into hysterical tears doesn't unman the boy into capitulation and thus remove the last chance of some kind of point in the play. The author may know what she was driving at; for the audience the title alone justified itself in a deadlock of weary puzzlement, not least of the puzzles being why dramaturgic mountains should labour for the delivery of so ridiculously insignificant a mouse.

Our New Young Men.

Miss Dorothy Dix can act—she was splendid as the hell-cat wife in Strindberg's *The Father*—but I doubt if any actress in the world could have saved this most dreary wife and mother from being anything but a bore. The one really bright spot of the whole business was the character of the boy and the performance in it of Mr. Lewis Shaw—I am not sure "Master" should not be his proper appellation, for like his stage self, he is only seventeen. He is small and not quite so engagingly handsome as those other two "infant prodigees," Mr. Frank Lawton and Mr. Maurice Evans, but has a certain attractively appealing charm and acts with polished ease and complete self-possession.

It is cheering to find another recruit to the increasing band of very young men who can take leading parts, after a long régime of forty-ish heroes, and that accomplished stage Columbus, Miss Italia Conti, is to be congratulated on her pupil.

Asylum Drama.

"The Beetle." Adapted from Richard Marsh's novel by J. B. Fagan and others. (Strand.)

News comes from Italy that a prize offered by a Roman paper in a competition for the best play submitted has been won by a dramatist who admits that he wrote it in a lunatic asylum, where he has been several times as a patient. I do not for a moment suggest that some of the writers of "thrillers" for our own stage have undergone a similar experience; yet in a way I could almost find it in my heart to wish they had; for our sakes, as an explanation, for theirs, as an excuse. And perhaps, by the way, I ought to couple with this toast

(Continued overleaf.)

Enid Wilson, who does well in "Deadlock."

the names of the producers or presenters—for theirs, after all, is the final madness.

There are, of course, certain countries, Oriental and primitive ones, I gather from my reading of books, where madness is highly respected and regarded as being under the direct protection of the gods. Our Occidental standpoint is different; we have had it inculcated in us and are prepared to believe that madness is oft akin to genius, but we do demand some visible indications of the kinship, some sufficiently enthralling method in the madness, at any rate for entertainment purposes. Mystery, horror, shocks are not enough *per se* without an element of cumulative coherence.

A Long-Nosed Villain.

In *The Beetle* at the Strand, which Mr. J. B. Fagan and others have adapted from an old story by Richard Marsh, we sup on mechanical horrors, and there is a deal of "fine confused feeding" in the way of flares and flashes and explosions and green glowing eyes, but the haggis of mystery is a none too appetising or exciting dish. There are lots of scenes—an Egyptain temple, a scientist's laboratory, a booking office at Waterloo station, a cluster of roof tops in Limehouse, and plenty more. Through all these moves as Head Villain, an amazingly long-nosed Priest of Isis, in vengeful pursuit of an English Hero who was once unfortunately compelled by stress of circumstances to strangle a priestess, but is now a perfectly good and respectable M.P. engaged to a nice young English girl.

The Beetle of the title is a horrid supernatural creature that the priestess turned into when she was so fatefully "turned off," as Charles Dickens's hangman put it; it also chases our Mr. Lessingham, M.P., but only somewhat feebly, to the extent of an occasional motor-like humming and the display of those green eyes. Far more effective is the utterance of certain mystic words by the long-nosed One, which immobilise the hero to helplessness whenever he is on the very point of doing down the villain—I could not quite catch them, but they sounded uncommonly like "Gin and It."

In the end, though it was difficult to follow the precise details of a midnight mêlée in the murk of the East End tiles, I gathered the villain at last met a well-merited end by falling on to a live wire or something and being electrocuted—either because mere inanimate objects are not susceptible to the magic of the "Gin and It" charm, or because he did not get his order (I should say incantation) out quick enough.

Mr. Abraham Sofaer makes quite a figure out of his crude villainy, and Miss Catherine Lacey is refreshingly human and charming as the girl, but what can actors (Mr. Douglas Burbidge also among them) do with such stuff? Some of the pompously periphrastic verbiage is very distressing.

I Recommend—

Musical :—

"Topsy and Eva." Gaiety. Uncle Tom's Cabaret, with the priceless Duncan Sisters.

Melodrama :—

"The Flying Squad." Lyceum. Edgar Wallace, complete with trapdoor and police court scene.

Farce :—

"Passing Brompton Road." Criterion. No admirer of Marie Tempest should miss this.

Those American Policemen.

"The Seventh Guest." By Innes L. Osborn and A. J. Aubrey. (Embassy.)

I am sorry that the new Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage should have given hospitability, in its second venture of a career of only a few weeks, to a similar series of highly unconvincing efforts to make our flesh creep. *The Seventh Guest* is of American origin, its one nocturnal scene being laid in the library of a house on the Hudson River, but as the actors are English the only noticeable evidence of Americanism is

Elsie Janis and Jack Hulbert in "Clowns in Clover" (new edition).

Lewis Shaw, a very promising young man.

the arrival of a detective in the last act—in an aeroplane, by way of one original touch—who proceeds to bully and browbeat all present in a manner unmistably Transatlantic.

I am getting just a little tired (except that they gratify one's Chauvinism) of these American police toughs on our stage; in my dreams I visualise some delightful evening when one of the characters shall knock the swaggering tyrant's hat off as he strides into the drawing room and remind him that after all he is in England now.

The play includes two murders and a suicide, but in spite of this and of the fact that roughly about every two minutes we are regaled either with a scream or some Poltergeist-like rappings, it fails to be entertaining. There is a vampish-looking lady with the most revealing skin-tight bright-red dress yet devised; there are even mild attempts at impropriety in the dialogue, such as :—

> We ought all to go to bed.
> Alone?
> Well, I think we ought to start that way.

But nothing eventuates save simple *clichés* of crime such as might have occurred to Noah in his less imaginative moods, positively not even excluding the prehistoric corpse that falls out of the cupboard.

Miss Julie Hartley-Manners cannot avoid looking pretty and Miss Margaret Moffat gives a touch of character to an Irish servant, but as in the case of *The Beetle*, there is no real scope for any acting that matters. It is up to the Embassy to do better next time; the management must not fall into the error (common enough, alas, in the West End) of underrating the mental faculties of its audience.

The New Play at the Apollo.

"The Brass Paper Weight," by Komisarjevsky, the new play produced at the Apollo Theatre on Monday evening, is dealt with by Mr. Maitland Davidson on page 296.

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN.

Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In."

A NEW WAY to BRIGHTEN the FILMS

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

I HAVE just been seeing a demonstration of a new process for brightening our films which holds considerable possibilities if the claims made for it prove to be fully justified and according to schedule. I hasten to add that it is only a development of something we have seen specimens of before—namely, colour photography for the moving picture. Where the special virtue of the new method largely lies is in the unsurpassed simplicity and cheapness that are said to characterise it.

As to the beauty or otherwise of these new coloured films—the process has been named Polychromide—I found them on the whole quite attractive. We were shown, at one of the big London cinema theatres, pictures of "bear-skinned" troops parading and changing guard, river scenes, fish swimming, parties of merry bathers at Brighton and other seaside places, and fashion parades. The colours are distinctly good—one of the claims for this Polychromide system is that it is the only one to contain all the colours—and the chief fault I found was that the backgrounds were inclined to be less clear and in less satisfactory register than the foreground figures, which produces a somewhat unnatural effect.

This was explained to me as a mere incidental defect in production, easily remediable by the use of a gauze screen, though it certainly seemed a pity that this precaution had not been taken in the showing. For this reason the fish pictures were especially excellent, for they had only a light background of almost clear water.

The Future of Colour——

And now, supposing all these claims are made good—and these films are also said to be capable of being thrown on the screen by any projector in any house—I ask myself whether their use, if it becomes general, will really be an improvement to the art of the screen. I am inclined to think only to a limited extent, but then this process has not yet been tested in connection with a "full-dress" picture or play.

I understand that it is proposed to employ it in making a film of old English life, probably a screen version of one of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's novels of romantic adventure, also in taking hunting scenes, in which the red coats will be a great help to picturesque effect. One must suspend judgment till then on the point whether it will show a marked advance on the colour effects hitherto seen in full-length plays.

But the general use of colour for screen plays does not, I confess, greatly appeal to me. I would rather have the films in gradations of black and white, just as I would prefer to keep them silent, and that the development should take place in the direction of plots, production and photography, rather than of colour or vocal effects.

——And the "Talkies."

That other new invention, the Vitaphone, seems to be attracting immense curiosity, and I hear from Warner Brothers, who have now bought the whole thing, that the Piccadilly Theatre has done record business with "The Jazz Singer." In this there are some rather fragmentary and spasmodic specimens of the new medium, though enough to show that, as I have already remarked, these are the best things in the way of talking pictures that we've seen here yet. I do not like them, because they seem to me blatant and destructive of the film's true function, but that much is beyond question.

However, the real acid test in this country of the application of the "talkies"—so far as they have yet been developed—to the screen will not open till next Thursday, when the Vitaphone version of Mr. Edgar Wallace's play "The Terror" will be presented at the same theatre. This is really an all-talking film, said to be the first in the world, and from the foretaste we have been having of it in the introductions of its chief characters which accompany "The Jazz Singer," I should think its general effect will certainly be astonishing, and I look forward to it with great interest as well as some apprehension.

I notice, by the way, that after a special inquiry into this matter of the talkies, the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association have expressed it as their judgment that it will be at least another two years before we can definitely decide whether they have a future. Expense is one serious obstacle. On the other hand, synchronised sound films, this committee thinks have come to stay, and there they may be right, though so far I have not heard any mechanical arrangement to beat the combination of a real orchestra and appropriate stage noises for the firing of guns and other such inarticulate sounds that aid realism without intruding a new dimension.

The American Standard.

One of the points emphasised by this British society is a strong warning to exhibitors not to tie themselves up with contracts which will tend to make them once more vassals of the American film industry. That is an excellent and timely bit of advice, though, mind you, I have the highest respect and admiration for American efficiency in the screen world as exhibited in the work of the best U.S. companies. In slickness of acting and production, variety and interest of plot, they have set up a standard that will take some beating. And these qualities are to be found not only in their super-pictures.

For instance, I strolled into the Plaza the other morning to see a private show, of which I had very little expectations; no one seemed to know much about it, and the attendance was sparse. I thought I would just have a preliminary glance from the back of the house, and when I discovered that the picture was about bootlegging I very nearly turned tail.

Then some little touch—I forget what—arrested my attention. I let myself be led to a forward seat by one of those smiling maidens with torches (the electric kind) and nothing would have induced me to move again till the very end. Alien and even sometimes wearisome as its topic is to us, it had here been so admirably handled that I was as fascinated by this picture as all London was by the bootlegging play "Broadway," which, indeed, it in many ways resembles.

I will not tell you too much about the details because I gather than the film—it is a Paramount called "The Racket"—will be publicly shown later at the Plaza, and that will be the more appropriate time. Sufficient for the moment to say that—just like "Broadway"—it deals with a contest of wits (and guns) between a detective and the head of a bootlegging gang. And the head of the gang is that pricelessly villainous-countenanced old prize-fighter Mr. Louis Wolheim (who is also the head porter, Sergeant Buck, in "Sorrell and Son" now at the New Gallery) and the detective is Mr. Thomas Meighan.

PICTURES TO SEE

ASTORIA.—"*Red Hot Speed*" (*Reginald Denny*) *and* "*Her Great Ambition.*"

CAPITOL.—"*Wheels of Chance*" (*Richard Barthelmess*) *and Rin Tin in* "*A Race for Life.*"

NEW GALLERY.—"*Sorrell and Son*" (*H. B. Warner as Stephen Sorrell*).

PLAZA.—"*The Fleet's In*" (*Clara Bow*).

STOLL.—(*Mon. to Wed.*) *Douglas Fairbanks in* "*The Gaucho*" *and Thomas Meighan in* "*The City Gone Wild.*"

TIVOLI.—"*The Trail of '98.*"

A Dog on the Dole

By W. HAROLD THOMPSON

Illustrated by G. E. Studdy

In the slang phrase—"down and out."

THERE was a sound of devilry by night away down in that Buckinghamshire hamlet, where most of the cottages are thatched ones, and where my Cairn terrier and I live our sober and decent lives.

The jangling of a gate that will not shut unless first lifted up; a scurry of small feet on the path; a loud and complainful barking; the overturning of a chair on the verandah; more barking, giving place presently to the most doleful of howls.

"No, you don't," I said to my friend and guard, who was adding to the din and working herself into a lively state of excitement. "You're not going out till I discover what the trouble is. Most of our neighbours are in bed by this time, and one dog raising the deuce in the garden is enough."

She swore a little, grumblingly, but sat back, while I opened the verandah door carefully, and as carefully shut it. Happily the night was one of wonderful moonlight, so that I was able not merely to see the intruder at once, but to make at least a superficial inspection of him.

His rapid progress up the path must have been achieved by using the finishing remnants of strength in him, for he half sat, half lay, against the chair which he had overturned in his blunderings. He was a young, thin, out-at-the-elbows, ragged-looking collie whose ancestors could never have figured in the Dog's Debrett, and who, in the slang phrase, was "down and out." There was no collar about his scraggy neck, one of his ears was torn; his sides were heaving; and in his eyes there was fear as well as weariness.

At first he seemed inclined to resent my presence, but gradually quietened, and permitted me to pat him. I had never seen him before, and to this day do not know from whence he came nor why he should have made so hurried and so noisy an approach. But there he was—obviously a stray in need of food and drink; some attention to his ear, and a shakedown for the night.

There was a brisk but passing difficulty with Cracker, who, amiable of nature though she is, shines as a hostess only when she approves her guest.

"You needn't be huffy," I chided her when she sat leaning against one of my legs, and growling faintly as she watched the collie drink and then gobble. "I don't know who this fellow is, but he's been through a bad time, and he can rest for a while in one of the sheds. No harm in that, is there?"

"It's for you to decide," I understood her to say. "So long as he doesn't stay in the house, I don't mind."

Before Barker—as I dubbed the dog-tramp—went to his couch of straw, he had extended the right paw of good fellowship; had licked at a hand of mine, in thanks, I suppose, for his supper, and had even begun to grin at my terrier. His brown eyes, though not in the same class as hers for intelligence or expressiveness, were not without beauty—though to be sure something of anxiety still lingered in them.

Willingly enough he listened to my injunctions of silence, and it is but fair to record that no sound came from him till reasonably late on the following morning, by which time Cracker and I had decided that if we could discover nothing about him in the village, we should go, all three, to the nearest police station which was some four miles away. If the authorities there had no news of him, and did not wish to keep him, then he would be put on the dole for a few days.

Actually that was what happened, and I must say that both he and Cracker were very good about things. If there was a certain aloofness in her manner she was yet tolerant, and unselfish, while Barker accepted his out-of-work pay with a native grace doing him much credit.

"It's for you to decide," I understood her to say.

He was a friendly soul who appreciated his meals and his comforts, and said so without a trace of surliness, but on the contrary, with increasing good humour. As the dole-days were added one to the other his appearance improved tremendously, so that by the end of a week he looked not only fit and hearty but almost handsome—certainly a dog who was well able to earn a living for himself if only the chance were given to him.

That chance came when a genial farmer who is an acquaintance of mine, and has an eye for a bargain, saw Barker and learned that a permanent home was being sought for him.

"Nobody seems to want him, and Cracker says that he can't stay much longer with us, so he's yours for the taking," I explained. "He has the look of a worker—and anyway he's young."

"I'll give him a chance," the farmer said. "But I can't keep a dog doing nothing, so if he's no good I'll have to send him back to you."

So it was arranged, and Barker has not come back to us save on an occasional and brief visit. He has settled down as a good and useful member of the community; approved by his owner as a stout-hearted and able helper, and respected, I should say, by his brother and sister dogs.

When Cracker and I last went to see him he was so busy at first that we had to wait till that business was over—it was a matter of sheep collecting—before he could spare us a few minutes. We found him happy and contented; well-fed; well-cared for; well liked, and though I could do no more than try to interpret what his eyes held in the way of canine words, I gathered that he was glad to welcome us, and had not forgotten how we had come to the rescue when, a tramp if ever there was one, he had approached us with a woeful story and a desire for a bed, board and a job.

As my terrier and I wandered slowly homewards from the farm Barker came with us as far as the cross-roads, as one who would say:

"Well, it was good of you to call, and I can't do less than see you half way home. Look in again any time you're passing."

Surely it is good to help a stray of any kind if one can? Barker was grateful I know, and I know, too, how grateful I would be to anyone who did a like service for a dog of mine. So it must be with you who read this, for you would not have read it had you not been one of those who like dogs—which means, again, that you are one of those whom dogs like.

Our Effete PARLIAMENT

By Sir Reginald Bacon

IF a discerning foreigner were asked to name our most marked national characteristic, he would without doubt reply, "national conceit." He would probably at the same time own that the average Englishman was less personally conceited than members of any other nationality; in fact, his view would be that an Englishman's almost shamefaced depreciation of his own achievements is only rivalled by his conceit in his national institutions.

It is this peculiar trait that makes us, as a nation, somewhat intolerant of any constitutional differences that may exist between our own and other countries. A love of the English Constitution and Vintage Port is a legacy left us by our forefathers.

Antiquated Franchise Methods.

NOW the foremost of British Institutions, next to the Crown and the Judicature, is the British Parliament; the Mother of Parliaments we affectionately call it. The term "great-grandmother of Parliaments" would more effectively describe its latter day anility. If anything could knock the national conceit out of the Briton, a close examination of the British Parliament should do so. For this homily on National Humility, Parliament should well form a fitting text.

Let us commence with the House of Commons. The members of this House are chosen in a most inefficient manner—namely, by local election. In the old days there was reason in this, since the various parts of the country differed in pursuits and productions: further, it was necessary in the days when roads were practically impassable to co-ordinate the local governments by edicts from some central body. Now these needs no longer exist, and the method becomes an anomaly. Representation of the needs of the various industries and professions has, in these days, little to do with locality.

An M.P.'s Qualifications.

Again, the "vote," which is supposed to be prized by every citizen, has been reduced to zero value. A pro-consul, with experience in all parts of the Empire, has precisely the same voice in the affairs of the country as a "tweenie" who has just arrived at the discriminating age of 21, and who has never left her native village.

The member of Parliament chosen by this strange medley of knowledge and ignorance, riches and poverty, is presumably selected because he represents the views of the majority of his clients. The Chairman, at his election meetings, dwells eloquently on his ability to represent the views of the local electorate.

As a matter of fact, if, when he enters the House of Commons, he shows the slightest initiative, and votes otherwise than he is ordered to by his Party, he is "Peto-ed"—that is, his Party disown him, and work against his re-election.

There is, in practice, little choice between a candidate who is a local tradesman, and an ex-Governor of a colony; provided both belong to the same Party, and both contribute reasonably to the local clubs and charities.

The Futility of Parliament.

IN the House of Commons the Prime Minister of the day is virtually an autocrat. His Party uphold his dicta and he can initiate any policy, even if it should be disliked by his own adherents—witness the introduction of votes for young women. It is true that his policy has the imprimatur of Cabinet approval, but Cabinet Ministers rarely withstand a Prime Minister to the point of resignation. The sweets of office are apt to exert a wonderful power of conversion before extremes are reached. During a general election the Prime Minister can make any promise, and by such his whole party is subsequently bound.

When a Prime Minister has decided on a policy a Bill is introduced into Parliament. Every member knows that it will eventually be passed with only such amendments that the Government will approve, but in our great-grandmother of Parliaments a solemn farce has to be enacted. Any period of time from three to nine months must be wasted in talk, mere useless repetition of arguments for and against the measure. When repetition has become wearisome the closure is applied.

Thus the Bill drags slowly along until it is passed by the Commons. It then goes to the House of Lords, where its passage is comparatively short and sharp; since that House is composed largely of men of administrative ability. If the Prime Minister is a Unionist, the Bill passes without much trouble; if he belongs to the Liberal or Labour Parties, then trouble may be met with; but, even if the Bill is rejected by the Lords, the Commons may after a year pass the measure; so in the end it might equally have been made law on the day on which it was introduced into the Commons.

Legislative Reform.

THE only occasion of late when debate in the Commons rose to a high level was on the so-called "Church Reform Bill," when the Government Whips were withdrawn and members allowed to vote on their own initiative. Even the Bishops must own that then the Angel of the Lord descended and endowed those who spoke against this time-serving measure with a gift of golden tongues and the persuasion of angels; while those who spoke in its favour were deprived of eloquence and had their speech rendered lame and halting. For once, fervid and fiery oratory took the place of the dismal rattling of dried bones.

Virtually our great-grandmother of Parliaments is a machine devised to waste time. "An excellent safety valve," says the apologist. But engineers do not construct a cumbrous and hugely expensive machine merely to fulfil the subsidiary rôle of safety valve.

Any business firm that introduced Parliamentary methods into its board meetings would be bankrupt within a year. In fact, the present rapid approach of this country to industrial ruin may be directly traced to Parliament and its methods. The Asquith Trades Dispute Act, the Lloyd George Miners Bill, the failure of the present Government to introduce the Trades Dispute Amendment Act, the moment it took office, for which purpose chiefly among others it was returned to power; all these have led to industrial troubles which have cost the country thousands of millions and largely ruined our export trade.

Everyone is agreed that the House of Lords in its present emasculated condition is in need of reform, but the practical difficulty with which we are faced is how to reform it and yet keep it as inefficient as the House of Commons. The Commons had a fit of shivers the other day when it was proposed to abolish the hereditary nature of the Lords, and constitute a House of able and clever men gathered from all branches of learning, the professions and trade. Such a House would have shown up the mediocrity of the Commons too vividly, and the suggestion was promptly nipped in the bud.

Italy's Dictatorship.

YET this is the Parliament and method of government that the Englishman believes

The World's Largest "Gasometer."

to be superior to all others. Let us look at Italy. Italy has a so-called dictator, not really virtually more of a dictator than the English Prime Minister, for he has his Grand Council and the usual heads of departments to help and guide his decisions.

So, while Italy has the same so-called "vice" of dictatorship as England, that country has the advantage of being able, by the Fascist system, to pass any needful legislation into law within a few days. No foolery like that of our mock debates in the Commons takes place.

It may be suggested that to legislate in so rapid a manner may lead to mistakes. There is no reason why this should be the case, since all measures have been fully digested by the Grand Council; and, if necessary, a measure can be amended in as short a space of time as that in which it became law. The true main difference between the English and Italian systems does not lie in the nominal dictatorship, but in the Fascist doctrine as opposed to our Party system.

Fundamentally our politicians work for their Party; incidentally they persuade themselves that the good of their Party is synonymous with the good of the country. Obviously this cannot be true at the same time of all the three Parties, each of which spends its time in vilifying the policies of the other two. Virtually it is not true of any one of the three.

In Italy there is no Party. Fascismo is the acknowledgment of the principle that every person should work for the good of the country.

Most people agree that this is the truly patriotic ideal, and the majority deceive themselves into believing that they act up to it; but the moment it is brought to the test they kick. How many income-tax payers welcome those buff envelopes on H.M. Service, and hurry to pull out their cheque books, feeling, the while, a glow of satisfaction at being able to do something for the dear old country? No! In practice the love of doing what is good for the country is intimately bound up with a desire for the minimum of sacrifice by the individual. The hope that his Party will do something pleasant for him is greater than a man's desire for the Party to do something for the good of the country, but which is unpalatable to him.

Responsibility to the State.

IN Italy the principle of personal sacrifice is put into practice with the minimum of inconvenience. Strikes are non-existent. In England a workman, after receiving all communal benefits such as personal protection, free education, and a whole gamut of other benefits, is able to turn round and say, "I won't work and help the country; I don't care what happens or however much I wreck things; for, in the end, I, my wife and family will get the dole."

In Italy labour is looked on as a duty that every person owes to the State. The men are not permitted to strike nor the masters to lock out; both are responsible to the State. Meetings are held between employers and employed, and rates for work are fixed; after this the owner is obliged by contract to employ the man, and the man is legally bound to work at the rate he has contracted for. If exceptional conditions arise, impartial Boards enquire and determine if the conditions of contract require altering.

Of course our newspapers hate the Italian methods because the Italian Press has been put into its right place. Fascismo preaches the rational view that, since its aim is solely to do the best it can for the Nation, it does not intend to have its methods, aims and objects lied about and obstructed.

In our country it matters little to a politician what his individual opinion may be; he is bound to oppose the opinions of the other parties to the death. In Italy there is none of this dissensional abuse and opposition; with the result that the Government can work undisturbed for the good of the people, and, since there are no demagogues or an opposition Press to pervert views, the people are beginning to believe in the high aims of the Government.

Take one example. We know that the growing of corn in this country should be encouraged, because, among other reasons, the country population is a finer and more healthy one than that of the towns. But, under a democratic government, no political party can subsidise agriculture because the majority of the voters live in towns and, caring not one hang for the farm labourer, refuse to pay one halfpenny more than they need for their bread.

Under the Italian Government they would be told that, since the country would suffer if the agricultural population were exterminated, they must make a small personal sacrifice for the good of the Nation and pay a little more for their bread. Needless to say, nearly all the grotesque statements about coercion, black bread, universal pattern of women's clothes, restriction of liberty of the individual, etc., are pure inventions. Italy is a charming country to live in, with a happy and contented people who are daily becoming more and more proud to be styled "Italians." They have the most efficient form of government of any nation, compared to which our parliamentary methods provoke both laughter and despair.

If any alteration in our methods is hinted at, the Englishman at once protests, in a superior manner, that "Italian methods would never suit the English temperament." It is a pity that our temperament should be so obstructive to good government. The moral of the whole matter is, that if we cannot produce a man of sufficient genius to put our methods of government on to a business footing, let us at least not decry the work that other men and other countries have wrought. Let us examine our own tangled method, and, as a nation, learn humility.

The Torches of Truth in Piccadilly Circus—the hub of the Empire.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH

By E. T. BROWN

ALTHOUGH the farmer and the gamekeeper, each in his separate sphere, have reason to dread the attentions of a superabundance of rooks, it seems to be generally conceded that if rookeries are kept down to reasonable proportions, the rook, in spite of his predilection for crops and for raiding the nests of partridges and pheasants, may be a useful ally in the destruction he causes among the larvæ of insects, field mice and weeds.

Opinions as to the rook's value have changed with the times, for it is interesting to note that two Acts of Parliament relating to rooks, which, so far as I know, have never been repealed or amended except in so far as the Wild Birds Protection Acts alter them, were passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Briefly, these Acts made grants of money for the destruction of "These noyful fowl, which

Bringing in the Bag.

destroy a marvellous great quantity of corn and grain, both in the ripening and kernelling of the same, and which if suffered to breed and continue, great destruction of grain would result, to the great prejudice damage and undoing of the tillers, husbanders and sowers of the Earth."

A Rook Census.

In order to ascertain the proportion of rookeries and birds to acreage, the Midland Agricultural College last spring took a census of the counties of Rutland, Nottingham and Leicester.

It was found—I quote from official figures—that in Rutland there were 49 rookeries of an average 48 nests to 152 square miles and 4,780 birds, or one bird to every 20 acres. In Leicestershire there were 220 rookeries of an average 42 nests to 800 square miles, and 18,666 birds, or one bird to every 27 acres, while Nottinghamshire shows a return of 163 rookeries of 36 nests to 843 square miles, and 11,846 birds, or one bird, to every 45 acres.

It has been further calculated that every bird eats 50 lb., of food in the year, but what proportion of that food is grain and what proportion is insect life and eggs is not estimated.

It would seem that only a thorough investigation throughout the whole country on the lines of the Midland Agricultural College's research will determine the various districts in which rookeries should be destroyed and those in which the birds can remain comparatively unmolested.

Granary of the Empire.

The development of wheat growing in Canada is a romance. The unbroken, unproved plains of the West have been converted into what is known the world over as the Granary of the Empire. Four years after the Confederation—in 1871—and before the transcontinental line of railway had opened up to settlement the region which has become the greatest wheat-growing area of the globe, the yield for the whole of the Dominion of Canada was little more than 16,000,000 bushels. Thirty years later the total yield had increased to upwards of 55,000,000 bushels—an increase of 230 per cent.

The first twenty-five years of the present century as pointed out in *Canada*, have, however, shown a momentous development. During this period, from 1901 to 1926, the total yield was increased by over 630 per cent., from 55,000,000 to 408,000,000 bushels, with the record year's crop, that of 1923, of 474,000,000 bushels. The crop in 1927 was 440,000,000 bushels, while it is confidently expected that this year's crop will produce a total yield of 550,482,000 bushels.

The story of Canadian wheat is only at its opening chapters. Comparatively speaking but a small proportion of the arable land of Western Canada and other sections of the Dominion is under cultivation. Present production can be and will be expanded largely in the future. There can be no doubt about that. Developments are taking place to meet the special needs of the country and to maintain Canada's supreme place as the wheat producer of the world, both as regards quantity and quality.

The Marquis to the Rescue.

When the Marquis variety of wheat was first introduced it caused a sensation throughout the agricultural world. It is this wheat which has proved to be the mainstay of Canada's progressive production and which has made Canadian wheat the standard the world over. But the evolution of new and earlier varieties of wheat is now adding, and will continue to add, greatly to the wheat growing acreage of the Dominion. The early maturing factor is of paramount importance, for with a shortening of the growing period the wheat belt can be pushed further and further into the northlands.

It is difficult for us in this country to realise the vital importance of even a week in the ripening of the grain. A new wheat—the Garnet—was distributed for the first time two years ago, and it has now been proved that this variety reduces the growing period by ten days. Last year, in fact, Garnet wheat was cut two weeks earlier than any other variety in Western Canada and colossal yields of 40 bushels per acre have been reported.

Marquis wheat has proved so eminently satisfactory over the greater part of Western Canada that there is no chance of the newer variety ousting it from its premier position. The value of the Garnet lies in the fact that wheat production in that vast area towards the north, which up to now has been looked upon as beyond the accepted wheat belt, will no longer be a gamble, but a certainty.

What of the Future?

But the last word in the creation of new varieties has not been uttered. One of the most successful wheat growers in Canada is now working on the production of a new sort

Where Wheat is King: A typical farm scene in Canada.

At the Sign of the Plough—(*continued*).

which may be sown later and which it is claimed matures eighteen days earlier. It takes little imagination to visualise the enormous possibilities of the future, as more and more land beyond the wheat belt is broken and seeded with this world necessity.

Summer frosts in the new territories must always be reckoned with, and here again science is coming to the aid of the farmer. Apart from the constant endeavour to shorten the growing period and, therefore, combat late and early frosts, it is well within the range of possibility that before long a wheat will be produced possessing a double chaff. If this be accomplished the wheat crop of north-western Canada will be rendered immune to the summer frosts.

And what of the future? Canada is increasing her wheat area every year. To-day only about 20 per cent. of the arable land in Canada is under wheat. The possible total area under this crop is estimated by Professor Lyde at 120,000,000 acres, and with only an average yield of 15 bushels per acre—the average last year was over 17 bushels—the magnitude of future crops can be realised.

Pigs in Southern Ireland.

In the year 1850 the number of pigs in the whole of Ireland was 923,500, and from that year down to 1917 the numbers stood at considerably over the million mark. In the latter year, however, stocks were reduced to approximately 950,000 animals, due partly to the excessive prices of food stuffs in war time and to the failure of the potato crop in 1916. The last agricultural census for the whole of Ireland was taken in 1908, when the capital value of the return of pigs—1,730,000—was estimated at £2,611,000, the value of their production being put at £5,868,000.

The Free State Department of Statistics has recently made public the figures for 1926, collated from the twenty-four establishments which are engaged in the curing of bacon. The total value of the goods made amounted to £5,457,300, or nearly the equivalent of the whole of Ireland in 1908. These figures do not include the value of pigs killed for home consumption or the pork butchers' output for the home towns. In addition, the Irish Free State exported live pigs to Great Britain to the value of £1,698,850 in 1926 and £2,317,756 in 1927.

The total cost of curing at the establishments for 1926 was £5,008,015, leaving a net surplus of £449,311 for salaries, wages and taxation. There were, all told, 1,559 wage earners working from 48 to 32 hours per week. Nearly two-thirds of the bacon and about one-half of the hams cured were exported.

Education in Agriculture.

Fifteen Farm Institutes exist in English and Welsh counties. All except one have a farm attached, so that the instruction given in them is of a really practical kind. The favoured counties are Cheshire, Cumberland and Westmorland, Essex, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, the Holland Division of Lincoln, Northamptonshire, Somerset, Staffordshire, East Sussex, Suffolk, and, in Wales, Carnarvon, Carmarthen, Denbigh, and Monmouthshire.

The fees, including board, lodging and tuition, range usually from about £1 to £2 a week. Parents who wish to take advantage of these courses of instruction in agriculture should ask the Ministry of Agriculture (Whitehall Place, London, S.W.1) to send them its leaflet on the subject.

There are usually two terms, one before Christmas and one after, and there are also short courses on special subjects. Most Institutes provide instruction for women, particularly in dairying, horticulture, and poultry-keeping.

Australian Wheat.

Australia has this year produced 26,000,000 quarters of wheat, a great increase on previous seasons. It is not generally realised, however, that the possibilities of the Commonwealth are far in excess of this figure. Experts have estimated her potential output at very high figures, and bearing in mind that the country is three times the size of the Argentine, whose export is 31,000,000 quarters, and that it is not subject to plagues of locusts as are the South American Republics, one must admit that they are probably not far wrong.

There is no question that Australia alone has the capacity, provided she extends the acreage given to wheat, at the same rate as she has been doing, of producing in a few years' time more wheat than all the European countries, excluding Russia, put together. A large amount of barley and maize is also grown in Australia, which rarely finds its way to Europe owing to the heavy freightage.

It seems certain that when the population of Australia is adequate to cope with her natural resources, she will become second only to Canada, and may even eclipse the latter country in her supplies of grain, which, it may be noted, at the present time command a premium in the markets of the world owing to its greater cleanliness.

KENNEL CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW

Some Impressions by Michael Chance

THE Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday and Thursday of last week was a howling success.

There were 7,000 entries (an increase of 1,100 since last year), and over 80 different breeds were stared at by far more than 80 different kinds of humans. The costumes of some of the owners and kennel-maids added greatly to the fun of the fair. Although my attention was chiefly devoted to the dogs, it was impossible to avoid noticing plus fours, riding breeches, knickerbockers, shorts, Oxford trousers, cloth caps, bonnets, and berets—all feminine. (The male exhibitor was little in evidence.)

These ladies' antics, too, although they amused me, quite obviously bored many of the animals, notably the bulldogs; and I caught the eye of a be-ribboned poodle who was making no attempt to hide his scorn. From that moment I began to see the Show from the dog's point of view, and I realised that had it been possible to place the owners in the ring with their dogs, the dogs would undoubtedly have carried the day: they possessed more dignity, greater uniformity of character, and infinitely more patience.

The Chow-Chow's Dilemma.

OF course, some people showed their dogs well; some dogs, on the other hand, showed their owners up badly. I witnessed one distressing incident where a forgetful owner had been combing her Chow-Chow's trousers and the Chow walked into the ring with the comb still adhering to the garments in question. Dogs, in fact, were being "made up" in public to such an extent that I thought for a moment that I was in a fashionable restaurant.

Once I longed for a camera; I found an elderly lady asleep in her chair over a book, and still holding hands with a phlegmatic-looking Dachshund who was swathed in ed blankets on the bench beside her.

Owners evinced a curious tendency to match their dogs. The aristocratic Pekingese, for instance, displayed his blue-bloodedness to an admiring audience of silks and satins; the Bull Terrier's immediate entourage, on the other hand, was made of sterner stuff, although I would not go so far as to say that it consisted of Bill Sykes and his friends.

THE TALE OF YOUR DOG.

I have received numerous requests to include this or that breed in this series. Every endeavour will be made to meet these requests and further articles will appear at regular intervals.—M. C.

Lovable Little People.

APART from the humans, there were thousands of very jolly and lovable people at the Crystal Palace. The be-whiskered Sealyhams and the alert little "Scotties" were bubbling over with fun, and I found myself wishing I had brought an old slipper with me. Everywhere was a delightful atmosphere of friendliness; parading about the building Airedales met Pugs, Great Danes collided with Afghan hounds, "Plum-pudding" dogs rubbed noses with Wire-haired Terriers, and the stately Borzoi exchanged greetings with the Griffon—yet I neither heard nor saw a single argument, least of all a fight.

If the number of entries be a criterion, the Cocker Spaniel holds pride of place in the Englishman's heart. There were 448 of these attractive little people. Irish Setters and Cairns were well over the 350 mark and the much maligned Alsatian (again, if numbers be a guide) is regaining much of his former popularity.

Lion-Dogs.

Several lesser known breeds were also exhibited, notably Lakeland terriers (never before shown so far south), the fox-like Welsh Corgis, and the German Schnauzers. But even more interesting was a pair of Rhodesian lion-dogs exhibited by Mrs. Edmond Foljambe, and only released from quarantine on the morning of the Show. Their chief peculiarity is a curious tufted ridge of hair that grows the reverse way to the rest of the coat and runs along the back from the shoulder to the hip-bone.

The late F. C. Selous and Mr. Sidney Waller, now accompanying the Duke of Gloucester, invariably employed them for big-game hunting in Kenya. They are strong and are particularly good at baying their quarry. The pair I saw behaved more like lambs than lions, but even in dogs appearances are deceptive.

I still think that classes should have been held for the different types of lady exhibitors' attire; but I suppose that even the Crystal Palace would not have been large enough.

By L. C. R. Cameron

THAT a Master of Hounds should take the field with his pack on his ninety-first birthday constitutes a veritable record in the annals of sport. This is what Lord North, the *doyen* of the Catholic Peers of Parliament, did with his Basset Hounds recently, at Wroxton Park, Banbury; and it has not been equalled by any master of foxhounds, harriers, otterhounds or beagles, although there have been a few long-lived "Masters on the Active List" of all these packs.

Some Grand Old Men.

The last Lord Fitzhardinge was still Master of the historic Berkeley Foxhounds—now reduced to hunting a strip of Gloucestershire along the Severn Sea where once they covered all the country from Hyde Park Corner to Berkeley Castle—and came out with his hounds in the "orange-tawney" uniform of the hunt when past his eighty-fifth year. He, however, rode a led pony and kept to the highways and byways, without attempting seriously to follow the chase. But he was in addition a fine game-shot and a keen salmon-angler, and shot and fished almost to the end of his life. His near neighbour, Lord Ducie, at Tortworth, though he did not then hunt, was at the same time verging on eighty and a still active sportsman.

Close by, at Fretherne Court, was a worthy contemporary of these peers in the person of the late Sir Lionel Darell; who, when nearing seventy, not only rode to hounds with the Duke's and Lord Fitzhardinge's, but hunted and ran up to his own pack of foot beagles twice a week; although he used a pony to ride home alongside his hounds after the day's sport was done. The late Mr. Courtenay Tracy, too, affectionately called "the Old Man" by the followers of his otterhounds, carried the horn as an octogenarian.

Probably the record for nonogenarian prowess in the hunting field was held by the late Mr. Newcombe, manager of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, in the 'eighties of last century; who not only enjoyed a hard day's sport with the Dartmoor Foxhounds under the command of Mr. Charles Trelawny, of Coldrennick, on his ninetieth birthday, but played a leading part in his own pantomime the same evening!

Bassets and Beagles.

There are to-day but three packs of Basset Hounds hunting in England; those of Lord North at Wroxton Park, in Buckinghamshire, the Walhampton pack of Major Godfrey Heseltine in Leicestershire, and the Brancaster Basset Hounds in Norfolk, of which Miss Ena Adams is Master. Sportsmen who once take to hunting with bassets are very faithful to the hounds of their choice; though before the war the late Marquis Conyngham gave up his pack after a brief period, and the Earl of Essex, now Master of the Craven Fox Hounds, when he was Viscount Malden, changed his bassets for beagles at the end of one season.

The advantages of bassets over beagles are that they possess a better cry, are for the most part truer to their hare and slow enough to be followed easily on foot even by those not notably sound in wind and limb. They kill their hares by long-drawn-out perseverance, and in countries where the obstacles are not too big show excellent sport.

On the other hand, they are, except in point of height, almost as large as foxhounds and almost as expensive to feed and kennel. Also, where stone walls or big banks and formidable hedges and ditches abound they cannot get along, and it is more amusing than edifying to see the less enterprising of the pack being lifted over such obstacles by their lady followers, as sometimes happens.

Beagles are more cheaply fed and housed, and wherever hares are not too numerous, and there is not too large a proportion of arable and woodland in the country they hunt, they show wonderful sport. There are this season some sixty packs of foot beagles established in Great Britain, which compares most favourably with pre-War days and is distinctly promising for the future of the genuine sport of hare-hunting on foot.

The sportsman who especially benefits is he who, though tied, perhaps, to stool or desk for the most part of the daylit hours of his life, can yet get away early enough on a Saturday to meet the beagles at one o'clock. This is not too late for sport, except during the last weeks in December and the first of the new year; since three hours' running is quite sufficient for these little hounds on most days, and they can generally account for a hare or two in that time.

Drought Delays Coursing.

Time was when the first trials of greyhound puppies at all likely to figure as Waterloo Cup runners were held in the North, and the Scottish National Coursing Club Meeting at Annan, on the Solway, was looked upon as affording "pointers" as to possible winners of the great event of the coursing year. Now the venue is changed, and the South of England Club's fixtures, held during the first few days of October, commonly give the followers of the leash the earliest indication of what may be expected from the stock bred in the southern counties, at any rate, during the season just commenced.

The earliest northern meeting is now that held at Lowther, under the auspices of Lord Lonsdale, and supported by such patrons of coursing as Lord Sefton, Lord Tweedmouth and Lord Dewar, as well as by prominent Waterloo Cup winners of the past few seasons. Together with the bigger Border Union Meeting at Longtown, fixed for Wednesday and Thursday of next week, which synchronises with the Isle of Thanet fixture on October 24th, 25th and 26th, the trials provided should show us what to expect from the puppies of the year, as well as proving whether last season's favourites have retained their form.

After the first Altcar Club Meeting in mid-November a fairly comprehensive list of probable Waterloo-ers can be compiled, and some standard of their comparative merits set up on which to base an estimate of their chances of success in next February's Cup.

Unfortunately, at the last moment, owing to the absence of rain, it was found impossible to hold the South of England meeting at Aldingbourne; where no less than 229 dog-puppies had been entered for the Derby Stakes, and 173 bitch-puppies for the Oaks Stakes. Many owners had entered a number of greyhounds for these trials: Lord Dewar a dozen, and Mr. Baxter, the owner of Entry Badge, seventeen; while Sir Woodman Burbidge and Sir John Humphery were also nominators of several puppies, and there were quite a number of newcomers to the sport represented. These will have to possess their souls in patience until next week; when the trials will take place, by the generous permission of the Isle of Thanet Club, at their first three day meeting in Kent.

Until then followers of the leash will not be able to judge the quality of this season's produce: though with such sires represented as Running Rein, who ought to have won the Waterloo Cup in 1926, Hopeful, Jovial Judge, Guards Brigade, Jamie and Harbuckle, to name none other, there should be some good 'uns among them. Chief interest will be centred, after last year's Waterloo triumphs, in the produce of Beaded Jock and Beaded Dan, from the kennel which "Mr. Charles"—the coursing pseudonym of a well-known parson—dispersed just too soon to reap the reward of many years' devotion to the sport.

Lord North with some of his Basset hounds at Wroxton Abbey.

Where's the bird?

Hedgerow Pheasant Shooting.

By "Bridle."

ALTHOUGH, legally, pheasant shooting opens on the first day of October, the hand-reared pheasants will be left in peace for at least another month, or until such time as the foliage of the trees and undergrowth in the coverts has fallen sufficiently to render "beating" possible.

But on shootings where thick double-hedgerows and narrow belts of spinney and plantations obtain, quite pretty sport may be had round the boundaries by a couple of guns, assisted by a brace of steady and close-working spaniels, amongst the outlying birds. By outlying birds I mean pheasants which have been hatched and reared under natural conditions and environments and "strayers" from the coverts, rearing field and hand-feeding.

Beating the Boundaries.

"Come along old lady! We'll walk round the boundaries." The "old lady" in question takes the form of a steady six-seasons Clumber Spaniel, gifted by Nature with a wonderful nose, a mouth soft as velvet and untiring energy. Another gun and another dog were to have accompanied us on our boundary beating this delightful October morning. Neither, however, have turned up, and old Bess and I set out by ourselves; as, indeed, we have often done before.

Good "lying" does the high rank grass in the orchard afford to the rabbits inhabiting the neighbouring hedge-topped banks, and Bess, who is ranging twenty yards or so ahead of me, suddenly stands rigid as a piece of statuary, midst a clump of bents. But in lieu of the anticipated rabbit, up springs a good covey of partridges from almost under the Spaniel's nose, and, offering as they do, an absurdly simple crossing shot, a brace of the "little brown birds" drop like stones to my "right and left."

Having retrieved the partridges to hand with hardly a feather displaced, Bess plods on again, quartering her ground closely and steadily as becomes a well-trained Clumber of her age and lineage (the Duchess of Portland's strain). I miss clean with both barrels a particularly friendly rabbit which the spaniel "pushes up" from its grassy seat under an ancient mistletoe-festooned apple tree.

The Double Hedgerow.

A wicket-gate—it bears the muddy traces of youthful apple-stealers' boots—opens into a twenty-acre wheat stubble, flanked by a double hedgerow, between the growers of which flourishes in rank profusion warm and comfortable "lying" for hares and rabbits, pheasants and partridges, while more than one staunch fox has ofttimes been unkennelled here by outlying the local pack of fox-hounds.

At a wave of the hand Bess disappears into the hedgerow, and very soon a rabbit bolts through a smeuse within twenty yards of me and a dose of "No. 6 chilled" sends him somersaulting like a country fair tumbler. A well-grown leveret next makes a bid for the open, but, with a longish "beat of the boundaries" before me, I am not anxious to carry too much dead-weight on my shoulders. She is, therefore, allowed to go on her way rejoicing and unshot at.

The remaining length of the double-hedge is (with the exception of what I take to be a rabbit which breaks on the wrong side of the fence) drawn blank. But it is the unexpected that so often happens to a pottering gunner, and while watering the dog at a small weed-covered pond a spring of seven or eight teal rise from a bed of rushes like a flight of rockets and although I once again "score" a clean miss with my right barrel, the left accounts for a fat young cock-teal in immature plumage.

A welcome—and very unexpected—addition to the bag is the beautiful little duck, for although the pond has occasionally harboured a stray mallard, during the fifteen seasons of my shooting tenancy, I have never before found teal thereon. Indeed, this modest piece of water is chiefly noted for eels and tench.

So far, so good, though never a "long-tail" have we as yet met with.

A Leash of Pheasants.

"Hie try old lady!" Into a patch of russet bracken, interspersed with trailing bramble-vines, goes Bess, and although the ground covert is too high and thick to permit one to watch her movements, an excited—albeit scarcely audible—little whimper tells me that she has scented something. With a great to-do, up gets a somewhat disreputable-looking cock pheasant which has, obviously, not yet finished moulting. Now an easier mark than that afforded by a pheasant blundering upward from the ground is difficult to imagine.

I am, however, bound to confess that in my first attempt against the life of the ancient bird in question, I merely clip about a couple of inches off his tail feathers and although hard hit by the second charge he leads the dog a merry chase through the brake until captured by her in a dry culvert. Disgusted at my bad shooting, I bundle the old reprobate into the game bag and continue on my way along the "outsides."

A narrow strip of spinney bordered by a babbling, crystal-clear trout stream is found to hold a "nide" of eight remarkably well-grown pheasants, of which I bag a brace. Then a wood-pigeon passing high above the tops of the young beech and sweet chestnut trees, offers me a pretty overhead shot, and down he comes hurtling through the gorgeously tinted foliage.

A Brace of Cubs.

While engaged in the exciting pastime of capturing flies from the parapet of an ancient stone bridge with which to feed a lusty speckled denizen of the before-mentioned trout stream, the cheerful "toot-toot-toot" of a hunting horn comes to my ears. Hounds are taking a short cut home to kennels after their morning's cubbing. Ah! here they come! Fifteen-and-a-half couple of as good-looking young foxhounds as one would wish to see, with a few couple of old hounds to teach the young idea how to hunt.

Tom informs me that there is a good show of healthy foxes in most portions of the hunting country, and that the young entry is shaping remarkably well. Then with a cheery "Good morning, sir," he, and his beloved hounds, continue on their way homeward at that steady trot which is so aptly called a hound jog.

And old Bess and I, having bagged as much game as will suffice to replenish the larder, also shape our course homeward in the teeth of a heavy rain squall.

Gifted with untiring energy.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding K.C.)

By "WOOLSACK"

Figures of Law.

MICHAELMAS full upon us again. Michaelmas with its purple-and-yellow daisies, and its purple-and-yellow Law-sittings. Summer-time gone, winter-woollies donned, fires on the hearth and fogs in the air; it only needed the full-bottomed, panoplied re-opening of the High Courts for England to feel perfectly at peace with itself once more.

The new law-term, what of it? Stands litigation where it did? The answer, relatively speaking, is in the negative. The lists show an all-round diminution of at least 10 per cent. on those at the corresponding period last year. (Always, excepting the Probate-and-Divorce Division, which, like Cleopatra, "Time cannot fade nor custom stale her infinite variety.")

Figures, admittedly, are dangerous factors to fool with. Still, fooling is a pleasant little pastime, and produces even wisdom now and then. The figures in these litigation lists, do they teach us anything?

"Appeals" about the same—man, evidently, is as doubting and truculent as ever. "Company-winding-up business" down by about 30 per cent.—good sign this! Perhaps Trade really and truly is beginning to breathe a shade more easily then! "Chancery" reduced from 300 cases to 250—seems as though people in this nerve-ridden age were become impatient of procedure in courts of "chicanery"; "Jarndyce v Jarndyce" jurisdiction doesn't go with jazz! Finally, the King's Bench thermometer drops from 1,100 to 970 (in the shade?). Nothing to put against this save popular disinclination.

"Costly" Costs.

"Popular disinclination." That's the kernel of the whole situation possibly. This term's figures don't stand alone. Taking all in all, allowing for an increased potentiality in litigants produced by both the growth in population and extensions in litigation ways-and-means, and considering the enlarged scope provided by the numerous new enactments, present-day figures in general indicate a constand and persistent tendency to drop.

The falling-off isn't due to a growing antipathy. People still love a good lawsuit. The instinct to counter one's opinion to another's hasn't died out, and the thrill of getting the better of an adversary surely has as much currency as ever. The pacifist spirit hasn't spread to bloodless battle.

Nor is "Arbitration" an answer. The virtues of lay-arbitration have not come up to expectation—the beauty that was so extolled has shewn blemishes under a "close-up." Decisions under the system have again and again proved ineffectual and so frequently is it necessary to "go to law" upon them that results are neither swifter nor cheaper than such as could have been obtained in the first instance by a "regular" trial.

Then if it isn't scope, sentiment, or style, it must be the question of Cost. Law is too dear a luxury in these days when all the necessaries (living, taxes, and amusements) are so super-expensive.

Fallacy of Fabulous Fees.

Nothing, in these democratic times, remains prohibitive as to cost for long. Cars, silk-stockings, electricity, "ideal-homes," travelling—everything sooner or later is brought within the reach of all. Law, then, obviously should and could be brought into line.

Firstly, who or what is to blame for its dearness? At once the cry goes up "The lawyers of course!" Yet is this true, or fair? Is the lawyer—whether solicitor or barrister—grossly overpaid?

Well, is he? The trouble is the public hear only of the "stars" and their myriad-guinea briefs, from which an impression is gained that the legal profession as a whole simply abounds in five-figure incomes. Little or nothing is

"Re-opening of the Courts, Oct. 12th, 1928"

known of that vast majority which claves harder than any tradesman for less than many a tradesman's earnings.

Those cases of immense dimensions, they are the "plums," the rarities, so to speak—it is the "everyman" sort of case that forms the bulk of law-work. And "everyman" cases, the normal grist to the average lawyer's mill, require much more labour and time spent on them than is generally imagined. A £100 claim can have just as knotty points to consider as a £10,000 one. Proportionately, the smaller can and does involve more preparatory groundwork, more collecting and collating of detail, more research, than the larger.

No, it can fairly be said that lawyers as a class gain their livelihood very hardly.

Law—in Order.

It is, indeed, this very hardness of the lawyer's job that accounts in no inconsiderable extent for the dearness of law. Reduce some of the difficulties of his profession and law might be cheaper. That without detriment to the individual lawyer's income—what would be lost in "quality" of cases would be gained in quantity.

In this context the term "difficulties" does not apply to those which of necessity must be inherent in all forms of jurisprudence. Rather does it refer to those which are the outcome of intrinsic vices in our own particular legal system.

Law in this country has grown up during the past two or three centuries in a haphazard, uncontrolled kind of fashion. Statutes have been set up here, there and everywhere in higgledy-piggledy manner—like the modern bungalows and villas along the new arterial roads. No co-ordination, no coherency, no cohesion. You have two, three or four enactments, passed at different times, in varying circumstances, relating to a common subject-matter but framed upon dissimilar aspects, from which spring all kinds of contrary and conflicting interpretations.

The Gaming Acts represent one well-known instance of such juridical confusion. And the odds and ends of laws pertaining to the highways; and those concerning inland waterways. Hardly is there a branch of law, in fact, where there cannot be found Statutes which are overlapping or which at least provide unnecessary "difficulties" of construction one against the other.

The Need for Codification.

Apart, too, from the question of irreconcilability, there is the tiresome duplication of provisions. A particular case might come within the meaning of a clause in an Act under George III, Cap iv, or might equally be found amid the words of a clause in an Act under Edward VII, Cap vi. Law is a technical business, of course, but it is at present much more technical than it need be.

What is wanted is Codification. A legal system should be like a library. The various sections should be separated from one another, and should contain, in neat and tidy arrangement, all that has ever been composed in relation to each. Enactments should (to employ another simile) be weeded and pruned of their anomalies and archaisms, grafted with "case" law, and the results potted and ticketed and exhibited in distinctive compartments.

A move in this direction has already been effected—witness the recent reorganisation of the laws of property. But the whole English legal system wants spring-cleaning from end to end! A colossal work, of course, but circumstances will bound to require it to be done in time. As each year passes the "difficulties" will only increase (the tendency of modern legislation is more and more mandatory and less explanatory); and patch-work rectification is unsatisfactory.

With the Law codified, litigation must be considerably simplified and shortened, and thereby cheapened. This is actually the case in those countries where codification in fact exists—and where, incidentally, lawyers still seem to exist quite comfortably!

One talks glibly of "Law and Order," but the first thing that is needed is to put the Law *in* order.

In the English Quarter of Shanghai.

THE ENGLISHMAN *in* ASIA

By J. O. P. BLAND

WHATEVER we may think of the ultimate end of Young China's claims to self-determination, whether we approve or condemn the policy of patient *laisser-faire* accepted under American leadership by the signatories of the Washington agreements, there can be no question as to the dangers and indignities which confront the Englishman in Asia as the immediate result of that policy. The attitude of patient conciliation, imposed upon the British communities in China by a Conservative Foreign Office greatly addicted to Liberal gestures, has resulted in a steady deterioration of the prestige of the *Sahib*.

It was bound to be, for to the new Foreign Office school of thought, "prestige" and "sahib" have become distasteful things, incompatible with the latest ideas in internationalism. So the Englishman in China has been exhorted to turn the other cheek to the smiter, to do his bit for the new era of sweetness and light, by suffering in silence the denial of his rights and the spoliation of his goods.

Flabbiness in High Places.

Nevertheless, Heaven be praised, there has been no sign of any falling off in the qualities which give the *pukka sahib* an indefinable but indisputable moral ascendancy amongst Asiatic peoples, no diminution of courage and cheerful fortitude amongst those who man the outposts of the Empire's commerce in the Far East. If you doubt it, read Mr. Krarup Nielsen's extraordinarily vivid description of the actual situation in *The Dragon Awakes*, the work of a wholly impartial and truthful observer.

The troubles which afflict the Englishman in Asia to-day are none of his making; they are the result of the sentimental flabbiness in high places—aftermath, if you like, of the great war—which prevents us from grappling boldly with things which in our hearts we know to be evil. Because of this, the word has gone forth and spread from end to end of Asia, that a change has come over the spirit of the Raj, that the White Man's burden of rulership has become too heavy for him and that he would fain transfer it to the native-born.

And because the heart of Asia does not change, because it is not given to it to understand the complex origins and significance of our present policies towards it, the native-born, as of old, attributes our conciliatory gestures to fear, and behaves accordingly. The results are wholly bad, for all concerned, but chiefly for the politically-unconscious, inarticulate and defenceless masses who in the end pay the price of misrule in Asia.

Where We Have Failed.

Amongst several causes which have contributed to the post-war policy of Great Britain in China, the policy of non-intervention and surrender of rights to hostile agitation, in deference to American opinion, at and since the Washington Conference, has been the most important.

To our loyal observance of the self-denying ordinances imposed by the Washington agreements, are chiefly due the deplorable situation in China, the destruction of seventy years of missionary work, the disorganisation of the country's trade and finance, the outrages and indignities suffered by foreigners, and the hopeless plight of the Chinese people.

Had we maintained an independent attitude of dignified insistence on legality in China, these things need never have happened, but a policy subservient to the misguided sentiment and ignorant enthusiasms which inspired that of the United States made them inevitable. America's claim to leadership in the international politics of the Far East has been since 1921 the paramount factor in the situation and the most disastrous.

Next in importance is the fact that England's long-established supremacy in the China trade can no longer be maintained, in face of the advantages conferred on America by the Panama canal, and those derived by Japan from her geographical position and scientifically organised industrialism. The rapidity with which our commercial interests in China have been reduced since the war to comparative unimportance, is not generally recognised.

Fifty years ago the bulk of China's trade was with England; to-day we handle less than a quarter. In 1895, 65 per cent. of the tonnage in Chinese waters flew the British flag; in 1925 the proportion had fallen to 33 per cent. In 1924, American exports to China were nearly equal to our own; while in the same year Japan's trade exceeded Great Britain's total, including that of Hongkong.

Trade not the Chief Concern.

Here we face the inevitable realities of geographical gravitation, and if the China trade were England's principal concern in Asia, the facts of the situation might suffice to justify complacent acquiescence in the leadership of Washington and acceptance of a policy which combines the crude delusions of Zenith City with a very practical regard for purely American interests. If commerce were our only concern, there might be some justification for the surrender of the outposts of a trade which is ceasing to pay, some plausible excuse for regarding the long drawn tragedy of China's chaos with levitical detachment.

Unfortunately something more than a philosophic indifference to commercial interests is reflected in the surrender of British Concessions, in complacent parleyings about "unequal treaties," and sympathy for the alleged patriotic aspirations of Chinese Nationalism. All these are manifestations of the state of mind, prevalent in high places and particularly at the Foreign Office, since the war, which professes

belief in the uplifting vision of a new era of racial equality and self determination, of a disarmed and warless world whose problems will be settled henceforth by pure reason and justice.

It is a vision which, as history shows, makes a powerful appeal to nations slowly recovering from the strain and suffering of war, and weakens for a time their political instincts. While it persists, a certain softness, a tendency to self-deception and false sentiment, are inevitable; but it is of its nature transient and foreign to the character of the British people.

Remote from Realities.

Since the Washington Conference, Great Britain's policy *in partibus infidelium* has been framed by a "school of thought" which, so far as Asia is concerned, is as remote from realities as President Wilson was at Versailles with his fourteen points. There is, curiously enough, a distinct resemblance between Sir Austen Chamberlain's outlook on world politics and that of Woodrow Wilson—both display the same pontifical dogmatism, the same magisterial intolerance of opposition, the same academic parochialism.

In dealing with the present day problems of Asia, Sir Austen's attitude reflects an invincible belief in the Locarno spirit and democratic institutions as articles of exportation. Indeed, under his direction, there has been little to distinguish the foreign policy of a Conservative Government from that of the *sang pur* Manchester school, to which the idea of preserving our imperial prestige in Asia is anathema, and which would far rather see India disastrously governed by the native-born than well governed under the Raj.

Yet every Englishman with practical knowledge of Asia, knows how dangerous is the folly of attempting to apply to it the doctrines of pacific idealism. They know (as the Maharajah of Benares has lately said) that India cannot do without British protection for centuries, simply because India is not, and has never been, a nation. They know that, to the Asiatic mind, all our talk of racial equality, sovereign rights, and the self-determination of weak nations are simply meaningless.

India's lawyer politicians, and Young China's westernised mandarins may invoke them skilfully for their own ends at Geneva and Washington, but the truth remains, that these ideals have no applicable significance, no relation to the realities of everyday life, in Asia.

The Hankow Blunder.

Sooner or later, recognition of this truth must emerge from the mists of the Foreign Office school of thought, and with it will then be restored acceptance of another axiomatic principle, continually impressed upon British Governments by agents and eminent servants of the Raj, since the days of John Company, namely, that when we attempt to meet the unprovoked hostility of Orientals with conciliatory gestures, we lost sight of a fundamental characteristic of the Oriental mind, and sow the seeds of trouble and unrest. It would be difficult, for example, to exaggerate the consequences of the surrender to mob violence of the British Concessions at Hankow.

The repercussions of that deplorable misapplication of the Locarno spirit have been unmistakably manifested from Singapore to Samarkand; and the end is not yet. If, by reason of further such experiments in idealism, the conviction takes firm root in the Asiatic mind, that the wisdom and strength of the Raj count for less than the words of American politicians or the plots of the Muscovite, then must the outlook become dark indeed for the Englishman in Asia.

Workers listening to a political address.

The Making of a Yellow Peril

Academic advocates of the principle of patient conciliation habitually overlook the fact that the problem of our relations with the Chinese is by no means confined to the eighteen provinces of China. They forget, or do not know, that since the beginning of the century, millions of Cantonese and Hakkas have sought relief from the intolerable conditions of existence in their own land by migrating to Indo-China, Burmah, Siam, Malaya, the East Indies and the South Seas.

According to the latest statistics available, the Chinese population of these British, French and Dutch territories and colonies, is about nine millions, and the cry is still they come. Wherever the gateways are open, the resistless tide of their hungry humanity flows in ever-increasing numbers. Unless forcibly excluded, it will not be long before they dominate the life of all these regions by sheer weight of numbers and economic efficiency.

Wisely and firmly handled, these indefatigable toilers make good and cheerful citizens. The Chinese, like the natives of the plains of Ind, have ever been ready to live peaceably under any rule which secures to them justice and freedom from oppression. But let them be infected with the poisonous virus and predatory visions of Bolshevism, let them be encouraged to carry the theory of racial equality to its logical conclusions, and the Yellow Peril may well become a terrible reality through the Seven Seas. And it will be a peril of our own making.

The cry is still they come.

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P.554

YOUR HEALTH

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

What is Constipation?

THERE is a great divergence of views as to what constitutes normal, healthy bowel activity, and what constipation or diarrhœa. The ordinary common-sense view that a regular bowel action every twenty-four hours is best for all adults has been assailed vigorously from two almost entirely opposed angles.

On the one hand, it is maintained that physiologically, the need to empty the bowel arises after each meal and that three daily actions of the bowel should therefore be aimed at. Some, on the contrary, hold that so long as there is complete emptying of the bowel on each occasion it is a matter of indifference if this occurs daily or every other day, or even at longer intervals.

The exponents of the first idea maintain that a once-daily action, far from being a normal condition, is one that has been imposed by the faulty dietetic practices, the unnatural mode of life, and the perverse psychological attitude towards excretory processes, of modern man. There is, they maintain, a physiological reflex which results in the loading of the rectum after each meal; and just as primitive man in a state of nature responded automatically to this reflex, so should we.

The opposing view is briefly this: while it is true that a physiological, reflex propulsion of bowel contents follows each meal, careful X-ray observation shows this to result in filling the rectum once a day only, in some individuals only once every other day. Such being the case, emptying the bowel after each meal is not only unphysiological, but intestinal disorders may actually arise from its "unnatural" encouragement by purgatives and irritating diets. With regard to primitive man, it is suggested that there is no reason why we should emulate his bowel habits (which are often extremely insanitary) any more than his practice of mutilating his body, or indeed any other of his practices, which many of us are happy to have outgrown. We are not primitive man, and why anyone should regard him as the embodiment of wisdom about anything is never clearly explained.

The Common-sense View.

Most doctors believe that perfect health can be maintained on a thrice-daily action of the bowel, on a twenty-four hourly action, or even on an action every forty-eight hours. There are individual differences in this as in most other bodily habits. For some persons it is normal and healthy to empty the bowel thrice daily; in others it is an indication of bodily disturbance.

Two important conditions have to be fulfilled; the bowel habits must be regular and there must be no "cumulative constipation," that is, no unduly prolonged retention of the bowel contents from a series of insufficient bowel actions. Unfortunately, many people with the forty-eight hourly habit tend to suffer from accumulation of bowel contents—tend, that is to say, not to obtain regular complete evacuation, and the general view is that for safety as well as for social convenience most people would be advised to aim at a twenty-four hour interval.

Forming Regular Habits.

EVEN the habitually constipated can generally achieve such regularity fairly easily. They should, to this end, establish the habit of trying to empty the bowel at a certain *fixed* time each day; preferably immediately after breakfast. Regular repetition of this practice will usually result in the production both of the call and the capacity to empty the bowel at the chosen time. The bowel-reflex will, in the language of modern psychology, have become "conditioned" by the systematic repetition of the same stimulus.

Above all, it is important never to disregard the call to evacuate. Such disregard is followed in the first place by the passing of the warning sensation. Later, still more of the bowel contents are deposited into the rectum ready to be evacuated. Should the call be neglected on this occasion too, the rectum becomes overfilled, its muscles lose their tone, and the force required to evacuate its contents becomes very much greater than normal.

Even if great efforts are now made, evacuation is liable to be incomplete. Frequent recurrence of this series of events may result in permanent weakness of the muscles of the rectum, and in the type of constipation that is associated with such a condition.

"And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

Self-medication with purgatives, whether these masquerade as mild aperients or liver tonics or pure herbal remedies, is to be condemned out of hand. In some forms of constipation purgatives are useless; in some they do positive harm.

Many constipated people actually recover after treatment involving nothing more drastic than withdrawing all purgatives. Irritating drugs, by continually over-stimulating the intestines, will in the long run diminish its capacity to respond to less violent stimuli. Only when this over-stimulation ceases can the intestine recover its normal excitability, and react as it should to the stimulus of food.

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association.
It must, however, be understood that the British Medical Association, as an official body, does not, and cannot, recommend or guarantee any product.

When, therefore, constipation produced by self-medication with purgatives is treated by such further self-medication, a curious situation is created in which the bowel can be made to empty itself by one of two opposed methods: by going on taking larger and larger doses of purgatives, or by stopping purgatives altogether. The latter method is recommended as cheapest and most effective in the long run.

When a doctor administers a purgative he does so to meet certain special indications, and not with the idea that purgatives are suited to any case of constipation. And his aim, in treatment, is to discover what bowel habit suits his patient best, and then to teach him a simple hygienic routine by which he can achieve and maintain it.

The War Against Fevers.

ONE by one acute infective diseases succumb before the advances of medical science. Small-pox recedes before vaccination; a well-vaccinated community is a community practically free from small-pox. In 1894 Behring and Roux introduced diphtheria anti-toxin; immediately the mortality among severe diphtheria cases declined from 62 per cent. to 11·7 per cent.; among all cases, slight or severe, it declined from 30·4 per cent. to 8·3 per cent.

It has been suggested that this dramatic decline in diphtheria mortality was due not to the introduction of antitoxin treatment, but to the interesting coincidence of a natural decline in diphtheria virulence occurring just at the same moment. Infectious diseases do, indeed, sometimes undergo a serious change of character, a hitherto mild disease gradually, or even suddenly, becoming extremely virulent, and *vice versa*. But even allowing for this fact and allowing generously, the weight of evidence is so overwhelmingly in favour of anti-toxin that nearly every doctor would feel that he had failed terribly in his duty if he withheld it from any of his diphtheria patients.

To-day there is good reason to believe that if only all children who are not naturally immune to diphtheria were inoculated—and it is possible to discover which children are immune and which are not by applying a simple test—it would be possible practically to eradicate diphtheria from the community. Typhoid fever and plague, spotted fever and lockjaw, rabies and scarlet fever, have been or are being similarly brought under control. And now a technique has been discovered by which measles can be prevented and its worst effects antagonised.

Serum Treatment of Measles.

SOME years ago this would not have seemed of great importance. Measles was a disease so lightly regarded that some parents actually made a point of bringing healthy children into as intimate contact as possible with any in the neighbourhood who had measles, even going so far as to put them in the same bed, so that the healthy ones should contract the disease too, and be done with it. All that is changed now. Measles has become a deadly disease attended by dangerous complications, and any measure that may protect the community against its ravages is most ardently to be welcomed.

The first discovery was made in 1918 by Nicolle and Conseil, who found that it was possible to produce immunity among children who had been in contact with measles (and were therefore liable to the disease) by injecting into their muscles blood serum taken from convalescent measles patients. Attacks were either prevented completely or the disease appeared in a mild form, practically free from dangerous complications.

THIS work was satisfactory so far as it went, but it suffered from the practical disadvantage that children convalescing from measles cannot easily spare blood; there was, in fact, a scarcity of donors. Recently, however, research has been conducted with a view to manufacturing a measles anti-toxic serum from animals, and thus to bring the treatment of measles into line with that of diphtheria. This research appears to have had an extremely satisfactory outcome. One series of experiments, for example, concerned a group of 34 susceptible people who had been exposed to measles. Of these, it was found that 31 were completely protected by this serum, and that the remaining three had the disease in only a modified form.

When adequate supplies of serum are available in this country one may hope that measles will resume its character of a trivial childhood ailment and leave its present unenviable place among the diseases that kill.

E

New Scotland Yard. A photograph taken by the Police.

BEHIND *THE* SCENES *IN* SCOTLAND YARD

By H. L. ADAM

In view of the Police Commission now sitting this article is of particular interest.

IT is safe to say that very few people, other than the officials themselves, have an intimate knowledge of the interior of Scotland Yard. Among these people I include writers of fiction. In a detective story which I read the other day one of the characters, a woman, was made to impersonate one of the staff, enter Scotland Yard, penetrate to a detective's private room, open a locked cupboard, extract an important "exhibit" in a pending murder case and get away with it! Well, it makes you smile.

Getting In and Out.

I KNOW of only one Government department which may be more jealously defended from vicarious intrusion than Scotland Yard, and that is the Intelligence Department.

Let me make the following explanation for the benefit of the uninitiated. Should you desire to get into Scotland Yard you will be called upon to fill up a printed form, giving full particulars of yourself, your business, and the official you wish to see. This slip will be taken to the official named, while you will remain in the custody of the janitor. Eventually the slip will be returned to you by the official you have interviewed. Without it you cannot leave the building. If you tried to, you would be stopped for inquiries to be made. Much the same thing obtains in editorial offices, except the fact that there is no difficulty in leaving an editorial office, the editor usually being only too glad to get rid of you.

Scotland Yard is a huge building, a ramification of floors, corridors, rooms, staircases, lifts, baffling nooks and corners. It is now generally known that it was originally intended for an opera-house. There are many departments. In a brief article like this I can but indicate a few of them only. I will pick them out in a haphazard manner.

Where the questions are asked.

The Home of the Big Brains.

DOUBTLESS the department that will appeal most to the general reader will be the Criminal Investigation Department, technically known as the C.I.D. Its numerous staff includes inspectors, sergeants, constables of different classes, and clerks. Its executive head is known as a superintendent. Let me here explain that there is no officially recognised group of officers known as the "Big Four," or Five, or any other "Big" number. The title comes from the United States and is used by the Press of this country only. In the words of one of their number, recently spoken to me, "There is only one 'big' official here and he is Horwood."

Readers of detective stories would probably be sadly disappointed about Scotland Yard were they to visit it, for there is nothing in the least romantic about it. Nothing to suggest the presence of "Sleuths" or the work of unravelling difficult crime problems. It merely wears the aspect of a busy city business house.

Let us step into the room of the superintendent of the C.I.D. It is situated off a long corridor on the first floor. No romance here! It is a spacious, well-furnished office. There is a pedestal desk, a thick carpet, some chairs and a few framed portraits of officials hanging on the drab walls. At the desk is the "Super" himself, a well-groomed albeit quite prosaic business-like man of mature years. He may be busy writing or leaning back in his chair, smoking a cigar and chatting with another official. Men, looking like city clerks, are constantly hurrying in and out of the room, carrying papers in their hands.

There is conversation occasionally, but it is mostly short and sharp and monosyllabic. From the corridor without comes a continuous noise of hurrying footsteps and banging doors. There is nothing to suggest that it is crime that is being discussed or dealt with. They might just as well be dealing with stocks and shares or drapery or hardware.

Working on a Crime.

WHEN a big crime has to be dealt with, the Superintendent and his assistants confer with one another, bringing their experiences, individual and collective, to bear upon the task of solving the riddle. But it is done in quite a systematic and business-like manner.

Just across the corridor from the Super's room is another room, small and plain and also unromantic in aspect. It is a waiting-room. There is a large table in the centre, one or two small wooden chairs and wooden forms against the walls. There is a large fireplace and spacious windows looking into a "well" of the building. On the distempered walls are more framed portraits of officials and a view of Old Scotland Yard.

I have called special attention to this apartment because it has an interesting history. It is the room in which many notorious offenders have been interrogated before being formally arrested. These are too numerous to be particularised here. Many of them finished their careers on the scaffold. If its walls could speak they would be well worth listening to.

SCOTLAND YARD may be said to have achieved a veritable triumph with their unique recording systems. Through the medium of their remarkable methods of classification they can find anyone or any topic with which they have to deal in a few minutes. These systems are to be found at their best in the Fingerprints and Records Departments respectively. In fact, all the departments function one within the other, and impinge on each other.

In the former, which is contained in quite a small room, they have accumulated many thousands of records, which are kept on printed forms of foolscap size and done up in bundles. These are kept on shelves. In this room may be seen enlarged photographs of the first fingerprints to be used in a case of murder—that of the brothers Stratton, who were convicted of the murder of an old couple in a shop at Deptford. Also there is to be seen the veritable cash-box upon which one of the men left a "sweat mark" while in the act of extracting the few paltry pounds for which this dastardly double murder was committed. This practically secured the conviction of both men, who were duly hanged.

In the Records Department they have the *dossiers* of all habitual criminals known to the police of this country. These are made up of details sent to the "Yard" from all parts of the country. Many a migratory crook has been astonished to learn what Scotland Yard knew about his past career, which he has most industriously and cunningly endeavoured to conceal, so much so, in fact, as to consider himself quite safe. But he has reckoned without Scotland Yard's wonderful systems of classification.

He may, we will suppose, have been convicted in half a dozen different parts of the country, under half a dozen different aliases, but in his *dossier* at Scotland Yard he is the same man all the time, because from each town in which he has been convicted his fingerprints and details of his career of crime have been sent to Scotland Yard.

He may call himself Jones, Brown, Smith or Robinson, if he chooses, and move about from Land's End to John o' Groats, but he cannot conceal from Scotland Yard that he is one and the same man. He cannot alter his fingerprints. There is also, of course, his photograph, but this is quite negligible as evidence when you have his fingerprints.

Photographic Detection.

NOW let us have a peep at the Photograph Department. It is to be found on an upper floor. The first thing that catches the eye as you enter is a huge camera, working on a stout wooden framework. I need scarcely explain that Scotland Yard have the very latest and best of photographic implements. This big camera, with its wonderful lens, has brought to light many a cunning forgery. It has made obvious that which was effectively hidden from the naked eye.

I remember a case of a forged will, which was so cleverly done that it looked at one time like being confirmed as a genuine document. Alas for the culprit, the signature was put before the powerful eye of this big camera, when, lo and behold, there appeared the pencilled outline of the signature beneath the ink! Conviction soon followed.

WHEN Scotland Yard is called to a case of murder one of the first things they do is to despatch the official photographer—usually a detective-sergeant—to take pictures of the body and surroundings. Thus they get graphic and permanent records, which are kept in albums.

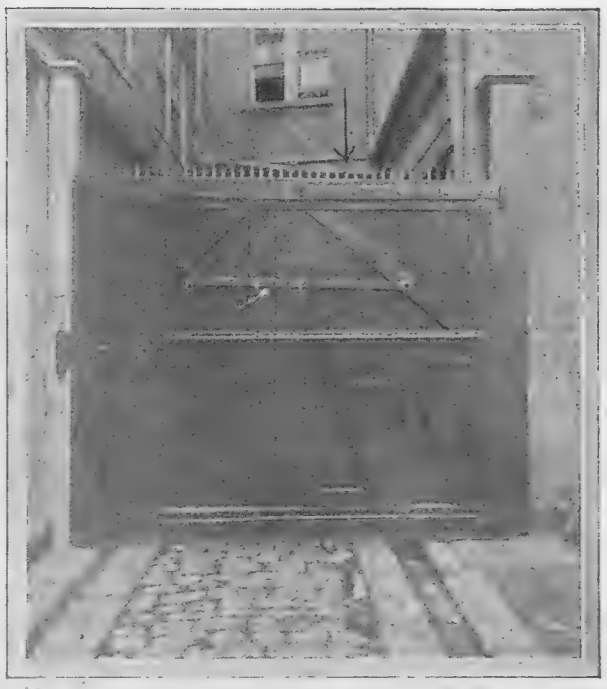
They are the grimmest photographic albums you ever saw. You want to get a grip on yourself before looking through them. They take "close ups" of the victims, which serve to demonstrate the nature of the wounds and the method of attack. These are very valuable as evidence and are sometimes produced at a trial as "exhibits."

In the cases of the Battersea Flat Murder and of the Clapham Common Murder (Steenie Morrison) these photographs were most convincing. I never saw anything more revolting than the photograph of the murdered Leon Beron. It was a veritable "speaking" photograph, and I have never since had any doubt about the guilt of the man who was convicted.

WHILE we are in the basement, let us pay a visit to what is perhaps the most interesting corner of Scotland Yard, when you become familiar with it. I refer to the Museum. It is quite a small apartment, and impressively silent. When you first enter the room you will not see anything to particularly arouse your curiosity. There are glass cases on the floor similar to those which may be seen in many shops. On the walls are hanging framed pictures and a varied assortment of other articles, giving the place the appearance of an Old Curiosity Shop.

But if you look closer at these adornments you will at first be rather startled; a still closer inspection will probably cause you to fall back a bit, and you are pretty sure to end up by being genuinely scared. On a shelf you will see a row of plaster heads of men who have been hanged.

They are horribly realistic. Round the necks can be seen the marks where the rope has "bitten" into it. Quite near—horror of horrors—hang two ropes which have been used at executions.



A burglar, in attempting to climb this gate, caught a ring he was wearing on the spike. His finger was torn from his hand, and a print taken from it resulted in his capture.

SCOTLAND YARD is one of the most conservative institutions in the country. It does not take kindly to new changes. For example—the introduction of civilians into Scotland Yard. The late Sir Robert Anderson did give the idea a "trial." This consisted of recruiting six civilians and putting them on C.I.D. work. (I presume they first put them through some sort of training.) "But," ruefully declared Sir Robert, "only one displayed any aptitude for the work."

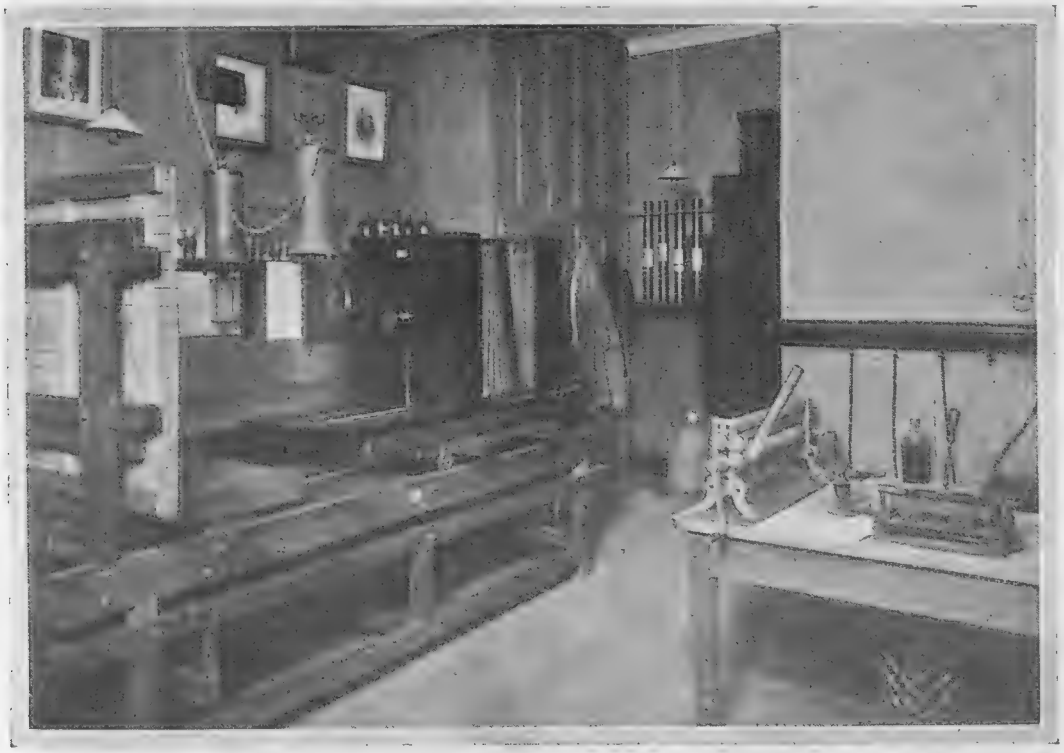
I doubt if one can seriously call that a trial. The attempt was foredoomed to failure by the prejudice which preceded it.

The Insignificant Detective.

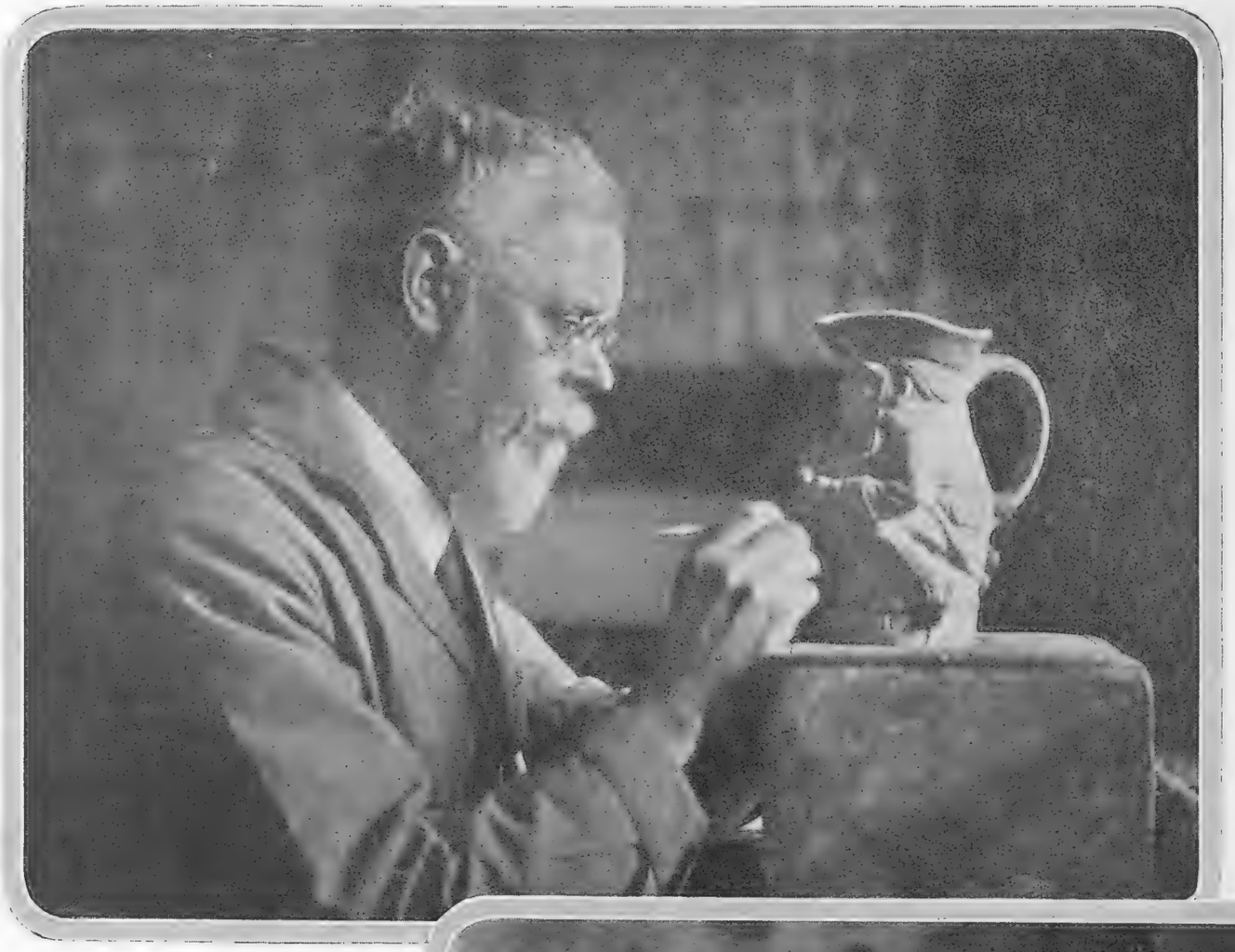
I HAVE been told more than once that Scotland Yard does not want C.I.D. men who have been trained on detective fiction. Of course not. The qualifications needed for the construction of a detective story are diametrically opposite to those required to solve real crime problems.

One thing, however, is certain, and that is the fact that the more secret and insignificant a detective can remain, the better will be his chances of catching criminals. This advantage is destroyed by first putting him into uniform and compelling him to do "beat duty." It is no exaggeration to say that the majority of our detectives are better known to criminals than the criminals are to them. If this were not so there would be fewer "unsolved mysteries" of all kinds.

Also if the rules laid down in the police "Instruction Book" were more closely followed than they have been lately there would be fewer miscarriages of justice and less talk of "third degree" methods. I might add that there are civilian officials at Scotland Yard, men who have never worn a uniform, but whose knowledge of crime and criminals is extensive and peculiar. I am confident that if these civilian experts were sent outside to work they would achieve some surprising and very gratifying results.



The Photographic Department. Many forgers have been brought to justice by evidence obtained in this room.



THE BEAUTY OF INDUSTRY.

WE PUBLISH THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND WHICH MR. E. O. HOPPE, THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER, IS TAKING FOR BRITANNIA.

FOR I REMEMBER STOPPING BY THE WAY
TO WATCH A POTTER THUMPING HIS WET CLAY:
AND WITH ITS ALL-OBLITERATED TONGUE
IT MURMUR'D—"GENTLY, BROTHER, GENTLY PRAY!"

By courtesy of Messrs. Doulton.

STRIKES *in* AUSTRALIA

The Other Side Of The Case

By L. St. Clare Grondona

Sydney Harbour: Circular Quay.

IF the average Briton were asked what Australia was most noted for, he would probably reply "Strikes!" And small wonder. Hardly a week passes without our being treated to a series of Press cables recording industrial disputes in one or other, or all, of the States of the Commonwealth.

The ordinary citizen does not bother to read details, the monotonously recurring heading: "Strike in Australia," is enough for him, and he must surely conclude that the Australians are the most discontented people extant.

The brief cables of themselves create a sufficiently unfortunate impression; but, in addition, newspaper readers are regaled with periodic articles written by—presumably well-informed—contributors, who paint exceedingly gloomy pictures of the industrial situation in the great All-British Continent of the South Seas.

Strikes as a "Business."

While the recent waterside workers' stupid and costly strike was at its height in the Commonwealth, one of London's foremost journals published an article from the pen of a distinguished Australian writer, whose reputation inspires confidence, whose style is above reproach, but whose judgment—as will be seen—is open to question.

This gentleman wrote: "Strikes in my native land have become a business, a sport, a blight. The great struggle now in progress in the shipping industry . . . is one of an interminable series that have cost the workers £7,000,000 in six years. . . . The whole Continent lies helpless—or, at least, supine—in the Trade Union web."

If the foregoing represented the whole truth, there could be only one possible result—Australia would be in a state of economic stagnation, if not of retrogression. To write that £7,000,000 was lost in wages in six years (and to leave it at that) is to quote a very alarming figure, but, when read in relation to the value of production and the volume of wages paid during the same period, the figure loses some of its impressiveness.

During the past six years the value of Australian production has exceeded two thousand, four hundred million pounds! The wages paid in Australian manufacturing industry alone during that time amounted to 470 millions, and if primary industry (pastoral, agricultural and mining) be taken into consideration, the wage figure would probably approximate 700 million, though I have no official data to support this conjecture. It would thus appear that the loss in wages quoted above represented about one per cent. of the money actually paid in wages.

The Hopeful Side.

Far be it from me to discount the tyranny of some of the Trade Union leaders. Most of the trouble has been on the waterfronts and in the mining industry. The patience of those engaged in overseas trade, and of the shipping companies in particular, has been taxed to the utmost. But the situation is not improved by expatiating upon the black side without any reference whatever to hopeful factors.

Of course, the captious critic is always with us, and it is conceivable that, on reading the figure that I have quoted as to the value of Australian production, he may say: "Value conveys nothing, what about volume?"

Well, here is the answer: During the past ten (recorded) years, the percentages of increases in respect of the chief Australian rural products were as follows: Wool (weight), 30 per cent.; wheat (to eliminate seasonal factors, two five-yearly periods contrasted), 20 per cent.; butter, 36 per cent.; sugar cane, 130 per cent.; wine, 216 per cent.; dried fruits (raisins and currants), 170 and 100 per cent. respectively; livestock (numerical increase) sheep, 28 per cent., cattle, 27 per cent.; slaughterings for home consumption and export—cattle, sheep and pigs, 77, 24 and 62 per cent. respectively.

Over the same period the increase in population amounted to about 20 per cent., so that the volume of increased production has, in most instances, considerably exceeded the proportionate augmentation of population.

What the Figures Prove.

In secondary industry, over the same period, the output (value is necessarily given in this case) has advanced by 130 per cent. In this connection, the value of the "output per employee" in Australian factories last year amounted to £872, representing an added value—per employee—of £338, and an average wage (male and female) of £196 per annum.

Last year, out of every thousand men, women and children in the Commonwealth, 723 possessed Savings Bank accounts averaging £45 16s. per depositor, and Savings Banks cater, not for capitalists, but for wage-earners. Such figures—which are official—surely speak volumes.

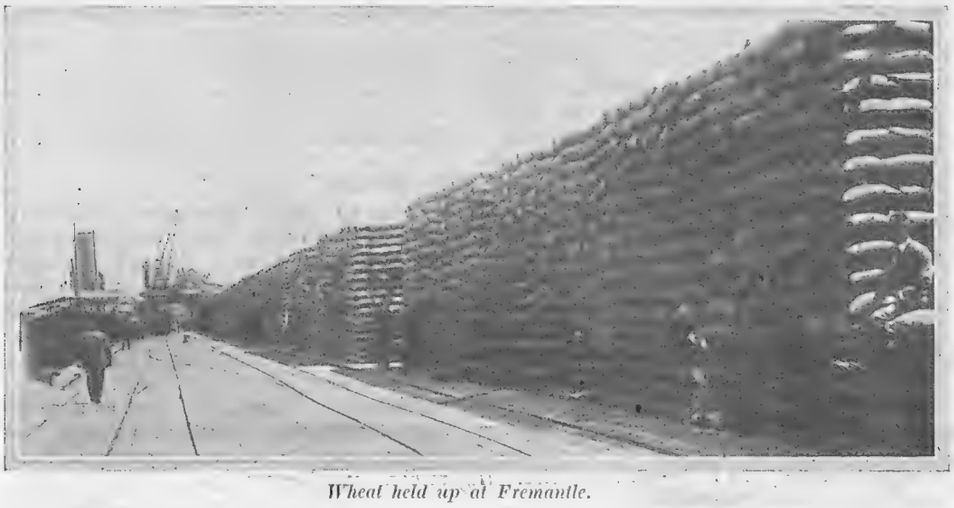
One may now safely comment on the waterside industrial unrest in all its seriousness—but in proper perspective. The men are the victims of bad leadership—which is not entirely unknown even among the workers in Great Britain—but, they must surely be rapidly losing confidence in their leaders. Throughout the recent industrial struggle, there was a considerable conflict of opinion among the members of the Union concerned and those of allied Unions. The latter declined to support the strikers either financially or otherwise.

A Challenge to Authority.

The courageous action of Mr. Bruce in introducing legislation that permitted of (and protected) free labour, coupled with the fact that the waterside workers' Union has been fined £1,000 for failing to observe Judge Beeby's award, must inevitably sap the pernicious authority of certain hot-headed leaders.

The strike was not against the unfortunate employer this time; it was definitely a challenge to constituted authority—because the strikers refused to abide by the terms of an Arbitration Court award. This, alone, resulted in the antagonism of the strongest of all social forces, public opinion.

The unfortunately widespread and erroneous opinion, in Britain, that Australia is in a constant state of industrial unrest, inevitably militates against more active co-operation—on the part of the people of the Motherland—with the Australians, in the speedier development of a priceless heritage of which we are the co-heirs.



Wheat held up at Fremantle.

A SOUTH AFRICAN LOOKS AT ENGLAND

" All the Englishman cares to hear about is the Kaffir.

IT is with difficulty that the South African in England refrains from speaking of the *London Times* as distinct from the *Cape Times* or *The Times of Natal*, and he definitely thinks of the English weekly papers as mail-papers.

We call them mail-papers in South Africa. We call the days on which they come mail-days. When we send letters to one another in South Africa we say we are obtaining the post. When we write overseas we speak of the mail. On Mondays in Cape Town, on Wednesdays in Johannesburg, on this day or that in other parts of the country we stand in queues at the newsagent's waiting for the overseas papers.

South African News Sense.

As a matter of fact, the South African doesn't really care to see *The Observer* or *The Sunday Times* as they are issued in England on Sundays, and the various weeklies on their Fridays and Saturdays. He likes to get them all together on his mail-day. He likes to open his bundle of papers and plunge his hand into the accumulated mass of them.

So he can grasp the exciting idea, the play of the season, and the novel he imperatively must read. He has the business of life whole before him. It hasn't dribbled piecemeal through his hands. He gets it as a book, and not as a serial story.

And he understands the European news in his South African paper. Doesn't he like to get it hot in London? But he doesn't get it hot in London. What he gets hot in London is the story of some case or trial, some revelation of crude human nature. And that may be greater than news, fundamentally more important, and therefore instinctively and justly in demand, but it's old, it's perennial—it isn't new, it isn't *news*. Where in the drossy cauldron is the thing that is happening to-day? The whole mess is bubbling up together. He can't find it.

He longs for his South African cable-page and his news decently crystallised out and cool enough to be handled.

Nevertheless, when he is in South Africa he does lose something, and that is his sense of proportion about South Africa. For the same eager person who cables the European news cables, too, the news of peculiar interest to South Africans.

If a girl from Cape Town or Johannesburg or Pietpotgietersrust appears in the chorus of a musical comedy, he rushes to the cables. If comment is made in an English paper on a South African event, he makes the air spin. The South African feels that, really, Europe is full of excitement about him.

He knows, of course, that in England people don't wait in queues for South African mail-papers, and that the principal page in *The Times* or the *Evening Standard* isn't devoted to South African news, as the principal page in our dailies is given over to European news. But he is far away. He stands out strongly on an empty veld against a black background that is the Kaffir. And he sees himself portentously.

A Spirit of Independence.

It is the South African habit. Only the other day a Dutch Reformed parson asked our Prime Minister to define the basis of our Imperial citizenship. He wanted to know if we were bound to accept the King's successor seeing that the line of succession was governed by British and not South African law. General Hertzog assured him gravely that we did not accept the King of England, but the Crown of England.

Well, General Hertzog is admired for certain qualities, but intellectual clarity is not one of them, and we don't always bother him for close explanations. There wasn't even any overt excitement among the descendants of the British Settlers or among the Sons of England. After all, it isn't likely that, in the end, General Hertzog or his Dutch Reformed parson will be unpleasant about Edward P.'s accession to the throne. If George, why not Edward? All they want is the clear recognition that they are under no compulsions. It is not a question of what their humility shall be. They agree to this or that because—arrogantly—they choose.

How this independent spirit is to be enforced the South African, who once called himself a Boer, and whom, for the greater part, General Hertzog now leads under the title of Nationalist, does not consider and never has. He simply feels it. He doesn't particularly want to grow stronger. He doesn't want more people in the land. He hates, in his heart, the thought of immigration. Three whites to the mile. Good Heavens, how crowded we are getting!

And are the half-castes a fourth as many as the whites, and are the blacks three times as many? An excellent proportion. Cheap labour and every white man an aristocrat.

It is really the native that has made the South African so proud. The South African doesn't compare himself with the European. He compares himself with the native. He looks at the humbled black. "I am a god," he thinks, and he feels his superiority more strongly than the inheritor of any feudal tradition.

Poetry and "Natives."

There are people who have questioned the choice of South Africa's representatives abroad. The Nationalist doesn't. What? Isn't every South African an aristocrat? Can a South African therefore be anything but adequate?

His pride extends to whatever is South African. He has built himself a new language on the basis of his original Dutch, and he calls it Afrikaans. "Look," he says, as if he were an Irishman talking of his Irish language, "look at our poetry. Is there any poetry in Europe to equal it?"

By

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

"He sees Table Mountain, and his heart swells."

Not, of course, that he has read the poetry of Europe. This is not the man who stands on mail-days waiting for the overseas papers. Nevertheless, he infects with his pride even that one.

No less than the South African of Dutch descent does the South African of English descent, or the South African by adoption, gaze round at the country itself—the veld and the mountains, and stretch himself towards the sun and stars, and demand whether any European has made himself so big a veld, so many mountains, so yellow a sun, so splendid an array of stars.

And when he goes to Europe he goes with no sense at all that he is a little brother.

"I am a South African," he beams to the Englishman whom, surprisingly, he finds a very chatty and amiable person.

"Really? Tell me about your natives."

"Natives?" he protests. "Natives?"

Well, of course, he wants to talk about himself. But, no. All the Englishman cares to hear about is the Kaffir. He is as little interested in the 1820 British Settlers as he is in Afrikaans poetry.

He comes back to the Kaffir. This strange dark creature, this unlike being who so excitingly is human and has a soul—he hopes the South African is duly remembering the Kaffir's soul.

The South African answers him shortly. He thinks:

"The Kaffir's soul! No, upon my word! Is that all you imagine we have to bother about in South Africa? Don't you read your papers? Don't you know that things are happening there?"

He reads the English papers himself. Where is the South African news? He is a little homesick and he searches for the South African news.

After a week or so he finds an article in a serious newspaper. It is an article about the native.

He doesn't read it. He has had enough of the native. He waits for those comments on South African affairs "Our Own Correspondent" is always cabling out to South Africa. At last there is news. It appears, at first glance, to be about the Labour Party. But it isn't, really. It is about the Labour Party's attitude towards the Colour Bar Bill. It is about the disabilities of the native.

He waits again. He waits.

The Englishman's Unreserve.

He begins to wonder if England is, in fact, so concerned with South Africa as he had always supposed. Resentment grows in him. He doesn't ask himself why England should be more devoted to him than he is to the Canadian, or the Indian, or the Australian, or the New Zealander, in none of whom he takes the remotest interest.

He just feels chagrined. And a most strange longing assails him to meet a fellow South African, even a Nationalist, oh, any old Afrikander. He pines to use an Afrikaans expression in the presence of someone who will understand it. He begins to suspect there is a reserve past the Englishman's unreserve.

He had always been told that the Englishman was hard to get to know, but once you did know him he simply gave himself to you. But now he doubts the ultimate giving as he has already disproved the original withholding.

"No. The Englishman is a gentleman, but he doesn't care about me," he thinks. Nothing has happened, and yet he feels suddenly that he doesn't belong.

The realisation makes him assertive. He begins to boast about South Africa.

"Why, a person can't stretch himself in England," he says. "Why, you don't know what sunshine is. This long English twilight of yours—it starts, it seems, at 4 a.m. The daylight saving you enforce—what are you saving the daylight *for*? You really ought to begin to use a little of it."

And as, hurt and rude, he talks so, his homesickness grows. These people don't know South Africa, poor fools. They don't know what it is to be able to see. They live in their blur, and their weak little sun has never shown them the colour and shape of things.

He hurries, as part of his duty as a traveller, to buy in England a number of articles he doesn't want, and that, in any case, he could just as easily and cheaply buy in South Africa, he packs his trunks, and he sails home.

The Emptiness of South Africa.

One morning, as day breaks, he sees Table Mountain, and his heart swells. Presently he is hanging over the ship's rail shouting a greeting in Afrikaans to someone who is waiting for the passengers to be released from the ship.

Then he sees Cape Town, and it appears to have shrunk somehow. Then, from his train, he observes, here and there on the veld, a few corrugated iron buildings. The emptiness of South Africa begins to have a double meaning for him.

He feels he can see again, but he wishes there were more to see. He misses something.

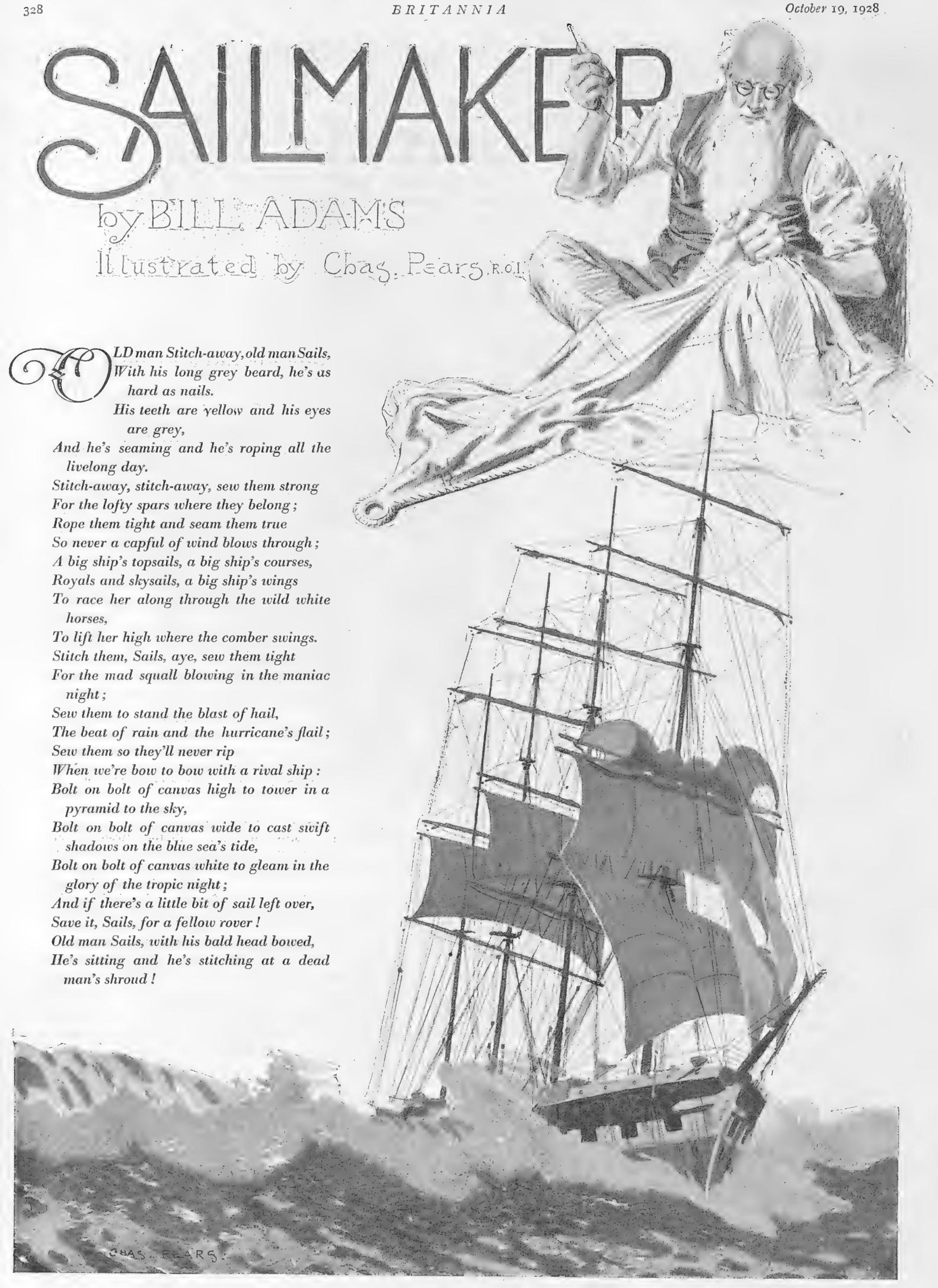
Next mail-day he joins the queue at the newsagent's. And, as he buys his mail-papers, he remembers how unimpressively in England they come out on Friday or Saturday or Sunday.

The weeks pass. He reads in his daily the comments of the English papers on South African affairs. At first he wonders where the correspondent collected them. Then he ceases to wonder. Strangely soon he feels again that, really, Europe is full of excitement about him.

SAILMAKER

by BILL ADAMS

Illustrated by Chas. Pears, R.O.I.



OLD man Stitch-away, old man Sails,
With his long grey beard, he's as hard as nails.
His teeth are yellow and his eyes are grey,
And he's seaming and he's roping all the livelong day.
Stitch-away, stitch-away, sew them strong
For the lofty spars where they belong;
Rope them tight and seam them true
So never a capful of wind blows through;
A big ship's topsails, a big ship's courses,
Royals and skysails, a big ship's wings
To race her along through the wild white horses,
To lift her high where the comber swings.
Stitch them, Sails, aye, sew them tight
For the mad squall blowing in the maniac night;
Sew them to stand the blast of hail,
The beat of rain and the hurricane's flail;
Sew them so they'll never rip
When we're bow to bow with a rival ship:
Bolt on bolt of canvas high to tower in a pyramid to the sky,
Bolt on bolt of canvas wide to cast swift shadows on the blue sea's tide,
Bolt on bolt of canvas white to gleam in the glory of the tropic night;
And if there's a little bit of sail left over,
Save it, Sails, for a fellow rover!
Old man Sails, with his bald head bowed,
He's sitting and he's stitching at a dead man's shroud!

THE WEEK ARTISTIC

MAKING STONE LIVE

By R. H. WILENSKI

Breton Head by Dora Gordine.

WHAT is sculpture? I ask the question, and will answer it as best I can, because this month sculpture lovers in large numbers are visiting the sculpture shows by Aristide Maillol at the Goupil Gallery and by Miss Dora Gordine at the Leicester Galleries; and there is much talk "about it and about."

In my view the business of a sculptor is to make stone live. To make it live, that is to say, with a life of its own, to convert it from stone without shape of any particular significance to stone which has been given shape, proportions and rhythms of a moving kind. The sculptor may invent the shapes, proportions and rhythms or he may find them in the physical objects and concrete things of the visible world. But unless he sets out to imbue stone with life of this kind he is not a sculptor in my particular sense.

Bad Machines.

Most "sculptors" in the modern world set out to do something quite different. They set out to imitate in clay the features of some face, or the flesh and muscles of some body. Sometimes they imitate nearly as well as the machine called the Cameograph Photo Sculptor and sometimes not nearly as well. They never imitate quite as well as that machine, because a machine can always do a thing better than a man pretending to be a machine. The "sculptors" who imitate in this way are not sculptors but bad cameograph machines.

Many other "sculptors" set out to do "something like the Greeks." They often succeed. But they never do anything as good as the Greeks—because the Greeks were producing original works, they were not merely imitating the works of other men. Youths who imitate bird calls are often half-witted and always a nuisance to all who care for the songs of birds. The "sculptors" who merely imitate Greek sculpture often have the same kind of mind, and are always a nuisance to those who really care for the sculpture of the Greeks.

Garden Statue by Aristide Maillol.

Maillol and Miss Gordine.

Maillol and Miss Gordine set out to create and succeed in creating sculptural shapes, proportions and rhythms—Maillol, who is nearly seventy, in the manner of a master. Miss Gordine, who is twenty-four, in the manner of a gifted beginner. But neither carves in stone with a chisel; both model in clay and have their clay models cast in bronze.

In my view to model in clay is to evade the essential business of a sculptor. The sculptor's tool is the chisel. He stands confronted with the stone. His business is to carve it to his will. This is immensely difficult. One false step and the whole block of stone is ruined. The "sculptors" who work in clay use a material which is soft and easy to handle, and in which alterations can be made with rapidity and ease. They should be called "modellers," not "sculptors," to point the difference between the two activities.

Clay modelling is the *opposite* process from real sculpture. The sculptor *cuts away*—the modeller *builds up* on a skeleton foundation. Clay modelling is a useful means for making a rapid sketch for a carving. It is the right medium for romantic portraits where the modeller sets out to record the expression of a human face or a characteristic gesture. It is the right medium for drawing room bibelots, because bronze casts from clay models look pleasant in a pleasant room. But it is the wrong medium for the sculptor who really sets out to do his job.

The Breton Head.

Miss Gordine's "Breton Head" that I reproduce here is obviously real sculpture in intent. It is a fine creation of shapes, proportions and rhythms. But it is not actually real sculpture, because it has not been hewn out of the stone as it should have been, but built up in soft clay, pinched, patted and smoothed with the thumb, and it has then been cast in bronze. When Miss Gordine can carve this head in stone she will have become a real sculptor—not before.

The Garden Statue.

The "Garden Statue" of two figures by Maillol, also reproduced, has enchanting rhythms and it makes a pleasing silhouette. But this could not be made in stone at all—the arms and hands would break off if a man tried to cut these figures out of a solid block of stone. Maillol, though the greatest modeller now living in Europe, has evaded the problem of real sculpture in this particular work. A piece of sculpture should begin as a solid three-dimensional block of stone that one can walk all round, and it should end as a solid block of stone that one can walk all round. One cannot walk round this group by Maillol; it has only one view; it is merely a delightful "high relief" with the background cut away; and neither low relief nor high relief, even if cut direct into stone, are really sculpture; they are both drawing of a special kind.

The Week Artistic—*contd.*

Sculpture in England.

Maillol is French. Miss Gordine is Russian. What is the position with our sculptors in England? From the Royal Academicians and those who exhibit at Burlington House gloomy experiences has taught us to expect nothing. Think of the sculpture galleries at the Academy each year. Rows of faces imitated a little less well or much less well than the Cameograph are ranged round the walls like plates on dressers. Two or three naked young women imitated in the same way stand at the ends of the rooms. In the centre there are large settees on to which visitors exhausted by the pictures habitually collapse. Of real sculpture there is rarely a single specimen; and there is hardly ever even a clay model (cast in bronze or mechanically reproduced in marble) which has the sculptural life of the work of Maillol or even Miss Gordine.

The Rebels.

Then there are the rebels. There is Epstein—a superb modeller of romantic heads, with a force and passion in the way he translates an impression into clay that is invariably exciting. But he rarely tackles stone; and when he does so, as in the celebrated "Rima"—which is only a bas-relief after all—he is howled down by the Academicians. Then there is Frank Dobson who started as a carver and now models in clay. His models have real sculptural life, and he stands nearer to the Maillol tradition than any one else now working over here. And then there is Eric Gill, the one sculptor in England who sticks to the chisel. But he mixes up sculpture both with religion and with erotics, and stands with his eyes fixed firmly on the past.

There is more promise in the younger generation. John Skeaping who won a Rome Scholarship in 1924 has so far had the courage to stick to carving; Henry Moore, a carver who hails from Yorkshire, is an instructor at the Royal College of Art, and is likely to be heard a lot of in the future; and there are others like Miss Ancrid Johnstone who recently carved a clever stone seat and monument which the Duke of Westminster set up in the quadrangle of a block of workmen's flats in Pimlico, and which the children, after the manner of children, have scratched and chipped and scrawled all over with red chalk. In beginners of this kind I see some hope for the regeneration of sculpture in England. But it is bound to be a slow business, and it would be rash to hope that they will all be able to resist the insidious temptation of clay.

A "Modeliererin."

Meanwhile, in addition to the French and Russian exhibitions, there is a show of "sculpture" by a German lady, Frau Elizabeth Wolff, at the Claridge Gallery. Frau Wolff I should call a "modeliererin" which I imagine to be German for a female modeller. She makes quite small clay models (cast in bronze) of the character of German "expressionist" paintings. There is one of a little girl and doll, another of two people dancing, a third of a woman playing a violin, in all of which I found rhythms of a romantic-musical kind. There is a good deal to be said for the unpretentious scale of such modelled bibelots. English modellers should see this exhibition. Frau Wolff can make clay do something, which in this country at present is still new.

Cubist Scenery.

At the Claridge Gallery also there are Cubist designs for stage scenery by Mme. Alexandra Exter (another Russian). This show must not be missed by any young artists who have ambitions in the direction of designing for the stage. Mme. Exter has ideas; and she has been good enough to send them here for any one who likes to steal them. Go in and plunder, O designers, and if you have qualms of conscience remember the Soviet repudiation of the Russian debts!

The R.O.I.

There is nothing of consequence at the Royal Institute of Oil Painters' Exhibition, which is still open till the end of the month at the R.I. Galleries in Piccadilly—except two pictures by Sir William Orpen. The first called "English Nude" was painted, I imagine, at least twenty years ago soon after Orpen left the Slade School. It is an attempt to paint a nude in the style and spirit of Rembrandt, and it comes as near to it as a painting by one of Rembrandt's minor pupils—Gerrit Horst, for example, who painted "David's Charge to Solomon" in the Dublin National Gallery. The second, called "Sunlight," is, I take it, a recent work. It shows a nude girl standing by a full-length mirror, while sunlight through Venetian blinds casts chess board shapes of light on the floor. The picture looks like a painting by Vermeer of Delft that had suddenly become unbolted and was about to fall to pieces. Orpen was a smart young painter when he first attracted attention. He remains a smart young painter to-day.

It is difficult to select the worst picture at the R.O.I. Show. Perhaps it is "The Pardon—Brittany," by J. H. Amshewitz. Subtract from this picture the elements that derive from Cottet and Frank Brangwyn and there is nothing left there but the frame.

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LEND ME YOUR EARS

By A. Kalisch

THE end of the season of Promenade Concerts and the first of the Symphony Concerts by the orchestra of the B.B.C. provide a convenient occasion for a sermon on the ever-changing orchestral situation in London.

It is a more-than-twice-told tale that we have been going from bad to worse in the matter of orchestras—for reasons we are all tired of having dinned into our ears by Jeremiahs as well as Isaiahs. Before the Promenade Concerts finished, the report was more and more actively put about, and was more and more readily believed, that the British Broadcasting Corporation had decided not to re-engage the Queen's Hall Orchestra for next season's Promenade Concerts, but up to the time of writing no official statement has been made.

It is an open secret that Sir Henry Wood was, perhaps still is, trying his hardest to induce the B.B.C. to maintain the Queen's Hall orchestra in its present form. If the Queen's Hall orchestra is disbanded, all music-lovers will regret its disappearance, for we can but shudder when we think what a wilderness, musically speaking, London would have been without it; and everybody who is interested in the matter at all would be glad if its life could be prolonged.

Sir Henry Wood's Creation.

Things being as they are, what would there be left for the Queen's Hall Orchestra to do, with the London Symphony Orchestra and the B.B.C. Orchestra in the field, between now and the beginning of the Promenade Concert season ten months hence?

We naturally all sympathise with Sir Henry Wood's ardent desire to keep alive the orchestra, which is to all intents and purposes his own creation, and which he has moulded to his will from the very first. His anxiety does equal credit to his head and to his heart. How the B.B.C. envisages the financial aspect of the case, of course, no one not in its inner councils can tell.

It is difficult to see how it would effect a considerable economy in using its own orchestra for the Promenade Concerts in the future, for it is obvious that its regular orchestral work cannot be interrupted altogether for the sake of the Proms.—which means that it must have a special band of players for those concerts.

A good deal depends upon how the B.B.C.'s National Orchestra will have developed by August next.

The B.B.C.'s Position.

If, on the other hand—I say it once again—the British Broadcasting Corporation intends to entrust the Promenade Concerts to an orchestra specially formed for the purpose, it will be bad for the public, for no such orchestra could possibly be as good as the present Queen's Hall Orchestra; it will be bad for the B.B.C. for it will earn the reputation of having killed an old-established institution and slighting Sir Henry Wood for no apparent reason, except the possibility of a small economy, and there would probably be no economy because the Promenade public is very critical—in fact, the most critical in the country—and would stay away. That, stripped of all sentiment, which unfortunately must be ignored in such a case, seems to me to be the rock-bottom facts of the situation.

Paderewski's Vigour.

M. Paderewski is now touring the country. It is hard to realise when one thinks of the indomitable energy with which he plays a rhapsody of Liszt, or the Erlking, or of the poetical tenderness with which he invests his Chopin, or if one contemplates his still flowing and only slightly decreasing mane, that he is sixty-eight years old.

Pachmann, who is now eighty, was nearly as wonderful at the age of sixty-eight, but never

A new impression of Sir Henry Wood.

had Paderewski's dæmonic vigour. I am sorry that he has developed an affection for a dim, religious light in concert halls, and for making himself almost invisible. A study of his face, now an expressionless mask, now recording every fleeting shade of emotion—used to be one of the pleasures of a Paderewski recital, and a quite legitimate pleasure; because some people make stunts of their physiognomies, that is no reason why others should hide them.

I cannot say either that I like his new idea of screening himself off from his public in the orchestra by means of black draperies, which emphasise the suggestion of a funeral.

A Liszt Recital.

Mr. Lamond's recital on Saturday, made up entirely of works of Liszt, is a somewhat bold venture, for, as a composer, Liszt is just at this moment not in high favour, which is partly due to the fact that the public is most familiar with his least good works.

A good half of the musical public, in England at any rate, knows him only as a purveyor of meaningless fireworks for the piano and is ignorant of his greater works which had more to do through the conduit pipe of Wagner in shaping modern music than most people imagine. I hear reports of a probable Liszt revival in Germany; is Mr. Lamond's choice of programme a symptom?

Miss Florence Austral.

It is some time since Miss Florence Austral has given concerts in London, which makes one look forward with curiosity to her recital on Saturday. Of course, no one has ever disputed the magnificence of her voice, and the ease with which she can fill the largest hall, but some people have not been convinced that she has outstanding artistic gifts. It is not, as a rule, wise to allow oneself to be misled by the lyricism of the American Press, but there really must be some good ground for the extraordinary rhapsodies in which it has been indulging about Miss Austral latterly.

A Pachmann Farewell.

The next Sunday concert at the Albert Hall will be a Pachmann recital. Whether or not it is really the last of his many farewells, there will certainly not be many more chances of hearing him. Flashes of his old genius are growing rarer and rarer, and he is now almost more of a *causeur* than a pianist, but unfortunately what he says can only be heard by those who sit very near him.

The Æolian Hall.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Gordon Bryan to bring over Ravel for the first of his series of Chamber Concerts at the Æolian Hall to-night. It looked at one time as if he would not be able to stand against the onslaughts of those who are more modern than he is, but he—although we hear little about him just now from those whose volubility is in inverse ratio to their real influence—stands higher than he did in the estimation of more solid musicians. It is some time since he has given us an important work, but he is young yet, as composers go; still under fifty.

An Artistic Sexton.

From the Zonophone Company I have received a record of peculiar interest. It is a song called "The Old Sow," sung by Mr. Albert Richardson, the sexton of the Sussex hamlet of Burwash. It is quite a humorous song, the refrain of which is interspersed with snorts, grunts and whistles which the sexton does very artistically. The tune has many of the characteristics of the folk songs of Southern England, but has some original touches.

It is quite possible to believe the claim of Mr. Richardson that the song has been handed down from father to son for over nine hundred years. The song "Buttercup Joe" on the other side of the disc is almost equally interesting.

In the article, Radio Reflections, which will be found on page 333, Mr. Kalisch gives his impressions after listening-in to the concluding Promenade Concert.

Music Through Plain Glass

Franz Peter Schubert.

Schubert or Show Boat

By John F. Porte

"IT seems to me that here" (in "Show Boat") "is really good melody, and I ought not to be afraid to say as much. 'Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man,' 'Make Believe,' 'Ol' Man River,' 'Dance Away the Night,' and 'Why Do I Love You?' all seem to me to be genuine melodic inspiration. The composer, Jerome Kern, may not be Franz Schubert, but I confess that his seemingly spontaneous flow of happy melody gives me as much pleasure as do any of the great composers. I can see the highbrows raising their hands in horror at such heresy."—*The Gramophone Review.*

WHO dares to compare "Show Boat" with Schubert? The former may be even delightful music; but compare it not with the great master. Well, perhaps some one who heard the first performance of Schubert's incidental music to "Rosamunde" exclaimed, "What delightful music. It is as exquisite in its ways as are the works of our late lamented Mozart."

"What! Silence thy ignorant tongue! Charming music this 'Rosamunde' score may be; but how darest thou compare it with immortal Divine Mozart? Know you not that Herr Beethoven himself falls short of such glory?" And the music lover who had rashly passed his own opinion was presumably crushed by the heavy hand of hero worship and tradition.

Theory or Instinct.

Musical theorists can cover sheets in explaining exactly what constitutes good melodies. Very well; but do these gentlemen judge by theory or instinct, and have they any of the latter in wholesome form?

Theory should never muzzle instinct, but it has a bad record for so doing. The great masters were up against it. Beethoven fought it grimly with deaf ears. Wagner was nearly stifled by it in his early days. Worst of all, the ordinary unsophisticated music-lover may succumb to its dictums against his personal pleasures.

We are none of us ever likely to become sincere music-lovers until we give fearless rein to our likes and dislikes, and not care a hang about what we ought or ought not to like. Those who cherish the ideals of musical art need not worry that fearless statements of taste would set loose a flood of opinion saying that "Show Boat" is better than "The Mastersingers" or that "The Lost Chord" is finer than "I know that my Redeemer Liveth."

Honest Opinions.

What we need is honest opinion on musical matters. It is better to find one man who really enjoys the shallow prettiness of "The Belle of New York" than a dozen who prattle about the fine passion of "Tristan and Isolda," because they think it right to do so.

A lady once told me that while she adored the sweetness of Chopin she could not tolerate the preaching of Beethoven. This sounded awful to my ears, but I told her that probably in time she would come to understand the inner grandeur of Beethoven. She replied very nicely that perhaps I would one day come to a love for the poetry of Chopin.

I was sure that she only liked the sentimentality of Chopin, and she was equally certain that I merely worshipped the jumboism of Beethoven.

It is possible to like Beethoven and Chopin, just as it is to like Schubert and "Show Boat." But here one is up against a mountain of prejudice. Down come all the Schubert admirers and say that one cannot like both him and such things as "Show Boat."

As an independent Englishman I object to being told anything of the sort; but in high-falutin topics like music, it is hard to find many independent Englishmen.

The fear of ridicule is a beastly nuisance. Because of it one can never find out directly just what a person does like. The desire for appearing wise and cultured and educated carries the nuisance farther.

I have listened to a glorious performance of the mystic, sacred music-drama "Parsifal." Near me were some young people who were obvious followers of the Wagner cult. The interval after the first act left them not in wrapt wonder at the beauty of the music, but engrossed in conversation about Mme Somebody's wonderful singing in an entirely different work. These were just the type of people who would have dubbed me an artistic ignoramus for enjoying "Show Boat."

"A General Confession."

FAR too many ordinary music-lovers inflict tortures upon themselves in the interests of imagined righteousness. One can imagine their ceaseless fear of having to recite a general confession: "We have not liked that music which we ought to have liked, and we have liked that music which we ought not to have liked. And there is no true art in us." True art be bothered! A better confession would be: "We have liked that music which it is said we should like, and we have not liked that music which our instincts tell us we should have liked. And there is much humbug in us."

Music is a widely embracing art. It is merely snobbish to say that it is not present in "Show Boat" as well as in Schubert. Musical theorists

Jerome Kern.

may successfully show us that the one is manufactured where the other is spontaneous. Well, what of it?

"Show Boat" is at least more honest than "Lilac Time." The latter poses as Schubert, when it is nothing more than a scrap-book of the master's tunes woven into a nonsensical patchwork quilt. Note that this is only a personal opinion. If any reader enjoyed the melodies or even the story of "Lilac Time," then let him cherish his memories.

Callous Superiority.

I REMEMBER being at a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried." A young girl, new to the joys of music, went into ecstasies over the final love duet between Siegfried and the awakened Brünnhilde. A callously superior male companion explained to her that the parts had been badly sung. The girl was crushed. Her pleasure was spoilt. She knew that she was inexperienced in music. Great Heavens! That girl had been thrilled by the very soul of the drama. She had been thinking not of the singers, but of the newly-born love of Siegfried and Brünnhilde, as Wagner intended that she should.

I was more snobbish then, but the thought of it now makes me wonder how I kept my hands off her young man companion. I wish that I could have waited for him during the next opera in the "Ring of the Nibelungs" cycle, and at the end hurled him into the inferno of burning Valhalla.

The common-sense course for the plain music-lover, therefore, is for him to enjoy as much music as he can. It doesn't matter what other people say he should like. Few music lovers have a genuine love for Wagner in their early stages of appreciation. If they go on listening to all kinds of music, they come to know the best.

On the other hand, the merely professed lovers of music begin with an imagined liking for Wagner and never progress much farther. Their music-loving life becomes a continuous pretence. They imagine music in Schubert because it is said to be there. They cannot imagine the possibilities of music in "Show Boat" because it is not the proper place in which to seek music.

The plain music-lover who is guided by his tastes and not by musical theorists has a tremendous chance of becoming a real connoisseur; but it is tremendous and, perhaps, unforgivable heresy to say as much.

RADIO REFLECTIONS

From Croydon to Moscow

THE LAST OF THE PROMS

THE other night after dinner, I was having my usual hour round the stations, but somehow I was not in the right mood. I felt I wanted something different, something out of the ordinary, yet entertaining. I am sure there are many who have, at one time or another, experienced that desire for something different. I would suggest to them the three following alternatives, all of which, in their particular way, are interesting.

Late in the evening, after the bigger stations have closed down, if you tune in to 900 m., it is quite possible that you will pick up transmissions from Croydon. This is both interesting and educational, for conversations can be heard in two languages. For example, the operator from Croydon may discuss the whereabouts of a passenger or mail plane with Le Bourget, which of course is usually in French. The only disappointment experienced in listening in to Croydon is that in many cases the planes reply on a wave-length below the one on which you are listening, and therefore you can hear only one side of the conversation. But it is worth it. Just let your imagination run, and you will be able to visualise a plane forcing its way through storms and clouds. In my opinion it is, at least, something different.

Sleepy Sunday.

I am usually bored with Sunday mornings, and have, on several occasions, listened in to some of the amateurs. They usually broadcast on quite low wave-lengths, roughly between, say, 385 and 450 metres, and if you are keen on the technical side of wireless, you may often be able to pick up some of the conversations going on between these amateurs, and hear very excellent discussions on wireless subjects, also experimental broadcasting of music. The best time to pick up any of these amateur stations is between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., during which time there are very few stations broadcasting, and you will probably receive uninterrupted reception.

A model 53 Marconiphone Portable Receiver. An excellent set for the man with the average income.

There is one more suggestion I would like to make and that is, try to get Moscow during the week. Sometimes during their evening performance they switch over and broadcast meetings of the "Third Internationale," and over the ether one hears wild impassioned speeches delivered by wonderful exponents of this fiery language. Here, again, is something not in the life of the everyday listener.

During the last few weeks I have enjoyed several delightful concerts which have been relayed from Queen's Hall, and the other night I paid a visit to a friend of mine who has recently bought one of the Marconiphone moving coil loud speakers, and listened in to one of their concerts. The low pedal notes of the organ were there, the boom of the drum, and all blended perfectly with the high pitch of the piccolo and the sweet strains of the violins.

This particular type of loud speaker is built to work off either A.C. or D.C. mains.

This leads me on to batteries. These are fast becoming obsolete, and in the future the man with the average pocket will be able to purchase a set which works off the house current. This will eliminate the tiresome necessity of having batteries recharged, and I am sure it is something that all wireless enthusiasts will welcome.

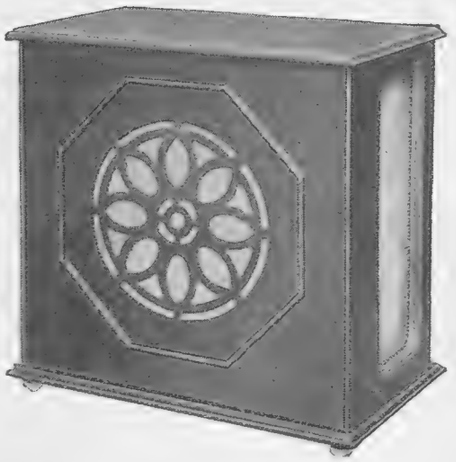
Travelling Music.

I think it is necessary to say a few words on portable receiving sets, because during the last few months some excellent models have appeared on the market. For quite a moderate sum a set can be bought which will include in its repertoire many of the foreign stations, and will give the listener as much pleasure as many of the bigger and more expensive sets.

These portable sets are very economical to run, and are in most cases equipped with batteries which will run for a very considerable length of time without being replaced. The portable seems to me the popular set of the future. In many homes it will replace the present set which is equipped with its separate loud speaker. For river trips, picnic parties, motoring, and the dance at your friend's house, it is ideal. These portable sets may be seen at the forthcoming wireless exhibition in Manchester. This exhibition will provide an opportunity for wireless "fans" in the Manchester district to see some of the wireless developments of 1928. Exhibits include baby sets for the baby, super sets for the wealthy man, and sets that can be put together on the Meccano principle, which will appeal to the schoolboy. There is something for everyone—everything for someone.

Try This.

Finally, I would like to say a few words to the man who is never satisfied with his set. Some listeners are never content to listen to one station for more than a few minutes, and are always endeavouring to switch from one programme to another. The way to enjoy wireless is this. Have a good dinner, sit back in your chair, light your pipe, and tune in to the station which gives you the best reception. Let the announcer, the artistes, and your set do their best. Give them a chance and you will probably enjoy your evenings much better.



This is the Marconiphone moving coil loud speaker referred to in the article.

Your set is not really so bad—it is probably the way it is used which causes you to grumble and find fault. Remember, a wireless set is like a human being, inasmuch as it is sensitive. So sensitive, in fact, that at times it wails and cries because you don't treat it properly. That's all. P.

Mr. Kalisch Listens In.

IT was probably the consciousness of the fact that they might be listening to the Queen's Hall Orchestra for the last time that gave an extra warmth to the usual demonstration which attends the last night of the Promenade season. Having heard the earlier part of the concert in Queen's Hall, I listened in to the second half. Of course, everything was encored.

What struck me most from the musical point of view during the second half of the concert was the exquisite singing of Miss Elsie Suddaby. When I heard her for the first time at the Leeds Festival three years ago, when she was practically a beginner, it seemed hardly possible that she should attain the height that she has reached. The cheering and clapping, and the singing of "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King" by the audience were most impressive. At the end, the calls for Sir Henry went on for a good five minutes, and were still going on, when the voice of an announcer curtly said:

"The promenade concert season of 1928 is now over."

Another interesting experience of the wireless which I have had was listening in to the guitar recital by Segovia. The reception was remarkable, and the musicality of his playing was even more striking than when one sees him in the flesh. At a concert it is almost inevitable that the eye, which associates a guitar with aimless tinklings, should help to prejudice the ear. When we hear the disembodied sound, it speaks for itself; and this reminds me that he is giving a concert this afternoon. A.K.

Mr. Beare will resume his Contributions next week.

THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS

for the

ENCOURAGEMENT OF TRUE POETRY.

Nowadays it is a little the fashion to scoff at Poetry. Yet Poetry actually is the soul of a people.

It is my belief that the stream of British poetry has run clear and undefiled from Chaucer down to the present day.

Firm in this belief, I offer the following three prizes of one hundred guineas each to the poets of the Empire :—

(1) For the finest poem embodying the Spirit of our Empire, one hundred guineas.

(2) For the best story told in verse, one hundred guineas.

(3) For the best lyric, one hundred guineas.

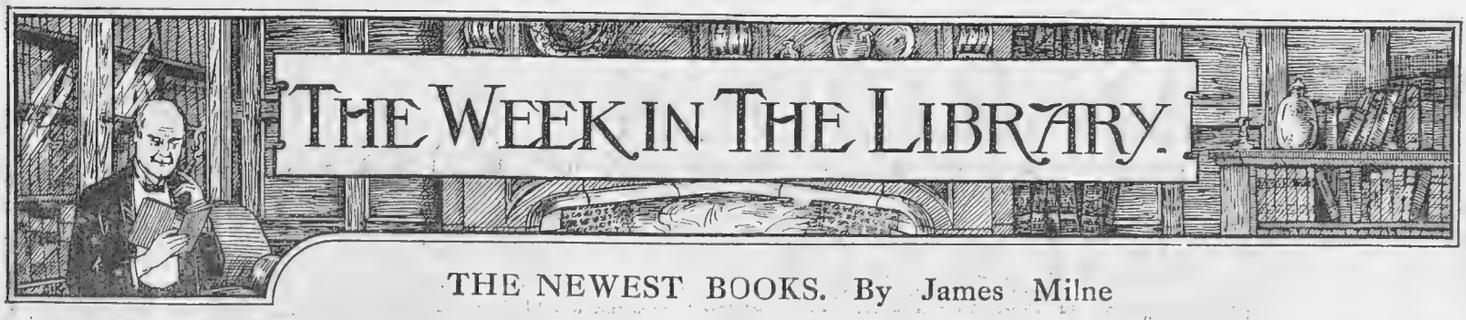
This Competition will remain open for six months from October 19th. Closing date, April 19th, 1929.

All poems must be in typescript, and must be addressed to the Editor of BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, marked "Poetry."

No correspondence with regard to this Competition will be answered, and my own judgment as to the merit of the various poems will be absolutely final.

Pending consideration by me, no MS. sent in for this Competition must be printed in any other paper.

Edward Grey



THE NEWEST BOOKS. By James Milne

IT is the news of books that people want nowadays, what's happening in the London literary world, as well as what's thought in the library. Everybody reads something, somehow, and the instinct is to regard a book as a page of life, which, indeed, it should be. The cry, therefore, is not so much "Tell me a novel to get," as "Tell me what it's about and I'll tell you if I want to get it." Young people, unconsciously perhaps, dramatise their reading, for they read in pictures as Jack London once said to me, he wrote in pictures. The "pictures" themselves, meaning the cinema, are an influence this way, and it is showing itself even among "good readers," as a London bookseller would call his best customers.

Lord Curzon's Disappointment.

Perhaps you would like an instance of what is meant from two books of the hour, the *Memories and Reflections* of Lord Oxford and the *Life of Lord Curzon*. Lord Oxford's modest, even story has been widely read for what it records, and it is a definite contribution to current history. But there has been no "rise" to it as there has been to the third volume of Lord Ronaldshay's *Curzon*, with its revelation of a shining career going out in bitter disappointment. Here was tragedy, and tragedy is ever the greatest drama, and the tears of the Marquis Curzon made him human at the end. The modern reader, high-brow or low-brow, likes naturalness, reality, the personal note, and he has a short way with many words of palaver if they cumber the path.

Hands Off Our Heroes.

On the other hand, he is not without reverence, for, happily, that is an innate, enduring characteristic of the English character. He does not like his literary gods interfered with, roughly, anyhow, does not care to have liberties taken with them, as happened the other day in a novel around Charles Dickens. It had its "boom," of course, as a result of the controversy, but it is the book of the merry heart which goes all the day and all the way in the London bookshops.

Mr. Laurence Housman's *Duke of Flamborough* was at a disadvantage when the old Duke of Cambridge was seen to be the hero. This was especially marked with the wealthy readers of Mayfair and Belgravia, either because they remain quite royalist or because they are "snobby," and it does not matter which.

Popular Christopher Robin.

The average English reader is a curiously simple, straightforward person who dislikes any sort of nigger in whatever literary fence he may be taking. He loves an open, clear country, and wishes from the start of his journey to know who is conducting him. Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, charming narrative as it is, would probably have done better if he had put his name on the title page instead of letting it emerge later.

One great reason for the success of Mr. A. A. Milne's Christopher Robin books is that they take the dear English public into their confidence and into a beautiful family life. Every mother has her own Christopher Robin, so has every father, though, English-like, he would hate to say it, and the rest is human nature.

Of course, *The House at Pooh Corner*, launched by the Methuens a few days ago, will be the absolute "best seller" of the London winter publishing season. It has not the freshness of its forerunners, especially *When We Were Very Young*, but it has their fame behind it, and it is good enough, I was going to say, to go on with, only, unhappily, it closes the series. Well, it does so with a first edition of 75,000 copies, and that speaks for the place which Christopher Robin, Winnie-the-Pooh, and now a Strange and Bouncy Tigger have taken in the hearts of the English people. No doubt "A. A. M." is sorry to part with them all, but he likes fresh literary adventures, and, moreover, Christopher Robin has grown to school age, and will keep growing older, as Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* did a generation ago.

I Think You Will Enjoy:

Collected Poems. By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker. 21s.)

The Making of Literature. By R. A. Scott-James. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

Life of Alcibiades. By E. F. Benson. (Benn. 12s. 6d.)

Respectability. By Behun Lynch. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

European Skyways. By Lowell Thomas. (Heinemann. 15s.)

The Empire in the New Era. By Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P. (Edward Arnold. 15s.)

A Book of Broadsheets. By Geoffrey Dawson. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

The Green Man. By Robert Lynd. (Methuen. 5s.)

Montrose. By John Buchan. (Macmillan. 21s.)

Trollope. By Michael Sadleir. (Constable. 42s.)

My War Memoirs. By Dr. Benes. (Allen & Unwin. 21s.)

Pin Dust. By Margery Maitland Davidson. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

Immortal "Peter Pan."

One gift book of the season there is which may compete with *The House at Pooh Corner* as a "best seller," though it cannot hope to rival it. This is Sir James Barrie's play, *Peter Pan*, a boy who wouldn't grow up, for, familiar as it is on the stage, it appears for the first time as a volume, with Hodder and Stoughton. We have all read *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*, but Peter in the play is another affair, although he is the same wonderful child.

"Best sellers" unborn, as yet, but sure in the womb of the near future, we shall have in Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth*, and in Mr. Winston Churchill's *Aftermath*. Both those writers have colour and drama, as remember one's *Queen Victoria*, which began the new "warts and all" model of English biography, and the other's *World Crisis*, to which *Aftermath* is a reflective sequel.

Some "Best-Sellers."

Easily the novel of the autumn has been Mr. John Galsworthy's *Swan Song* of his famous Forsyte Saga. It succeeded, with the critics, the moment it appeared, as a strong, yet delicate, wind-up to a work which is imposing in modern English fiction. Equally it succeeded with the public as a novel braided with traditional English character, in Soames, and lit with the modern woman in Fleur.

English, too, in every way is the *Old Pybus* of Dr. Warwick Deeping, and that helped its off-go in an edition of 50,000 copies. Probably, by Christmas, it may have outsold *Swan Song*, because it is a novel which goes to the heart of the mass of readers, like Dr. Deeping's *Sorrell and Son*. Then, maybe, the third best selling novel of this autumn is Captain Wren's *Beau Ideal*, ending his trilogy of French Foreign Legion stories, though always there is Mr. Edgar Wallace to reckon with.

At Great Length.

There has been a fashion in very long novels making more than one volume, and it has been patronised by Mr. Maurice Baring, Mr. Brett Young and other leading writers. It is dying down again, because it represents the foible of a writer rather than the need of the reader, and is aristocratic, rather than democratic, as books should be. But it recalls the time at which the coming instalment of Thomas Hardy's biography ends; the year 1891, when *Tess* appeared in three volumes, then the "only certain passage to the Islands of the Blest." It and *Jude* closed his work as a great novelist, and his just published *Winter Words* of verse closes the work of Hardy the poet, a part in which, as his friends knew, he preferred himself. It would, therefore, gratify him that *Winter Words* is being widely read in all circles of the community. Even the "licensed tasters," as in a phrase of needless sensitiveness he calls reviewers, would have pleased him this time.

Memoirs and Diaries.

Always there is a crop of memoirs and diaries, holding material on which Mr. Guedalla, or some other memoirist having wit and insight, may base more personal books.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, for example, the son of Nathaniel of *The Scarlet Letter*, when he says of Whistler, in a book published by Murray, that: "He carried the suggestion of a matador in the Spanish bull-ring, though he didn't wear trunks and silk stockings."

Or Philip Von Neumann, the Austrian diarist, edited by Mr. Beresford Chancellor, for Philip Allan, when he tells us that Byron's Countess Guiccioli "did not come up to expectations":—

> Blonde, verging a little towards red, grey eyes without expression, ugly hands and feet, long in the body and short in the leg, but a very white skin and a beautiful bust, which she does not attempt to conceal; a common, affected manner, regarding herself as a heroine and the companion in Byron's glory, of which she is merely the sepulchre.

You see there's news in books, as well as news of books, for that might be a cruel paragraph in the social columns of some London Sunday paper.

WOMAN-RIDDEN ENGLAND

They dress alike, they talk alike.

EVER more frequently embittered men lament that England is no longer a free country. One regrets, but they should have thought of it sooner—about a hundred years sooner. Ever since, during the first half of last century, virtue (in the guise of woman) started in to control nature (in the guise of man), "freedom," as men mean it—that is to say, freedom of the masculine spirit—has been slowly bullied out of existence.

Evangelical parsons bought this poor Freedom a collar; democratic reformers put her on the lead; under the crinolines of the blameless mid-Victorians she breathed with difficulty; the shouts of the Imperialists all but deafened her. Consequently, when the war came, when those who might have defended her were busy defending other things, and every restrictive instinct in the bureaucratic breast was given diplomatic immunity, the miserable enfeebled creature gave in without a struggle and is only now beginning to get about again, if you call it "getting about"; for nowadays, maybe, her lot is the most pitiful of all.

The recreation of a working, fighting world.

With powdered face and skirts above her knees she is trotting around as a symbol of female emancipation; and the world may well marvel to behold our English Liberty—at one time a beacon fire upon the hill of masculine endeavour—now but a coy pink-shaded glimmer lighting the tea-room of a woman's club.

A Public Institution.

AND this final tragedy is the more futile for having been, as it were, imposed on the personalities of women themselves by one of those theoretical obsessions which from time to time seize upon an epoch and make unwanted history.

Like so many of our loveliest country houses, woman has ceased to be a dignified individual property, and has become a public institution. The transformation was not, as with the country houses, due to economic causes, so much as an inevitable feature of a card-index age. Papers, politics, and human beings alike must be tabbed and docketed if they are to be comprehensible to the so-called "business mind."

Everything, in fact, is now generic; nothing specific; and women have gone the way of other tropicalities and sunk their personalities in a phrase. Those who set the tone of this enlightened epoch—drapers, advertising men and journalists—treat women with a sentimentality at once patronising and servile, which one would have thought intolerable. And to women of true quality—I had almost written "to real women"—it is intolerable, so that they suffer more than any man can do from the perpetual degradation to which their sex and aspirations are subjected.

But these women are only a minority, and where ten shrink in embarrassment from the vulgar exploitation of their kind, a hundred see their opportunity for shrill and profitable self-assertion, and grasp it eagerly. Joyously they further the good work of cliché and category. Readily they submit to the flattering of their minds and chests into a dead level of aggressive uniformity. They dress alike; they talk alike; they have the same amusements, the same complaints; and, most serious of all, they are unanimous in wanting the best of both worlds—and getting it.

Having Things Both Ways.

THE most flagrant example of the determination to have things both ways is, of course, the exploitation of physical attraction. Women have always been alive to the power of feminine beauty to bemuse men and to enslave them; and while convention insisted that this weapon be used sparingly and with the discreet ingenuity proper to the privacy of sex-traffic, the world was the more thrilling for its occasional employment.

But now a girl can walk the streets advertising those very intimacies which once were the reward of skilful siege, and (this is the crime) with no more intention of surrendering them than in the days of whalebone and of crinoline. The promissory notes are common as were German paper-marks before stabilisation, and no more easily redeemed.

Women have always symbolised the recreation of a working, fighting world. But whereas formerly they were pipers who, being paid, played such a tune as their employer called, now they must still be paid, but claim to choose the tunes themselves. For which agreeable state of affairs we may in large measure thank America.

Before the war the cities of the United States were the dullest, the most expensive and most vulgar cities in the world, because in them women not only symbolised leisure but governed it. Now that women are aspiring to rule English leisure also the cities of England—and particularly London—are becoming as dull as America, as expensive and even more vulgar, because, being less wealthy the gilt is a little thinner on the gingerbread and the illusion of civilisation less complete.

In the race for Americanism women have got off the mark with admirable promptitude. Already it is becoming an understood thing that men should toil to get money for their idle womenfolk to spend. Already the middle-class wife is tending to regard her board and lodging as the minimum tribute to her entrancing personality. Soon she will frankly despise the idea held by her mother and grandmother that marriage has its duties for the housewife as well as for the breadwinner.

Enough for him that she has consented to adorn his house with her presence; and should a lack of domestic help involve her in some of the troublesome duties implicit in the management of a home, he is expected to say a daily "thank you" for what his grandfather regarded—and rightly—as only a fair and natural fulfilment of a marriage bargain.

Lust for Excitement.

NOR is this all. As in America, so here there is growing up a custom of regarding books, conversation and all the adornments of mental life as primarily women's specialities. In consequence, civilisation (the word is used in its true sense to mean culture and intelligence, not on the debased modern sense of mechanical invention or financial ingenuity) is becoming a feminine civilisation, and no less pretentious and flaccid than feminine civilisation has always been.

The pseudo-luxury of to-day, the papier-maché smartness of dance-hall, cinema and

Ineffable boredom of so-called "cabarets."

By Michael Sadleir

restaurant, the costliness, silliness and ineffable boredom of so-called "cabarets," are direct results of feminine lust for excitement and feminine inability to distinguish between matter and manner. And from the latter cause springs also the "gentility" of modern English life.

The costume served admirably.

No man-ruled race wanting to say on a tram placard "Padded Seats on Each Deck" would sink to the bestial refinement of the L.C.C. and announce "Pullman Comfort in Both Saloons." Democracy has always meant snobbery, and the new feminine democracy is insisting that snobbery become genteel.

England is now embarked on at least a century of Americanised euphemism and a vocabulary either grandiloquent or arch. There are, I may add, some ninety-two more years of that century to run.

Compulsory Refinement.

IT is a pity one cannot be really outspoken on this subject of female domination. But if one could it would mean that the domination had disappeared; for one essential aspect of gentility is the suppression of frankness alike in word and deed.

It has already been said that when virtue during the eighteen-twenties first asserted herself against natural man, she was in the guise of woman. The costume served admirably until the victory had been won; but it was then found desirable (and in view of the idiocy of the average male where women are concerned, a matter of no difficulty) to enslave masculine substitutes for the noble task of making refinement compulsory.

For a very excellent reason. Feminine repression, though it is usually exercised on men, is really aimed at other women. In consequence other individual women must be depictable as mean, false, wanton, or greedy, while feminity as an abstract concept must be free to remain the pure and glittering apex of a virtuous race.

Now clearly a killjoy cannot at the same time be a wanton, nor a designing fortune-hunter a ministering angel. Wherefore men were enlisted to apply the necessary discipline,

> *But now a girl can walk the streets advertising those very intimacies which once were the reward of skilful siege, and (this is the crime) with no more intention of surrendering them than in the days of whalebone and crinoline.*

while beauteous womanhood continued to point the traditional road to moral happiness, luring the male animal by her loveliness, elevating his coarse nature by her shining example.

The simple scheme has worked miraculously. A young woman can sit at ease in a Tube and cause the most acute embarrassment to every man on the opposite seat; she is asserting the principle of feminine emancipation.

But if by chance she finds herself alone with a man who proves sufficiently brazen not to be embarrassed, he will, as likely as not, be given in charge, and the other men who arrest, accuse and punish him, instead of taking his side, as they would have done a century ago, and telling the wench to go home and dress

The "Sports Girl" sends an Editor into ecstasies.

A young woman can sit at ease in a tube.

herself properly, will pull long faces over the decay of public manners and declare that this sort of thing has got to be stamped out. Thus is life made safe and sweet for English girlhood.

Feminine Publicity.

OF the male minions of female tyranny none are more servile than the controllers and editors of the popular Press. To begin with, they give the greatest possible publicity to every feminine exploit. When a young woman is brought across the Atlantic in an aeroplane by two men, *she* gets all the bouquets and the shouting, despite the fact that by her own admission she did nothing but "a good deal of thinking."

Then the "sports girl," in any one of her various and revolting incarnations, can send an editor into ecstasies. Why the "bathing belle" (*alias* "river girl," *alias* "sea-nymph") is such a Fleet Street favourite I confess I cannot understand, for she is usually deficient in physique and over-provided with teeth. But there is clearly a "something" about her which gives her entrée to every picture page, and, as the picture-page public is ninety per cent. a public of women, I can only conclude that women enjoy seeing each other in bathing suits.

The Best Thing Ever.

READING this through I am seized with a fear that people will think me a misogynist. Nothing could be further from the truth.

At the shrine of "the new womanhood" I decline to worship; to the doctrine that the modern girl is something quite other than the girls of earlier days—more candid, more courageous, more intelligent and a better shape—I refuse to subscribe.

But real women—women as individuals—remain what they have always been—the best thing ever. Not as mentors, of course; or "good pals"; or untarnished whitenesses on pedestals, but as—well, as women. A pity (as I said before) that one cannot be really outspoken. . . .

"Four Square": Aimée Semple McPherson.

THE LIGHT *of the* WORLD

THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE

By Commissioner DAVID C. LAMB

THE perplexities and problems of life are probably more numerous and more varied and harder of solution to-day than they have ever been; and I dare say there never was a greater number of earnest men and women striving to do what they believe to be right. What is Christ's message to them? We know that it has not changed with changing times, that however complicated the circumstances of life may become that remains unaltered. But we have to consider how it impresses people and what is their reaction to it and what are its implications for them. Is His yoke easy? Is His burden light? Or do we rather hear Him say, "Thou knewest that I was a hard taskmaster"?

In my own experience I have found a deep realisation of both these extremes. We do not and need not try to reconcile them. We must be satisfied to let the paradox stand; and, after all, if we understand the meaning of words, the basis of our faith is a paradox. We do not try to explain these seeming contradictions; they are the accompaniments and complements of each other.

Commissioner David C. Lamb.

Problems of Old.

Which of the great Biblical figures was not perplexed in his day? Job, Solomon, David; consider what strivings, what cogitations, what perplexities are recorded in all that we have of what has been written of them. Men to-day are as confused in their hearts and minds as they were. "There is nothing new under the sun,"—nothing, until Christ comes into a man's life. His entry may be announced in a "still, small voice," or it may be like "dew upon the tender herb," or it may be proclaimed in the "voice like thunder," or "a rushing mighty wind."

But, whatever form it may take, the man himself will find that, whereas hitherto he was distracted by problems as old as the hills, he is conscious now that "new every morning is the love 'His' wakening and uprising prove." And at the same time he will realise that the Master's instruction is clear, simple, unequivocal complete, and applicable at all times—"therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." There is the answer to all the vague questioning, to all the problems. This is the law and the prophets, that is the entire structure and substance of divinely approved spiritual and moral conduct reduced to its most elementary form. What shall I do—what ought I to do? Do this,—this is the law and the prophets, the complete and inclusive code of behaviour.

And how? By letting it inspire the essential, commonplace, and important actions of every day in work and play. There need be in general no foolish excess of sentiment nor of severity.

Personal Service.

Let us consider for a moment the work of the Boards of Guardians of the Poor. Even if they are to be superseded, the problems with which they are daily confronted will remain, and it might be well that the new authority should pause to consider what their attitude to the poor is to be. Are there to be added comforts to the workhouse and to the infirmary? Are scales of relief to be modified or increased? Is there to be a rigid application of such scales? What about the tramps? What about work tests? How is the milk of human kindness to be introduced? Scales, rules, regulations, and organisation there must be. Nevertheless, methinks, nothing can take the place of personal service.

We shall not need even public diplomacy when citizens and, therefore, States are inspired by this idea. The yoke will be sometimes easy, the task sometimes hard; but the rule will not fail if its application is persevered with, and men and women are determined not to be side-tracked from their determination to use it. The Kingdom of God is not the conversion of surrounding nations. "The Kingdom of God is within you," there in the heart of man its struggle is to be maintained, its victory won.

And consider the corollary: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself—this do and thou shalt live." Everybody is very anxious to live, to live, that is to say, with a meaning outside and above the idea of mere existence and continuity. No doubt the "thou shalt live" here means enjoy eternal life. But let us consider the promise for a moment from the point of view of a temporal application. Everybody wants to live here on this earth, that is live his life to the full.

Up to a point we are able to select the type of life that we will have here, always remembering that we ought to make that choice in the light of the Golden Rule—by living in such and such a way, how are we going to affect other people? Our actions, speech and ambitions are our life, and every one of them has its reaction on those around us. We can indulge ourselves or we can serve. Incidentally we can work to help others to escape an enforced idleness. There is no work, no occupation to compare with this the joy, the satisfaction of a life in which the chief concern is the welfare of others. In thus losing his life the disciple knows that he will find it and that he will find it full.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT
will be occupied next week by
The Rt. Rev. Bishop Welldon.

The Good Samaritan

This, the Christian life, is possible to-day through the life and the example of Christ, his Passion, Death and Resurrection. His Second Coming (to our hearts) makes it gloriously possible. The past is blotted out, forgiven, and thereafter is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, making the rest simple, assuring the achievement of what we have called the highest standard of conduct.

There was a "certain" man; we remember the parable. He fell among thieves. Who was he? It doesn't matter. The difficult roads of life are infested by the thieves of circumstance among which all sorts of people fall. They are all social prototypes of a "certain" man. And in the original story we find the Samaritan doing what he had probably done before. He wasn't stopped by cant or bigotry or laziness. The experience that he had that day was one of many experiences that had enlarged his outlook as the cultivation of the habit of helping the underdog always must.

What is the outstanding fact of life and development to-day? Man's increasing mastery over the earth. And has this nothing to do with religion? Let an old Master of Balliol—the late Doctor Benjamin Jowett—answer the question:

". . . We who know that the life and health and character of men depend upon their outward circumstances, are we justified in leaving these outward circumstances the same? If another generation grows up in this country like the last, in the same state of poverty and misery and vice and disease and decay, who is responsible for this? Now that we know the causes of these evils and the remedies, are we not all responsible for them? For a certain form of organisation and self-devotion, combined with knowledge and experience, would certainly remove them. A small portion of the energy and industry which is shown in the accumulation of wealth would suffice in a few years to change the moral aspect of this nation."

Life is more than doctrine. Ritual and ceremonial may have a place in the Christian Church, but true worship lies "neither in Jerusalem nor in this mountain . . ." for "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth."

THE TRAVELLER

CONDUCTED BY
A. H. D'EGVILLE

In The Holy Land

EVERYBODY who has visited places like Paris has been pestered by gentlemen who evince a strong desire to lead us to all kinds of peculiar haunts, who offer to show us a number of sights that we can never trace in our Baedeckers, while as we work eastwards through Port Said we find the offers of services become still more pressing and startling.

Advetnures in Morocco.

In Marrakech, in Southern Morocco, a tall, bearded native guide accosted me in a dark alley one night. He spoke in bad French.

"You like see something?"

"All right," I said. I was all alone and at a loose end for something to do.

For fully half an hour I accompained this giant, who was armed with a savage looking "kumuya," or native dagger, in and out a narrow maze of dark streets. Finally we dived down several steps, the number of which was invisible, so that I fell flat on my face.

Here I was invited to watch three native girls waggling themselves round the room while mother banged a drum. Much to her disgust, I left before the performance was over, at a cost of 150 francs, which she said was really very little for such a fine show.

My guide was a little nonplussed.

"You like see something else?"

I gave in weakly, hoping for the best.

Again we threaded our way over half North Africa and dived into another place, up a dark passage, down creaking stairs, across a dimly lighted courtyard, and halted before a low door while the guide went through a number of Morse tappings, when we were admitted by an old hag into a stinking room which smelt of stale hashish, mint-tea and stables.

This was too much.

"Dog!" I said. "Oh, eater of filth and son of pestiferous parents, oh, owner of a distinctly unsavoury odour and possessor of a face like an anæmic monkey, am I come thus far to see naught but these things?

"Take me out into the air and to the square that is called the Jemma-el-Fna, first cousin to a black pig!"

All of which means that the traveller who accepts the services of a chance guide is a tom-fool, and deserves all he gets.

But he is a wise man who, having but a short time to spare, secures, either through a travel agency or through his hotel, the services of a really good guide. For he can save you endless waste of time. He knows the ropes and short cuts and can deal for you as you could never hope to deal for yourself, especially in the East.

Visit Palestine.

WHEN we think of the extraordinary part which the Holy Land has played in the history of the world, when we reflect that every civilised race has been, so to speak, brought up on the Bible, and that some of the earliest impressions made upon our youthful minds—and therefore the most lasting ones—are connected with the Holy Land, we realise at once how attractive a visit to this country must be.

To visit these places, of which we have read and talked all our lives, is one of the most fascinating things in the world, for everyone builds up in his mind some sort of picture of the places that are household words to civilisation—the road from Jericho to Jerusalem, Dan and Beersheba, the plains of Esdraelon, the Mount of Olives, the Mount of the Beatitudes, the Brook of Kedron, and the Sea of Galilee—how well we seem to know them, and yet, what are they really like?

Palestine is usually reached by way of Alexandria or Port Said and over the Suez Canal. The railway is excellent and the country full of interest, first, of course, for its Biblical associations, and second because the train traverses the line of Allenby's approach across the Desert of Sinai to his capture of the Holy City, near which the train climbs up a gorge of exceptional beauty until it reaches Jerusalem at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea.

Famous Landmark.

It is often said that all Eastern towns are alike, and this to a certain extent is true. There are many cities like Algiers and Tunis. Many of the Palestinian towns are very similar, and the same may be said of a large number of Indian cities.

But there is only one Jerusalem. At every turn the traveller is inevitably reminded of the happenings of the Old and New Testaments, which have had their effect on the whole world. Though the city has changed, though new buildings have been erected and old ones demolished in the course of time, though famous landmarks have faded, still the features of the surrounding country are the same. As we stand in the Via Dolorosa, we know that it was somewhere near here that, some 1,900 years ago, Christ walked along bearing His cross towards Calvary. There is the spot where stood the Temple of Solomon, now surmounted by the second finest mosque in the world, the Mosque of Omar; the Pool of Bethsaida; and the Garden of Gethsemene, where Our Lord passed His last few terrible hours of liberty.

And then the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a religious meeting place such as exists nowhere else in the world, for among those who worship at its many shrines and undertake the care of this amazing place are to be found almost every shade of Christian opinion.

Next, not far away, Nazareth and Bethlehem, Bethany and Tiberias, and further still the green-brown Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, where the fishermen, still dressed as in the time of Our Lord, sit mending their nets on those lovely shores where the Saviour once walked and preached.

It is a journey well worth making, and nowadays fraught with no difficulties of any kind. The British, as is their custom, have built first-class roads, the excellence of which is doubly appreciated when the traveller comes to cross over the border into French Syria and head for Beyrouth to catch the homeward steamer.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of BRITANNIA on all matters appertaining to travel within Great Britain and the Empire. All inquiries should be addressed to him

c/o BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London,

accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The Mount of Olives, Jerusalem.

THE WEEK in the SERVICES

Danger Under the Water.
Careers For Your Sons.

By MAJOR LLOYD JONES

The Submarine Menace.

THE reorganisation of the anti-submarine department at the Admiralty as a specialist branch is a recognition of the fact that no country is more vitally interested in the development of submarine warfare than Great Britain. Under-water craft are not going to have it all their own way in the future, and, as a matter of fact, certain methods employed towards the end of the war made the game so dangerous that the enemy found difficulty in obtaining crews.

The modern inventions make the detection of submarines a comparatively simple matter, and, once located, the destruction of an enemy craft becomes practically certain. As usual the defence is catching up with the offence. Most experts agree that the really dangerous attacks in future warfare will come from above rather than from beneath the waves!

Air Troopers.

For some time R.A.F. machines have been used for the evacuation of the sick and casualties, but in Iraq the big Vickers-Napier machines are now being used for the actual transport of troops.

Several hundred fully-equipped riflemen can be moved at the rate of 100 miles per hour in case of emergency. Detached posts are no longer cut off from the world as formerly; reliefs can be brought up by air, even if hostile forces surround the post. Communication is maintained by wireless, so that constant touch may be kept with H.Q. and the outside world. The moral effect is great and gradually makes even the most irreconcilable tribesmen realise the absolute futility of attempting prolonged resistance to a modern power.

The Services as a Career.

Nelson used to say that his officers were the best in the world because they were the worst paid. Wellington deprecated any increase in the pay of army officers because, he said, the best type did not serve for money but from the love of adventure.

Nowadays, however, the services do offer a living wage and compare favourably with other professions for a young man who has his own way to make, and has neither capital nor influence behind him. In pre-war days the trouble was the initial expense. To-day, there is nothing to prevent a young man who enlists in one of the three services from reaching the highest rank without having cost his parents a penny.

Selected non-commissioned officers are sent to Sandhurst and thenceforth have exactly the same opportunities as the cadets who have entered from the public schools. The same applies to the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.

Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson is, perhaps, the best known example of a successful soldier who started his career in the ranks. The opportunities have greatly improved since his day.

The Last Windjammer.

The four-masted barque *Garthpool*, the last ocean-going sailing ship on the British register, is still to sail under the Red Ensign. Built for the jute trade in the 'nineties, she was known as the *Jutcopolis*, and was a crack ship in her day. After various vicissitudes she was utilised for carrying grain from Australia.

In 1925 she made the passage from Callão to Sydney in forty-eight days, but last year took ninety-four days from Adelaide to Liverpool, and completed the voyage by sailing up the Mersey to avoid what her owners considered extortionate tug charges. It was recently rumoured that she was to be purchased by the "Honourable Company of Master Mariners" for the training of apprentices for the Merchant Navy.

The Train Bands.

The march through the city of the Guards with fixed bayonets, on their way to the Tower, reminds me that they are not the only regiment which has earned this privilege. The H.A.C., as the direct descendants of the old "Train Bands," have a similar privilege. The Honourable Artillery Company, or to use its other title "The Guild or Fraternity of Saint George," is probably the oldest armed body in the Kingdom, for it is believed that some of its archers fought at the battle of Crecy.

The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) are also permitted to march through the City with fixed bayonets, bands playing and colours flying. They were originally raised in the time of James II for the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, and were quartered in the Tower to guard the artillery from the sympathisers of the Royal insurgent.

Courts Martial

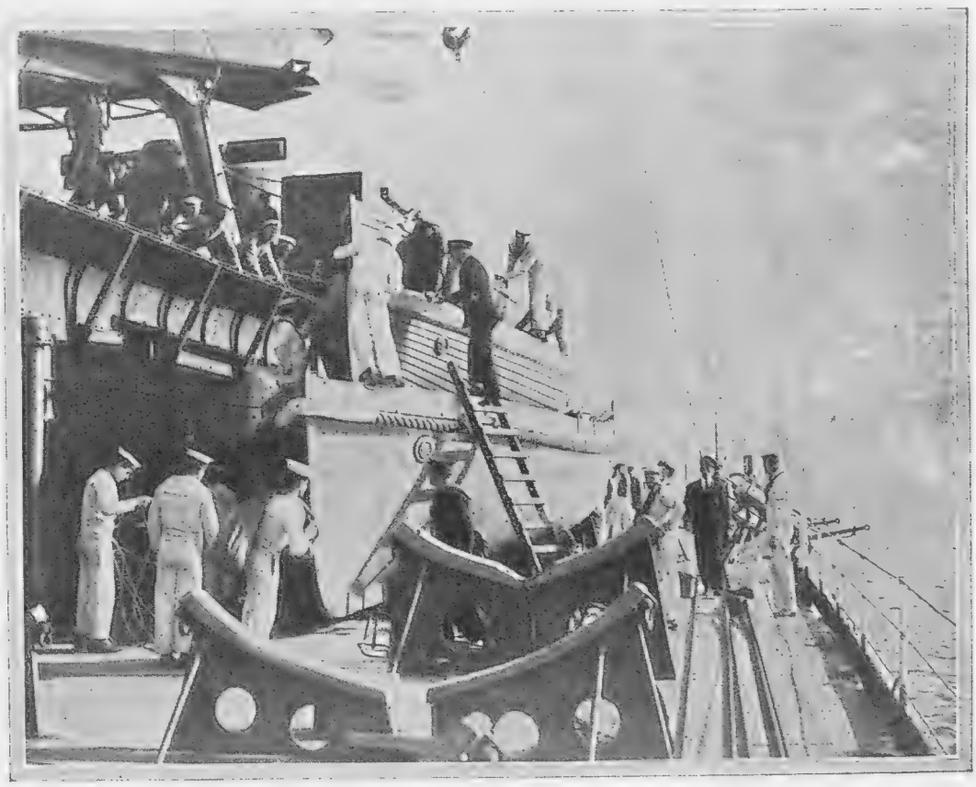
Recent *causes célèbres* have revived public interest in Naval and Military courts martial. The first point to understand is that a naval court martial is really more in the nature of a court of inquiry than a tribunal of correction. In the senior service a court martial automatically follows any serious mishap to one of H.M. ships, though it may be perfectly obvious that no particular individual is to blame. It follows, therefore, that to have been tried by court martial involves no sort of disgrace; indeed not infrequently officers apply for a court martial.

In the Army, on the other hand, it is seldom that anyone is brought to trial before a very careful investigation has taken place. The prisoner, or the accused as he is now called, has every chance, and if it is possible to obtain an acquittal, it is odds against a verdict of guilty. Even if a soldier is convicted, it is by no means uncommon for the proceedings to be quashed by the Judge-Advocate-General on a purely technical point.

On the whole there is little doubt that nowhere does an accused person get a fairer trial than by a British court martial. A high legal authority who was employed by the military authorities during the war summed up his experience of military jurisdiction in the following words: "It may not be law, but it is certainly justice."

An Informative Book.

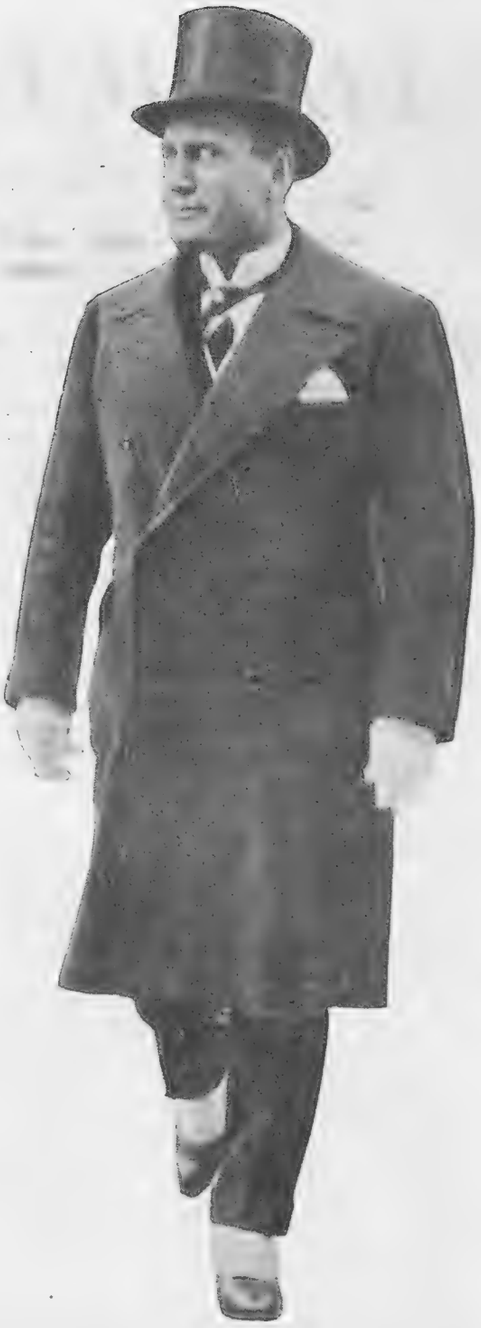
The Murmansk Adventure, by Major-General Sir C. Maynard, explains why we sent an expedition to North Russia in the spring of 1918. The object of the expedition was firstly to create a diversion on the Russian front, thereby holding German divisions which would otherwise have been transferred to take part in Ludendorff's great offensive. This book should dispel much ill-informed criticism of the motives of the Allied General Staff.



With the Atlantic Fleet.

MY LIFE

By Benito Mussolini



After humiliations and changes, Parliament and the political system had revealed itself as an assembly wholly unworthy to control or guide the destinies of the people.

I HAVE little doubt that all inefficient party and parliamentary governments die from the same causes, and with the same typical mannerisms of decay.

I have watched one die and have heard its last wheezing breath.

But these were times which tried the souls of us. We saw before our eyes the dreadful powers of chaos and evil forces which had broken into a gallop, ridiculous and tragic beyond words to those of us who loved our country. Above all, these forces were trivial and insincere.

The political elections of November 16th, 1919, had painted and glossed over Italian political life with a mere veneer. Not one of the weighty problems either of domestic or foreign policy for which a quick solution was needed was even contemplated. It was political chaos, and there was the usual discord of inconsequential prophecy about the new ministerial combination. The Socialists dominated the scene. They continually harassed the Government while it was preoccupied on account of the attitude of the Extreme Left—the Communists. The occasion of the Crown Speech, at the beginning of the twenty-first Legislature, loomed rapidly nearer. For this ceremony there had been some worry on the part of Nitti. He tried to hold the Socialists in check, but they could not help showing their cold hostility to the King, and I was told in advance that they would refuse to be present in the hall during the King's speech.

ON the day of the opening of the Chamber, when the King was solemnly entering the Hall of Parliament the Socialists made a parade of the pinks in their button-holes and went out in groups singing the "Hymn of Workers" and "The Internationale." After them, giving a clumsy show of doubtful political taste, filed the Republicans, the Independents and members of the Left.

The speech of the Crown did not take a firm stand against the subversive forces which were menacing our whole national unity. It avoided the Fiume question—a torch which held out a flame for our national spirit. It even renounced some sovereign prerogatives. It conceded a good share of the Crown patrimony, on behalf of the war veterans, combatants, and wounded, for they were also full of evident signs of restlessness. Furthermore, in a period when foreign policies needed careful handling and the economic crisis was serious indeed, I could see little else but petty shifts and manœuvres in parliamentary cloakrooms and corridors in the same old disgusting struggle to grab places in the Ministry.

During the first three months the Nitti Ministry fell three times in the Chamber. It outlived itself, and then, Phœnix-like, rose again out of its own ashes.

The *Stampa*, an old Piedmont newspaper, liberal in character, began to indict the War. It started an attempt to eulogise the very man who was the breeder and teacher of neutrality—Giovanni Giolitti. The Church, together with the Popular Party, desired to profit from the abnormal situation. The Socialists revealed themselves very badly prepared for their victory. Victory had only set them down in a marsh of trouble; I knew that they could not create equity between the Communists and the Extreme Right. On one side it was the nation; on the other politics—inefficient, empty politics!

Meanwhile Gabriele D'Annunzio, in Fiume, was resisting with his legionnaires the flatteries of political secret agents whom we all knew were pouring into Fiume. He was also resisting the blockade. Fascism was again setting in order its disunited ranks after the electoral defeat of November 16th, 1919, and the light was everywhere dim and the atmosphere murky with selfish, small, cowardly breathings. Nevertheless, we began to see light.

TO reorganise the ranks of Fascism was not impossible because the Fasci di Combattimento—"Militant Fascists"—had learned discipline and enthusiasm. We could stand our shocks from mere electoral vicissitudes. On the other hand strategic leadership began to show itself at Florence, where, in October, 1919, there was held the first international meeting of the Italian Fasci di Combattimento. What a characteristic meeting! The adherents were obliged to defend the liberty of assembling, by gun-play. Florence, a city with traditions of kindness and hospitality, received the Fascists with violent hostility. Ambushes! Provocations! Nevertheless the meeting was held. Our friends were able to control the place. By great energy they broke down resistance and suppressed the unprovoked violences of our opponents.

The meeting at Florence wrote the real problem of Government across the sky. On October 9th, by way of helping that sky writing, I made an unadorned speech. I made a direct appeal to the subversive forces of the Nation.

On the next day, after a sharp-needle-point speech by the poet Marinetti, the Secretary, Pasella, presented a resolution in which the Fasci di Combattimento claimed the right to formulate for Italy a fundamental transformation of the State. It was a clearly defined programme of political convenience and expediency ready to create a social and economic State—absolutely new. That purpose I have interpreted and carried out.

IF the end I now seek is to disclose the paths which have led to the development of the man that I am, then surely it was during this period of training and test, of trial and error, that I found the most significant guide posts.

The programme of the Fasci was approved to a man. Indeed, warning of the Fascist regime to come was disclosed. To the regime's problem, however, was added—and sharp it was—the problem of the syndicate. For that reason, during the afternoon sitting of October 10th, I proposed a resolution which declared "adhesion to the movement of economic deliverance and autonomy of the worker." We sent a greeting "to all those numerous groups of proletarians and employees who were not willing to submit to the leadership of political parties composed and controlled chiefly by little and big mediocrity which was now trying, by impoverishing and mystifying the masses, to gain applause and salaries."

General Diaz, Signor Mussolini and Admiral Reval, pay homage to the Unknown Warrior.

I often wonder if other nations do not feel the same.

I arrived at Florence, from Fiume, where I had gone by airplane. I had had a long, affectionate and definite heart to heart talk with Gabriele D'Annunzio about everything which was needed to be done in Italy. On my journey back the 'plane, on account of the Bora, a violent wind of the Upper Adriatic, was obliged to make a forced landing on the Aviation field at Aiello, in the Province of Udine. Chafing under the delay, I continued my journey to Florence by train, where I arrived in time to preside at the meeting, and to take what may be called a lively part in our resistance against the violence of our opponents. Inwardly I was very worried, depressed, and the most harried of all present.

BUT in the eyes of the crowd I was a patriot, a preacher of resistance, one who succeeded through the violent articles written from day to day in the *Popolo d'Italia* in beginning the smashing of Bolshevism. The meeting ended in Fascist style; we swore to see each other again, we promised ourselves victory at any price.

I left Florence by motor car, to go to Romagna. The machine was driven by Guido Pancani, well known in Florence as a War volunteer and airplane pilot. He was also a great athlete. In the same machine there were also the brother-in-law of Pancani, Gastone Galvani, and Leandro Arpinati, of the railway workshops of Bologna, now all of them well known in the political clubs.

When we came to Faenza, the motor stopped before the Orpheum coffee shop, where I met and greeted some old friends of mine, but further on our way the motor car, driven at full speed, crashed into a railway crossing with closed gates. Under our terrible impact the first iron railing was broken to pieces and my car was hurled over the rails, on to the second barrier. We were all, with the exception of the driver, Pancani, flung yards away, like little toy men. I picked myself up unhurt, and with Arpinati, who had been lightly bruised, went shouting for help for our two friends who were groaning in agony. People arrived, the injured men were laid down in our car which, eventually dragged by oxen, conveyed the two wounded to the hospital of Faenza. I helped the doctors fix up my two wounded friends and I did what I could to comfort them.

FINALLY I left—again by train—for Bologna. The incident might have had greater consequences, but fortune assisted me; I felt that the hatred of our adversaries had been my talisman.

Already I have told how, after the electoral defeat of November 16, 1919, some of my friends were terrified and how others asserted how useless it was to go against the stream. They said—for there are always minds of this type—that it were better to come to an agreement with the opposition, which in those days held all strategic political positions and dominated the Parliament. Compromise, negotiation and agreements were offered me.

I rejected flatly any agreements whatever. I had no intention whatsoever of even compromising with those who had repudiated our Italy in war and now were betraying her in peace. Not many understood me—even those close to me. Two of my editors on the *Popolo d'Italia*, my newspaper, asked permission to leave. They made feeble excuses. They even accused me of having helped myself, during the electoral fight, to funds gathered by the *Popolo d'Italia* in the cause of Fiume. So—bitter experience—I was obliged to defend myself from those who had been my friends.

I TOOK my case up before the Convention of the Lombardian journalists, demanding opportunity to hear and be heard. My justification was ample and precise. The board was forced by the facts to do me justice. And afterward, without waiting for the hour of my triumphs, the self-same slanderers of mine, it is fair to say, made honourable amends for their errors.

But meanwhile, taking advantage of this episode, I was the target for the furious wrath of the Socialists and of the members of the Popular Party, led by the priests. Ferrets were sent to smell into my life! Soldiers and police were bribed! Secret inquiries were made into my everyday routine, into all my acts, all my beliefs! The deluded, the rejected, the unmindful—all those whom I had attacked in speeches and in articles gathered against me, But they could do nothing. In spite of the length of the investigation, no skeleton was dragged from my cupboard. As for the disposition of the funds for the Fiume campaign and other unworthy calumnies, I published documents in my newspaper which could never be refuted.

The conclusion arrived at then has been, and always will be, the same until I cease to exist; on the field of integrity there is no assault to be made upon me.

MY political work may be valued more or less this way or that, and so people may shout me up or howl me down, but in the moral field it is another matter. Men must live in harmony with the faith by which they are urged on; they must be inspired to the most absolute disinterestedness. True men, in politics, must be animated by a humane and devout sense; they must have a regard, a love, and a deep vision toward their own fellow-creatures.

I believe that these traits above all else have been the stuff and fabric of my strength and of my success.

The beginning of 1920 found Italy engaged with a most difficult international situation. While in Paris the diplomats were talking; the bleeding wound of Dalmatia was still open, and in it was D'Annunzio at Fiume. The Socialists, to be sure, had obtained a boisterous electoral victory, but they proved from day to day more and more incompetent and incapable of maintaining their positions in the Government with dignity. The most temperate were overturned by the extremists and, of course, there was the gorgeous myth of Lenin.

The Italian Liberal Party had resigned all its prerogatives. The Ministry was living

Mussolini addressing a crowd at Perugia.

"Il Duce" with the Chiefs of the Black Shirts.

from day to day, at the mercy of political extortionists, of blackmailers, of all those who wanted special favours. There was turbulence in Parliament and political rows in the streets.

UNDER such conditions it was necessary to struggle, even though sometimes victory seemed very difficult and almost unattainable. I started the year by an article entitled "Let's Navigate." In it I said: "Two religions are to-day contending with each other for sway over the world; the black and the red. From two Vaticans depart to-day encyclical letters; from that of Rome and from that of Moscow. We declare ourselves to be the heretics of these two expressions. We are exempt from contagion. The issue of the battle is of secondary importance to us. The world now has some strange analogy with that of Julian the Apostate. The Galileo with the red hair! Will he be the victor—or will the winner be the Mongol Galileo of the Kremlin? Will all valiant and virile thought be trodden under? These questions weigh upon the uneasy spirits of our contemporaries. But, in the meantime, we must steer our ship! Even against the stream—even against the flow. . . ."

There was little time to spare in order to dwell on these "high-brow" controversies. Events were tumbling over each other in a most turbulent manner. In the January, after a series of harsh discussions, it appeared impossible to avoid a threatened railway strike. Soon after, the general strike of the post and telephone employees broke out, which lasted six days.

It disorganised not only the private interests of citizens, but also the State communications. It cut off the shuttle of thoughts in a moment made even more delicate by the international situation. The *Avanti* (the official newspaper of the Socialist party) of which I had once been editor, wrote on that occasion that the post, telegraph and telephone offices were a luxury of modern times, that the ancient peoples had been great without telegraphic apparatus.

WHO knows whether this gibberish came from a mocking spirit or from the kind of confirmed idiocy with which extremists are afflicted?

The stated cause of the agitations was always economic, but in truth the end was wholly political; the real intention was to strike a blow in the face of the State's authority; against the middle classes and against disciplined order, with a view to establishing Soviets in Italy. That was the plain purpose behind all the Socialistic "fantasie." It is little realised how easily a combination of disorder can give a whole nation—by control of its exchanges and its communications and cities—into the hands of a tyrannous minority.

In the midst of general hardships, of the grumbling of impotents, of the vaporings of

> *It was necessary to beat the violent adversary on the battle-field of violence. As if a revelation had come to me I realised that Italy would be saved by one historic agency—by righteous force.*

dull critics, J. Benito, almost alone, had the courage to write that the State's employees, if they were right (in view of the feebleness of the Government) were wrong, in any case, toward the Nation. To inflict on a people the mortification of an ill-advised strike, to trample upon the rights of the whole, meant to lead men from modern civil life back again to trivial conflict. A retrograde leadership!

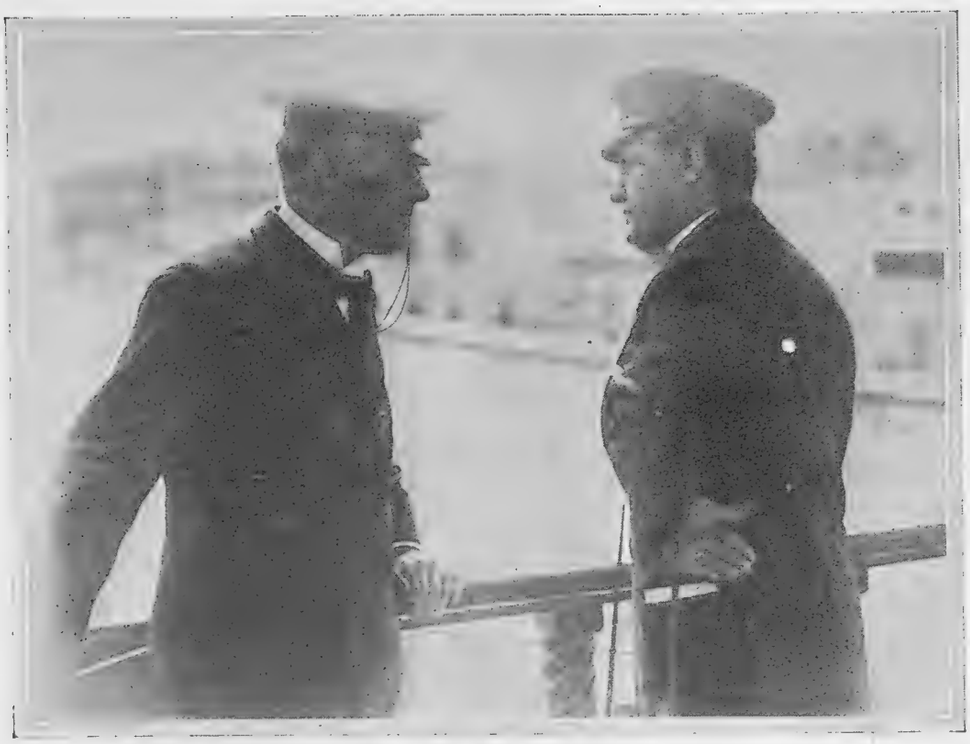
"THESE dissensions," I wrote in my paper on January 15th, 1920, "are between faction and Government. The sufferer who is hurt after having paid, the sufferer with the inevitable prospect of paying more is the Italian Nation." And further on I added: "The material damages of a strike of this kind are enormous, incalculable. But the 'moral' damages at home and abroad are still greater. The moment chosen for the strike gives to the strike itself the true and proper character of a support to allied imperialism. This is the culminating moment of the negotiations in Paris. This is the moment in which there is only one question—to obtain a final peace. Why could not the postal, the telegraph and telephone operators wait two weeks more, until the return of Nitti from Paris? Was it just 'written'? Was it just 'kismet' that the ultimatum to the Government should fall due on the 13th? All this confirms the sinister political character of the act." As God pleased, on January 21st, the post and telegraph strike was ended, but on the 19th of January the railway strike had already begun. It was a useless strike. The Red leaders had been willing to proclaim it at any price, even when it was against both the sentiment and the interest of the workmen themselves.

I defined this strike as "an enormous crime against the Nation." The country was in desolation! Italy was in the claws of disorder and violence; the foreigners left our charming resorts and by-ways; discredit grew general among bankers, while catastrophic rumours swayed the international world, entangling our diplomatic negotiations more and more.

In the midst of the most unbridled egoism the Fascists held their places firmly during the strikes of the public services.

I CANNOT forget that some groups of our men, inspired by faith, did their duty thoroughly, during these agitations. They faced the insults and threats of the striking fellow-countrymen, firmly and with courage.

Meanwhile, in face of righteous public indignation, some of the Socialists began to feel timid. They tried to separate their responsibility from that of the strike leaders and promoters. It was then that I published an article entitled "Too Late!" I exposed—with words that



Sir Austen Chamberlain talks confidentially to Benito Mussolini.

later on revealed themselves prophetic—the real situation of Socialism.

"The Turatians," I wrote, and by this word I included all those who in Filippo Turati, the leader of the Right, recognise their chief, "should have been awakened before. Now the car is thrown upon the steep slope and the reformist's brake is creaking but it does not hold; nay, it exhausts the strength of those who are dragging on the lever.

"AT the bottom there is the impregnable massive rock against which the car will break to pieces. Out of the ruin will come widsom." And quoted La Fontaine:

A quelque chose malheur est bon :
A mettre un sot a la raison.

"It would be preferable, nevertheless, that the blockheads might restore their reason without plunging the Nation into destruction and misery."

The railway strike lasted until January 29th, and all the time diplomatic discussions were bringing us to disastrous compromises in our foreign policy. About this time it was arranged that the suffering children of Fiume should be brought to Milan. They had been enduring the hardships of a blockaded town, without resources; they were at the mercy of their own distress. Already the children of Vienna, the sons of our enemies, had obtained in Milan kind treatment.

Was it not admissible that there should be found love and pity for the Italian infants of Quarnero? This episode of kindness caused by the Fascists with the consent of the Fiume command touched hearts throughout Italy. Great manifestations of joy greeted these children at every junction or wayside station of their journey. The censors of the press, however, prevented us from writing of the triumphal journey of these children. It was all part and parcel of a programme systematically to slander our spirit, which always stamped the political handicraft of Nitti, like an ugly hallmark on a pewter spoon.

It was Nitti who, in order to justify his vile and inept diplomacy, dared to utter a speech in the Chamber on the Fiume question with a friendly intonation toward the Slavians, at the very time that Wilson was pressing his stranger project to create of Fiume and Zara two isolated, detached, free cities under the control and the authority of the League of Nations!

ON the next day, February 8th, my newspaper carried the following front page story: "The Abominable Speech of H. E. Cagoia—The Snail." By this surname Gabriele D'Annunzio had stamped F. S. Nitti, and the term had become popular. Following the headline was a short editorial of mine, entitled "Miserable." In it, after having set forth again in a few words the painful history of the negotiations in Paris, I concluded:

"The truth is that Nitti is preparing to go back again. He goes to Paris in order to give his shirt. Before the stubborn Yugoslavian irreconcilableness our Cagoia knows nothing better than to wail, weep and . . . yield. The whole tone of his speech is vile, dreadfully vile.

"Not in vanquished Germany, nor in Austria, has there been so vile a minister as Nitti. If there had been one he could not have lasted. This one is the minister of runaways, of autolesionists, he is the minister of Modigliani, the man of peace at any price. By trying to remember continually that the objectives of Italy were Trent and Trieste, Cagoia offers arms to the Yugoslavian resistance. The peace of 1866, in comparison, is a masterpiece with that offered by His Indecency. On his next journey to Paris, Cagoia will make another renunciation. Zara? Valona? Who knows? Quite likely. It is not impossible that he will yield Gorizia too. Perhaps also Monfalcone. And why not the line of Tagliamento? Maybe only by this price can we hope for the friendship of Yugoslavia!

"Before such infamy we feel that it would be preferable to be citizens of the Germany of Nietsche than subjects of the Italy of Cagoia.

"We have before us days of dolour and shame; worse than those of Caporetto, worse than those of Abba Carima! We will recover our strength—but first there is someone who will be forced to pay."

DOMESTIC policies and the foreign policies pursued by the Government of that time did not fail to provoke stiff discussions among those newspapers which reflected the varied tendencies of national life. The *Stampa*, at the head of which was Senator Frassati, who some time later was to be selected as Ambassador in Berlin, was one of my targets.

I violently attacked his paper owing to the programme he adopted. It gave itself airs as if it would be the redeemer of our Fatherland. It is necessary to remember that Senator Frassati had been against the entrance of Italy into the World War. He always stood aside during the most bleeding and tragic periods of Italian life. Consequently he was the least capable of posing as the redeemer of our Fatherland, at the time when peace was to be concluded with the enemies after the victorious end of our War.

The Corriere della Sera, representing and interpreting the thought of a great flow of so-called Liberal public opinion, was defending arbitration for Fiume and Dalmatia, proposed by Wilson and supported by the prose of Albertini, who followed a pernicious policy inspired by Salvemini and Nitti. *L'Avanti*, the Red publication, availed itself of all these polemics and of the slanders against me to libel me in general before the whole of public opinion. And all this campaign, vain and inefficient, was even supported by the press of the Popular Party, notoriously inspired by the ecclesiastical clubs. But, more important, it was employed against the raising of Fascism and against the War victory.

STRIKES were characterised by violent, disgraceful clashes between police, soldiers, and citizens; the interminable parliamentary

The great leader takes the salute.

discussions were marked by fist fights on the floor of the Chamber. These pitiful spectacles were not only humiliating to citizenship and to government itself, but to the whole fabric of our political life.

In the short cycle of a few months there had been three ministerial crises, but Nitti always came back to power. The question, as always in a democracy gone drunk with compromise of principles, was of mutual concessions, and very heavy ones. Useless! Nobody thought of rebuilding social order in a nation which had won a bloody war and which had to face the fact that it was living in the presence of a world of moving realities.

Fascism, unique light-house in a sea of cowardice, of compromise and of foggy, plum-coloured idealism, had engaged itself in battles; it was overpowered by mere blind multitudes. I was the bull's eye of the target of Nitti's Government. He unleashed all his hounds against me, while his journalists tired themselves in vain to drown me in rhetoric. The Socialists, mindful of my moral and physical strength, covered me with their vengeance and their ostracism. At least they shot at me from a distance. They were cautious and far off the trail of real things. . .

DURING one of the many evenings when Milan was at the mercy of these scoundrels, I found myself surrounded and isolated in a café off the Piazza del Duomo, the central hub of the Lombardian metropolis. While I was sipping a drink waiting for one Michele Bianchi, a large crowd of Socialists and loafers surrounded the café and began hurling abuse and insults. They had recognised me. Perhaps, in their collective wrath, they wanted to beat me up.

The crowd, gathering in numbers, became more and more menacing, and so the owner of the café, aided by the female cashier, pulled down the shutters. The girl begged me to escape because I was endangering their interests. I did not wait for a second invitation. I am used to facing the rabble without fear. The more there are of them the more can a man move toward them with a sure courage which, to some, may appear as an affectation. I cannot say that there was any reluctance on my part to face these cowards. I stared straight in the faces of the leaders, and said: "What do you want of me? To strike me? Well, start. Then be thereafter on guard. For every insult, every blow, you will pay a hundredfold." I remember the picture of that wolf pack. None spoke. They looked furtively at each other. The nearest withdrew, and then, suddenly, fear, which is as contagious as courage in any crowd of people, spread among the group. They backed away; they dispersed, and only at a distance flung their last insults. . . . Rats! . . . Vermin! . . .

I RECITE this incident because it was typical of the life of a Fascista. But it must be remembered that in other cases the end was quite different—beatings, knife thrusts, bullets, assassinations, atrocities, torture and death. . . .

It was at this time that General Diaz, victor of our last campaign, took up the cudgels with Nitti.

The London pact which had given Italy certain promises broke down. The Adriatic coast line was insecure. Absurd rumours were abroad in the diplomatic clubs. The danger of seeing the Yugoslavians settled along the whole Adriatic shore had brought the cream of our unhappy regions together in Rome. Students, professors, workmen, citizens, representative men were entreating the ministers and the professional politicians.

There was an appeal from all the groups representative of the best Italian life on behalf of Dalmatia. All these forces of righteousness on the occasion of the anniversary of Italy's entry into war, organised a Dalmatian parade in the name of the fatherland to demonstrate their indestructible loyalty to their country.

Then, in the capital, there happened that event which is still vivid in our memories. The Royal Guards, a new police corps, created exclusively to serve the ends of the Nittian regimé, attacked the parade in its stride. They fired gun-shot volleys. Many victims dropped down and some fifty were wounded. This was the most unworthy episode that ever happened under the sky of Rome in my memory. And as if this assault and outrage were not sufficient, all the Dalmatians living in Rome were arrested, including the women. Very few dared protest.

Harvesting on his Farm.

SUPINE victims and bullying authorities were the fashion. In the Chamber, several deputies, among whom were the nationalist writer, Luigi Siciliani and Egilberto Martire, moved votes of protest which found no echo. From the columns of the *Popolo d'Italia* I spread my contempt far and wide. I hurled anathema against the system by which a whole people were disgraced. My cry had some echoes in the Senate, in that Senate where in historic hours always some great name rose up to defend the dignity, the right, and the nobility of the Italian people.

A group of senators, at the head of whom was General Diaz, presented the following motion:

"The Senate regrets the methods of government which, by tolerating a want of discipline destructive of the State's power, diminishes the glorious victory of our arms, and the admirable resistance of our people. It threatens any co-operative work for the prosperity of the unified fatherland, and the peaceful attainment of every civil progress. These are methods opposite to Italian tradition, and they have culminated in the violent repression of a patriotic manifestation on May 24th, with the arbitrary arrest of Dalmatians and Fiumans, guests of Rome."

An Inspection of the National Militia.

A further instalment of Benito Mussolini's story of his life will appear next :: :: *week* :: ::

The Woman's Section

EDITED BY

Julia Cairns

HOME

COOKING

CHILDREN

GARDEN

BEAUTY

FASHION

and

COMPLETE SERVICE

BRITANNIA's Complete Sports Section will be found on pages 377 to 384.

YOUR HOME

PLEASE will you help me to re-decorate my bungalow?" . . . . "Can you suggest new cretonnes for my South Room?" . . . "I would like to know the best method of cleaning brass" . . . and so on. These are just a few of the many, many inquiries which are simply rolling in every day, inquiries which make me most happy to know that the readers of BRITANNIA are responding so quickly to the Julia Cairns Service Department. As I have said before, my object in organising this department is to make each reader feel that she may obtain from me, and my staff of experts, free, helpful suggestions on any matter concerning Home, Beauty and Dress. And, mind you, not merely stereotyped formal advice, but carefully thought-out, practical suggestions which will meet each individual case.

Let me help her on any questions pertaining to Home Decoration. I am in constant touch with everything that is "new" in this line, and I am most anxious to hand on to you this information coupled with my advice, if you want it. I am keen to help you make your Home a lovable one. In short, a home that expresses your own individuality, a home that is just "different" somehow, because that little touch, which means so much, has been expended upon it. Avail yourselves, therefore, of reliable information concerning all that is newest and best in Furnishing, Heating, Lighting, Cooking, Electrical Appliances, Gas, Coal and Anthracite, Oil Refrigerators, Suction Cleaners, Laundry Equipment and the latest Labour-Saving devices and gadgets.

YOUR CHILDREN

YOU love your children. From time to time problems arise. You are a little uncertain. You just wish you had a friend—a knowledgeable friend who could advise you. Then do not hesitate to write.

YOUR COOKERY

My Cookery Expert, Mr. Teignmouth Shore, is here for the special purpose of helping every reader of BRITANNIA. He will listen with a sympathetic ear to all your troubles, will lend a helping hand to assist you to improve your menus and will give you, free of charge, the most delicious recipes you have ever tasted. He will help you to acquire an excellent reputation as a hostess! Which is a great reputation for a woman to hold—isn't it?

YOUR GARDEN

AGAIN, whether you own a huge garden or a mere window-box, remember that there is always, at the disposal of regular readers, the unequalled services of Marion Cran, whose name as a Garden Expert is known throughout the Empire. If you have trouble with your rose standards, if you want to plan out your garden anew, if your vegetable garden is not proving profitable—just write to her about it.

AND YOU, YOURSELF

THEN there is always you, yourself—the last, but by no means the least. You realise, as every thinking woman does realise to-day, that power lies within you, provided that you are *au fait* with making the best of yourself. I, personally, want every reader to make the best of herself.

I should like to feel that BRITANNIA's readers are amongst the loveliest women of the loveliest race. And you can do it by consulting my Beauty Specialist, Sonia.

COMPLETE SERVICE

IN order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of the Julia Cairns Service Department, are invited to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their inquiries, which should be addressed:

The Julia Cairns Service Department,
BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Envelopes should be marked according to the nature of the inquiries within, *e.g.*, "Home," "Beauty," etc.—and the more letters I get, the happier I shall be!

Julia Cairns

The Hearth—

THE HEART OF

The Home

By Marjorie Day

RUSTLESS steel plays both a practical and decorative part in the fireplace of to-day. Here is rather a pleasant rendering of it allied to mahogany.

THERE are those who talk of the disappearance of the open coal-fire altogether, but, seriously speaking, we British folk know that can never be, for the hearth is, and always will be, the centre of every British home. It is a sort of national pride with us, a something which we refuse to relinquish, a permanent institution, despite the many changes that are taking place in the world of domestic architecture to-day.

From the earliest days, after the first chance spark had been discovered, there were always fires, perhaps because of the damp fogs and sea-borne mists which were, even then, a part of the British climate. First came the fires which the Cave-men made, tended night and day by women, who never allowed them to go out.

Unpretentious fireplaces they were, made with three stones, very much as a "camping-out" fire is made now. Then the first houses were built, with slits of windows, and in winter the winds and rain driving the smoke ruthlessly around the room until it found an outlet by a hole in the roof.

Large kitchens, too, with spits, and great joints cooking, to be burnt, maybe, by a lazy, good-for-nothing scullion; and always the tolling of the Curfew at dusk, when all fires had to be put out.

Wide fireplaces with chimneys superseded the centre hole in the roof, and large mantelpieces came into vogue—so big that they were almost rooms in themselves, built with massive beams overhead to hold up the projecting hood.

In Norman times rich opportunities were afforded to the stone-mason and the stone-carver, and again to the bricklayer in the Tudor period. Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign and through the Jacobean era the wooden chimney-piece came into its own. With the advent of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren and on until the first half of the 19th Century the shape and form of the fireplace scarcely varied, in spite of the many attempts to improve it which were made.

And so on through the centuries, each period contributing its bit to make the fireplace of the English home the beautiful thing it should be, but only sometimes is!

SIMPLICITY is the keynote of this delightful example of an ebonized mahogany chimney piece with rustless steel and marble fitting, inset into which is a "Heaped" fire.

Wall treatment; ceiling treatment; window treatment! Articles on all these appear almost every day; but fireplace treatment is, on the whole, sadly neglected. So the fireplace, almost the first thing to reach the eye of anyone coming into a room is, too often, a thing of horror! Ornate decoration pursues its curious course round the iron-work. Fearful and wonderful tiles—with absolutely no place in the decorative scheme of the room, positively shriek their hideousness to the world! In a period room, of course, whether Empire, Adams, or Tudor, the period fireplace is all important. In a room that strikes a simple note, and with no particular period, something of a simple design is indicated, subservient to a somewhat mixed decorative scheme; whilst something daring, something provocative, is not only permissible, but in keeping with the ultra-modern room.

The ideal fireplace must be designed so that it warms the room. The old-fashioned hobfireplace with its raised grate, though most attractive in appearance, allowed the greater part of the heat to go up the chimney. Economy in the consumption of fuel is also of grave importance in these days, and last—but not least—a fireplace, to find favour with those who seek to solve the domestic problem in the easiest possible way, must be lighted and cleaned with the minimum amount of trouble.

One well-known make to-day is designed in such a way that the fuel can be placed upon a loose-fitting grate, which is raised several inches above the floor. The draught is regulated by the draw-out fret which is

designed to fit the front of the bottom grate. The current of air which, in the ordinary course of events, would pass underneath and through the fire is thus stopped by the draw-out fret. This is a slow burning grate and easy to keep clean, because the fire-grid can be pulled out.

Another design has its hearth raised some three or four inches off the ground and introduces an air-duct on a level with the floor; through this the air passes and eventually reaches the underneath of the fire.

The interior frames of a fireplace are still made of black iron, but there is a strong tendency to relinquish this for the more modern rustless steel, which does away with the rather dirty job of blackleading.

The settings for the modern grates are as beautiful as they are varied. We have all that is best in the past to choose from and a wide variation in present-day designs. Brick is attractive and extremely popular, partly because of its simplicity and partly because it is inexpensive. Glazed tiles, too, are much used; made in a wide range of shades, they blend practically with any colour scheme.

I can recall an ultra modern conception of a fireplace which I saw used in a Chinese Lacquer Room. The mantel was made of ebonized mahogany enriched with gilding, and the interior was constructed of rustless steel. It harmonized happily with the lacquer furniture, and the plain ivory scumbled walls formed an excellent background.

FIREPLACE designed for a Tudor Room. The Mantel is of Oak and the Interior and side panels carried out in rough Antique Iron.

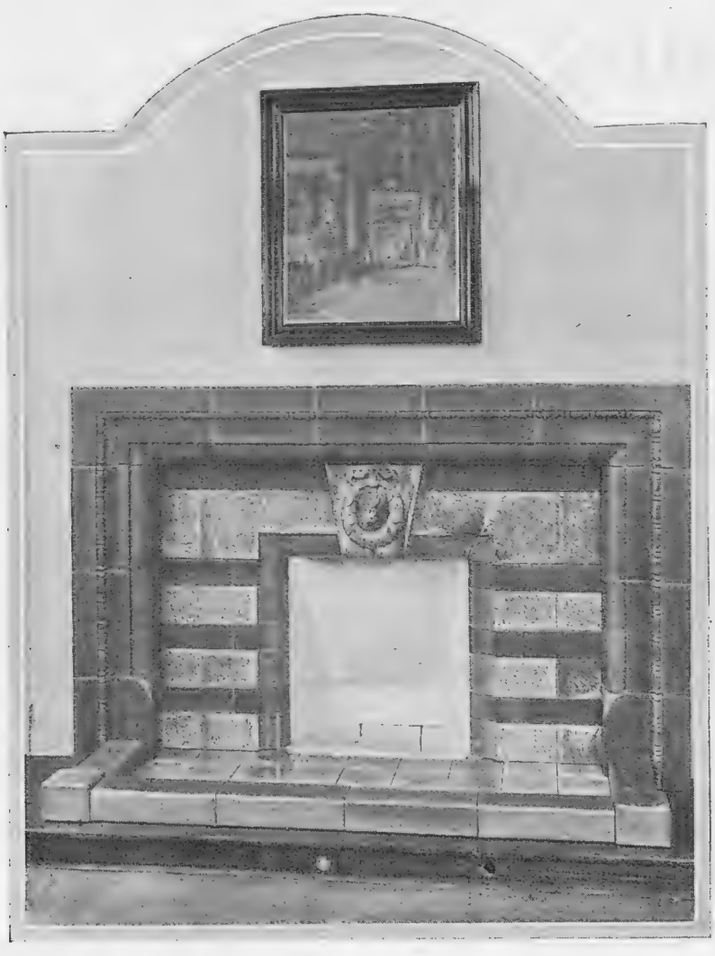
Now as regards position—this is a question that has been far too little considered in the past—perhaps now that so many women have a say in architectural matters (and in quite a number of cases design houses themselves) there will be an improvement and fires will be less likely to *begin* in smoke.

Always, for instance, place your fireplace in the right position in relation to the door and window, and, if possible on the inner wall of the house. Let it be the focal point in the room with a view to the arrangement of the furniture, to enable as many people as possible to get the benefit of the heat.

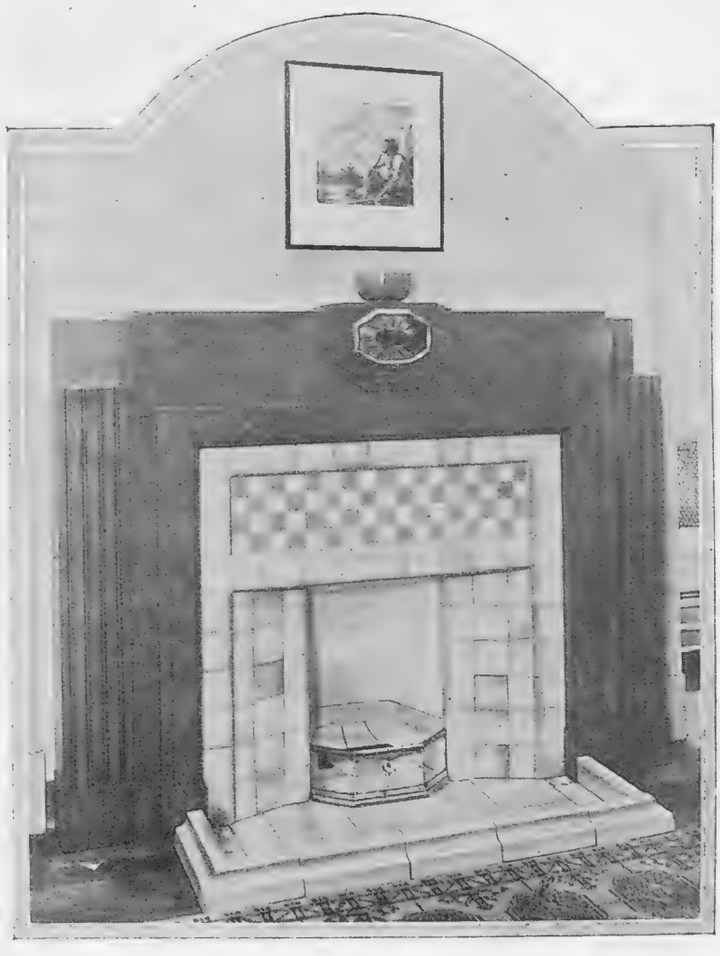
Sometimes fireplaces seem to occupy the most awkward positions, either in a direct draught, or squeezed up into a corner, so that "gathering round the hearth" is impossible.

And in conclusion a word on coal-scuttles. They should not be regarded merely as objects of utility, in artistic designs of brass or copper they can be extraordinarily attractive. Log baskets too are quite fascinating; likewise the tub of teak or oak Your fireplace if designed on modern scientific principles will most certainly be a good friend to you and a joy for ever.

BELOW is shown a Devon fire (sunk type) with a loose faience fireplace. Ideal for the fairly large lounge.



THIS shows a further design (faised type) with a mahogany surround, which is essentially suitable for a modern room.



Painting Your Own Furniture

By Katherine Morrison

HAVE you ever gazed longingly at the painted furniture displayed so temptingly in shop windows? And turned away with reluctance because of the probable price?

Yet it is quite possible for you to own pieces of great charm and distinction, if only you are willing to take the time and the trouble.

How will you set about it? Don't be too ambitious at first. Don't attempt anything elaborate. Confine yourself to simple lines and linear traceries in a single colour, or be contented to pick out mouldings in contrasting tints. To do this well means the exercise of more skill and patience than you might imagine. Later, when you are more expert, you might try something more complicated.

IF you doubt your own sense of values about colour and proportion and yet are anxious to possess more elaborate pieces, you might get in touch with some young artist. For a small sum he or she would either reproduce classic ornaments from the many text books on the subject, or would even design something original for you.

"Where am I to get the furniture?" you may ask. There are several ways open to you. Some inexpensive cabinet-maker, working independently, could copy some favourite piece either belonging to you or to your friends. Or he could copy some simple model from a book about furniture.

In the latter case, choose a period when painted furniture was the vogue—such as the late eighteenth century or the early nineteenth. And stipulate the use of white pine for such things as cupboards and cabinets. Its surface is admirably adapted to paint. It is fine enough in grain and yet absorbent. For chairs white pine is not strong enough; beech or birch were the woods commonly employed in the old days.

IF you can spare the time, the best way is to pick up old pieces at sales. This method of procedure has several advantages. It infuses a welcome spirit of adventure into the whole transaction. Then you do not have to wait for the finished product—you see exactly what you are buying on the spot. And—most important, perhaps—you can often get delightful pieces for very little money.

If you decide to start modestly with simple types, you may pick up cupboards and chests of drawers made forty or fifty years ago, having no special character but quite reasonably pleasing in form and proportion.

If these are already painted, all you have to do is to sandpaper the surface thoroughly. Then apply three or four thin undercoats (sandpapering the rough places between each coat) and finally a coat of some good quality paint. Lines of contrasting colour on mouldings will have a most agreeable effect. Remember that a dull surface is much more distinctive than an enamel finish.

If you are satisfied with the result of your labours, then you can undertake something more ambitious. Hunt for a genuine old painted piece. If you come across one in bad condition, don't be put off. Broken mouldings or beadings can be replaced by a little liquid wood inserted into the gaps and pressed into the proper shape before drying. Cracks can be filled with white lead mixed with gold size. Stains and dirt are of course immaterial.

BOTH this piece and the bookcase illustrated below are painted in a subdued shade of greyish-green, with lines of dull mosaic gold.

THE treatment of really good pieces is more complicated than the process already described, because it is essential to reproduce the impression of age. Then the surfaces are often embellished with carved *motifs* whose purity of line must be preserved.

The two pieces illustrated on this page furnish an excellent object lesson in this more careful kind of treatment. The little cupboard surmounted by book-shelves was picked up at a country sale for the absurd sum of fourteen shillings. It was disfigured by an ugly coat of imitation oak graining. But its present owner recognised it as being of pure Adams design.

One of the cupboard doors was missing and several of the carved *motifs* had also disappeared. Luckily a member of the household had enough skill at carpentry to make another door and to strengthen the back of the book-shelves, which was in a shaky condition.

THE owner, who is an enthusiast on the art of restoring old furniture, knew that carved *motifs* of the Adams period (and other periods, too) can be procured from the stock of certain wood-dealers, so that the missing medallions, swags and beading were easily replaced.

Before putting them into position, the whole surface was carefully prepared for painting. The unsightly imitation oak graining was removed by successive rubbings with pumice-powder. The cracks were filled in with white lead mixed with gold size. Then the whole piece was thoroughly sandpapered.

No less than eight coats of paint were given, the roughnesses being smoothed over after each coat with sandpaper of medium grain. Only paint of the best quality was used throughout. There were no undercoats of inferior quality.

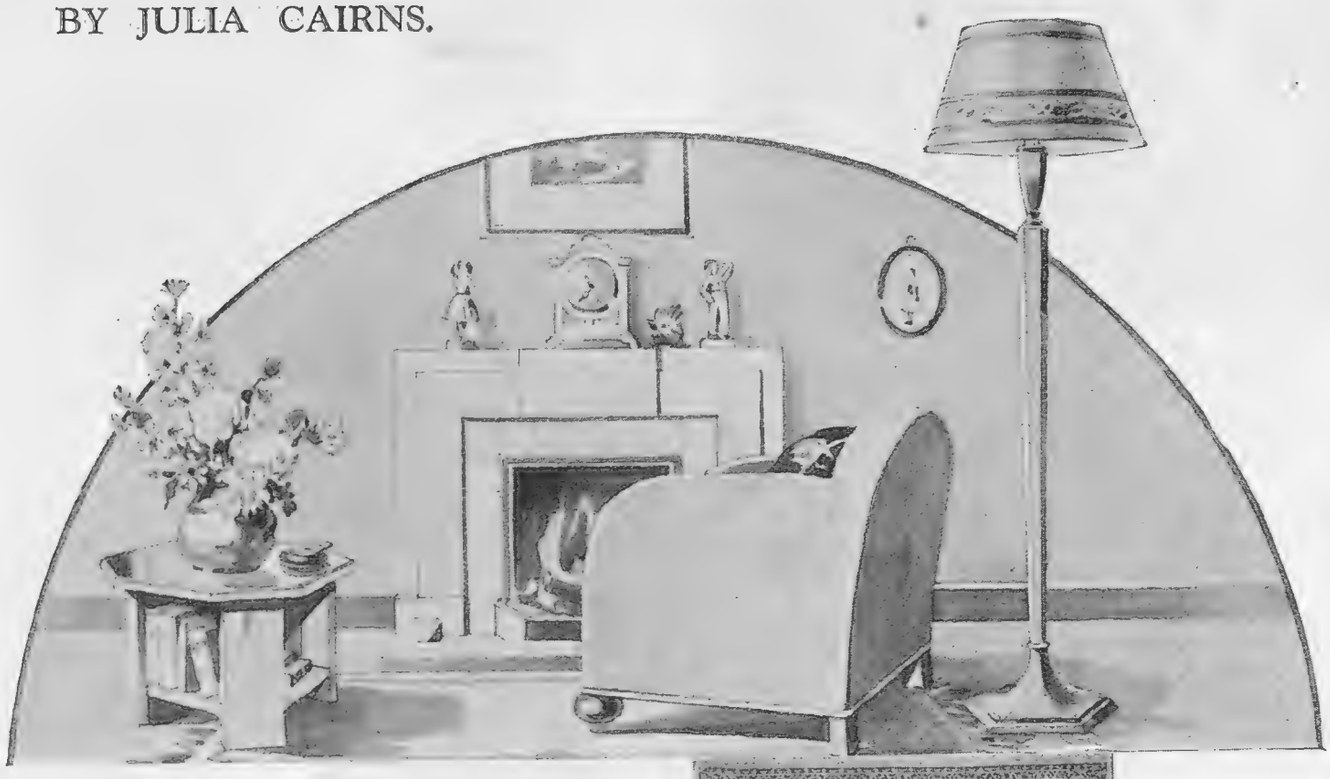
When the last coat was half dried (in a "tacky" condition) rotten stone was applied to give the illusion of age followed by a tracing of gold lines on the panels and elsewhere. Here again care had to be exercised. A dull mosaic gold was chosen, for naturally a bright modern gold would have spoiled the effect. Likewise modern keys would have been disastrous. So a visit was paid to a dealer in London who specialises in metal accessories of all periods—locks, keys, handles, etc. The two keys, properly "antiqued," cost less than two shillings apiece.

THE handles on the drawers of the little bed-table shown in the top illustration were also procured from the same source. They are of the same period as the table and give the finishing touch of old age. This piece also was painted in exactly the same way as the little cupboard. Both are kept in good condition by the use of a special furniture cream.

COLOUR HARMONY

From a Persian Carpet.

BY JULIA CAIRNS.



Ivory woodwork and easy chairs upholstered in old gold velvet are a foil to the lavender of the walls and carpet—cushions of periwinkle-blue, purple, blue and pink mauves—pictures of Eastern inspiration, and a vase of golden chrysanthemums set among purple asters—a symphony from the beautiful tints in the carpet.

Exquisite weaving texture and materials, have made possible the perfect reproduction of Persian design, detail and colouring. Price according to size, from 9 ft. by 6 ft. 9 ins. £11 15s. 6d.

LUXURIANTLY soft . . . almost like velvet, yet more than velvet, the carpet lies smooth beneath my feet. Persian in design, its softly varied shades recall at once the sunlit cities of the East, where colour floods the streets in unrestricted charm.

The pattern is interlaced in shades of blue and mauve, varying in tone from delphinium-blue and the half hidden petals of lavender, to a purple, undecided as to whether it shall remain mauve or become pink . . . colours exquisitely blended upon a ground of glorious old-gold.

Woven with all the natural skill and colour-sense of the master craftsman, this Persian carpet forms the inspiration of one of London's loveliest, though by no means most expensive, rooms. Taken as the motif of the scheme, its medley of colours are repeated with an almost studied simplicity in the interior decoration and other furnishing fabrics of the room.

IVORY woodwork gives emphasis to the walls, which are washed in the palest shade of lavender appearing in the carpet. The picture rail, on a level with the top of the door, runs below a frieze which quietly echoes the old-gold ground of the carpet in a cream that almost merges into yellow, yet fading away again into the ivory of the ceiling.

At the windows hang curtains of a deep delphinium-blue, hinting at mauve, and, close to the glass, screening ones of old gold filet net suggestive of the real sunshine that was ours but a few weeks ago . . . . that, alas! we must create for ourselves for some weeks to come.

The easy chairs and the seats of the smaller chairs are upholstered in a plain furnishing velvet which exactly matches the old gold ground of the carpet—restful they seem, in colour as well as in every other way. Yet perhaps they would not appear so inviting were it not for the wealth of cushions of all shapes and sizes strewn there in happy disorder. Some in deep periwinkle blue, some purple like irises, others the wistful mauve of violas, and the pinky mauve of chrysanthemums, and one or two in golden shades that link up happily with the upholstery—all repeating the many beautiful tints in the carpet.

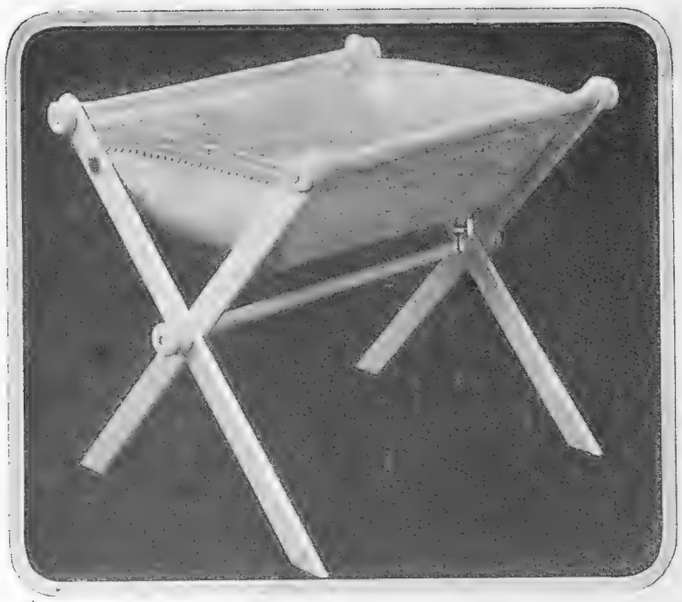
The few pieces of furniture are well chosen, their simplicity of line adding grace to the room, already very lovable. And one or two pieces of oriental china harmoniously blend with the carpet, both in association and motif colouring.

Even the pictures on the walls, in their narrow gilt frames, are at one with the scheme, being Eastern in inspiration. And the *living* colour in the room—a vase of golden chrysanthemums mingled with purple asters.

PLEASANT to live with, this scheme—it imparts an air of perfect harmony. One feels in tune. Perhaps you will query, "A little expensive?" Not really! Besides, if you take one of the less expensive carpets, and carry out in a similar manner this idea of building up your colour scheme with inexpensive fadeless linen or casement cloth, it will give your room just that touch which lifts it well above the ordinary, and hallmarks it with the seal of good taste.

In Baby-Land To-Day

By Julia Cairns



FOR Bath-time! This neat little rubber bath, fitted with a nickel tap, is so practical for, in addition to its suitability to Baby's delicate skin, it packs up quite small for travelling. Price in plain wood, 39/9. White enamel, 45/9. Soap and sponge dish in rubber, 3/6 extra.

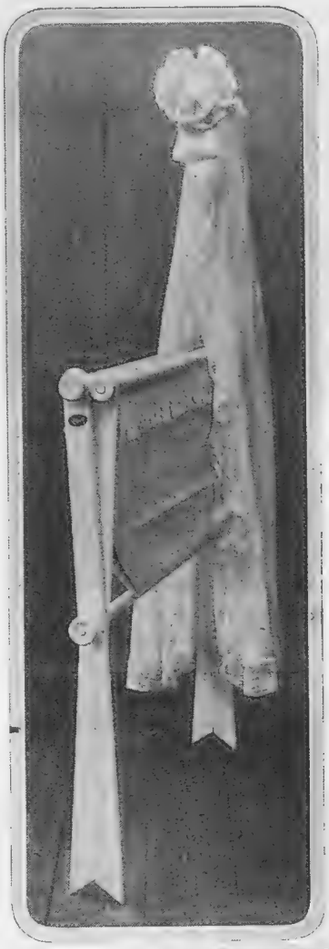
NEVER a day but here, there and everywhere, a little human blossom opens its wide blue eyes in wonder at that large place which it has never known before—the World. A tiny bundle of life . . . chubby rose-petal cheeks . . . wee dimpled fists . . . ten pink toes . . . and, maybe, quite a shock of curly hair, coloured like the corn at harvest-time. Yes, just a tiny bundle of life! But a very treasurable bundle, very lovable in its baby helplessness.

But the world, to-day, is very kind to babies . . . to most of them, at least. You see, it is like this. There are thousands of thinking men and women to-day who realise only too well, the essential need for every Important Little Personage to get a really good start in life and, happily, all the ideals that have emanated from their efforts are showered on Baby-Land—in other words, in the Nursery of to-day.

The ideal Day Nursery is, above everything else, bright, cheerful, happy, and spotlessly clean and, where it is possible to arrange for both a day and a night nursery, the utmost attention is given in order that each may be practical and efficient in meeting its individual needs.

Take the Day nursery, for instance. What happier than sunny, corn-coloured walls, decorated, maybe, with amusing characters from the Noah's Ark? Or, on the other hand, perhaps, the walls are left un-decorated, . . . left just to themselves, because Mother prefers to start her Little One, right away from the earliest days, to appreciate the real beauty of good pictures, in which case there might only be one picture in the whole room. But that one will be well worth while!

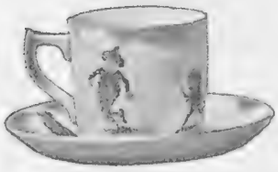
Or, in the Night Nursery, what more charming than walls which seem to whisper of that shade of blue which is a little deeper than that of love-in-a-mist? . Walls which seem, as it were, to draw curtain-like

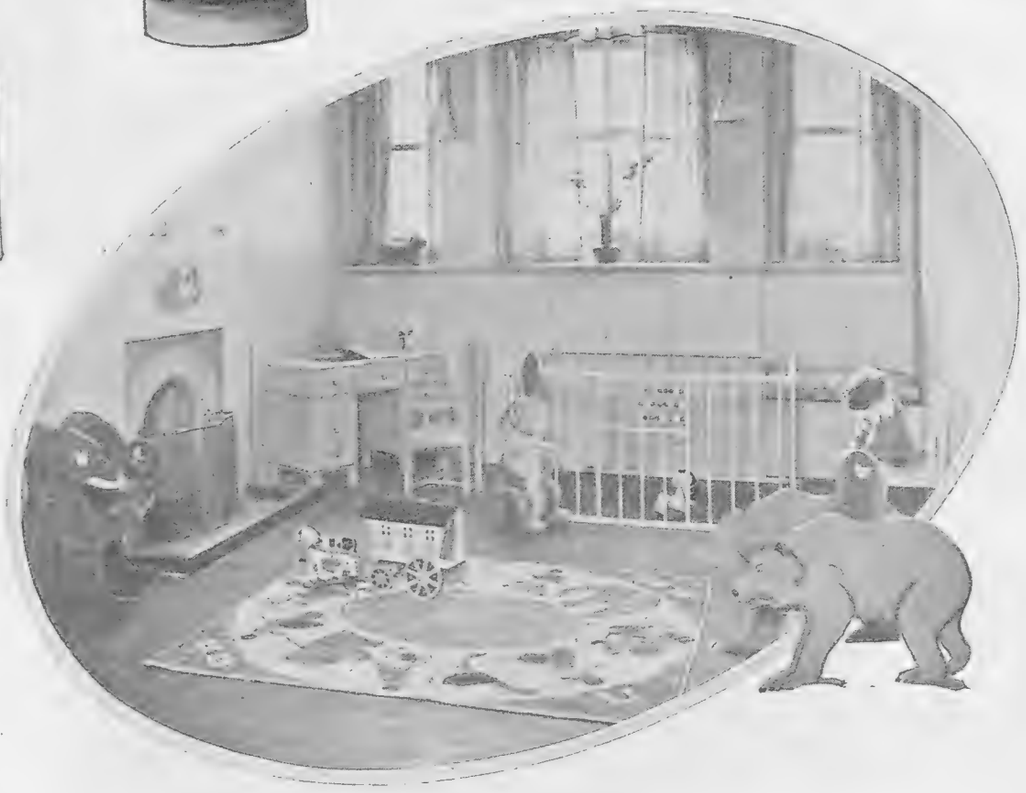


AND, for bed-time here is a very popular cot design, wherein only the best materials are used, and a patent safety lock-nut principle is incorporated. The prices quoted include either a canopy support or a net support, but not the cot trimmings. Plain wood, 21/11. Polished wood, 24/11. White enamel, 27/11.

TO every nursery, its toys. The group shown on the left are just the ones for the Very Wee Folk, being made in soft wool and velveteen. The gay Polly-Parrot is 6/3, Woolly Bear, 7/6, Wool Cherries on Ring, 1/9, and Wool Orange on Ring, 2/3.

THEN there's amusing china for the Not-Quite-So-Wee-Ones! And, whether it is Punch and Judy cups and saucers at 1/6 each, tea-pots at 3/6 each, jugs at 1/3 each, porridge plates at 1/9 each — well! they are guaranteed to turn Baby tears into chuckling gurgles of laughter.





around the wee, white cot a haze of twilight-blue, so restful, so peaceful . . . And the Wee One is wafted to Dreamland.

The scheme need not be an expensive one, and, carried out in a good washable distemper, is quite pleasing, in fact. And, so important—thoroughly hygienic, too.

And then, Babyland asks for windows . . . lots of windows, where possible, so that the little human blossom is brought up to know and love and thrive amid the winds of Heaven, rather than being pampered like a delicate hot-house flower, only to be physically hampered later on in life.

But it is not long before Baby becomes very sure of Himself . . . very sure of his two little feet, that, after all, are very much his own! Before long, he will want to try and walk, but before he gets to walking he must crawl and kick with all the gusto that his fast-developing little body can.

Which brings us to the question of floors. Generally speaking, a good cork lino has much in its favour, for it is practical, hard-wearing and, of course, will always form an effective background to washable nursery rugs, especially inviting when his little baby mind seeks for explorations upon the nursery floor.

And talking of lino reminds me of such a good idea. You know, Baby will grow up, ever so much quicker than you think, ever so much quicker than you want him to, and almost before you realise it that little bundle of helplessness will be quite a sturdy little fellow. Those wee, dimpled fists will have found their five pink fingers, and it doesn't take long then to find those brightly coloured chalks and crayons, and oh! the joy of further explorations this time upon the Nursery wall! And coming back to lino, I have known many a Day Nursery that has become such a lovable place since Mother decided to fit a 3-ft. dado of nursery wall lino immediately above the skirting.

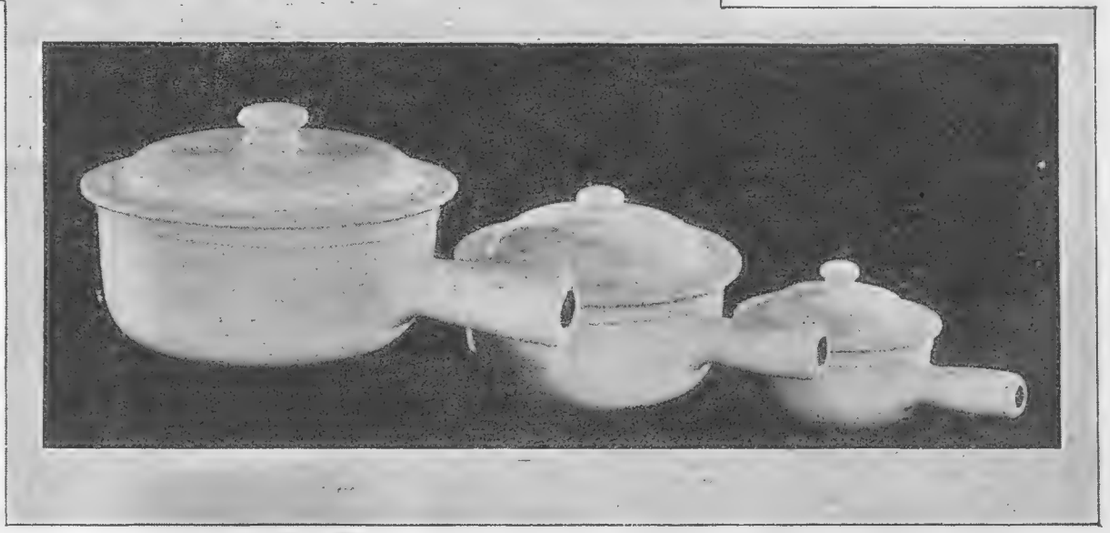
PEEPS into Nurseryland. Above is a glimpse of an up-to-date day nursery, with all that is most amusing and entertaining, yet not omitting the essential practicalities which every sensible parent demands. Below, are two corners of an equally up-to-date night-nursery by a leading London firm.

FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEWIFE.

Fireproof Glass and China Conserve Both Food and Fuel.

By ANNE VERITY.

DAINTY as well as fireproof is "Blue Line" ware, of which these are examples. Casseroles, round or oval, vary according to capacity, the former from 2/9, the latter from 4/6. The handled egg poachers are 1/2 each, the shells for breakfast dishes, 8d. each.



THE casseroles illustrated above are strongly made and capable of long life if used carefully. Let them get warm gently and do not turn on the full force of the heat at once. Also let them cool gradually, they like an even temperature.

SENECA of old came to the conclusion that "man does not die; he kills himself," and it is one that will be arrived at also in these days when some reckless methods of cooking and serving food are under consideration. Autumn has dealt so pleasantly with us this year that it is difficult to believe that we have arrived at that season when coughs, colds, and influenza make their unwelcome presence felt, a state of things that calls aloud for good cookery in the home Adequate suitable mea not only help to build up the strength ot the invalid and convalescent, but they fortify every member of the family and help to keep them in that perfect state of health which is the best safeguard against infection.

THE ideal way of conserving all the valuable constituents of food, thereby serving it in the way that is most nutritious and digestible, is to cook in the covered earthenware, china, and glass utensils, interest in which is daily increasing. It is by no means novel. On the contrary, it is of ancient origin, but modern science is bringing it to perfection. Casseroles of stoneware, earthenware or durable glass are light, cleanly and convenient to use. They impart no disagreeable flavour to the most delicate of viands and the cooking itself—done by means of low heat—is effected evenly and uniformly; therefore less fuel is needed. This in itself is a point of national importance.

Then these utensils tend to prevent food being burnt, and they will not tarnish, rust or stain, and with reasonable care they will last for years. The food prepared in one of these casseroles is, as a rule, sent to table in it. This alone is a great advantage, being economical and convenient, and ensuring the food being served perfectly hot. If a member of the family should be detained and luncheon or dinner be delayed, the food kept hot in the covered casserole will not suffer any deterioration from the delay. No special recipes are needed, for most things, leaving out very large joints, may be treated *en casserole*. The amount of water, stock or other liquid in which the article is to be cooked should be relatively small, and, as a rule, well seasoned, in order that the meat, poultry, game, etc., may absorb flavour.

AS cooking *en casserole* is a slow and gentle process—the French and German housekeeper, good friends of the casserole, being able to prepare a meal by this means with an

THE fireproof china below, retains heat in a remarkable manner. These jugs are ideal for keeping milk and coffee hot. Soft brown in colour they are priced in order of their size at 10d., 1/3, and 2/-. Coffee pots also, may be obtained in five different sizes.

amount of fuel that the British cook would consider only sufficient to start a fire with—the time allowed should be doubled, but fierce heat is never desirable. The heat of the oven, however generated, should be only sufficient to allow the liquid in the casserole to simmer gently—never to boil. Treat your casseroles with common-sense. Don't put a hot casserole just out of the oven on to a cold sink or plunge it in cold water. As they like to get warm gently so they like to cool gently. Given this kindly treatment the very attractive ware illustrated here, will last for years and retain its youthful vigour.

KEEPING pace with the growing public interest in this method, many delightful artistic as well as useful examples of fireproof cooking ware are at our disposal. The first illustration on the facing page shows casseroles oval, oblong or round, marmites, hot pots, ramakins, poachers, etc., all guaranteed against breakage when in use; whilst for retaining the heat of such things as milk and coffee there are the fireproof jugs on the left. Nothing could be more pleasing to lovers of artistic ware than these quaintly shaped jugs of soft brown.

The delights of transparent ovenware are being appreciated by thousands of housekeepers, who have found out how beautifully it cooks food, with exterior browned to perfection and interior richer and more tender. Transparent ovenware comes in every conceivable kind and shape of utensil, has remarkable toughness and resistance to breakage from oven heat, and even from careless handling. A transparent teapot, too, is a joy, for when you make the tea you need no longer use guess work about its strength. The crystal clear glass allows you to see what is happening. Ruskin, were he amongst us at present, would doubtless add to his eulogy on the knowledge that means good cookery, something in praise of modern cooking utensils.

JUST below are seen casseroles and dishes in transparent ovenware. Clear, smooth and of remarkable toughness it permits baking and serving in the same dish. It is reasonable in price—the round casserole is 3/-, the oval-eared dish 3/6, and the individual soup-server 3/-

WHEN you make tea in a lovely transparent teapot you need no guess about the strength of the tea; you can see! A new charm is thus given to the Social Five o'clock. The tea-pot photographed above, to hold two cups, costs 10/9.

SEND your queries, marked "Home" to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THE GIDDY BANANA

By W. Teignmouth Shore

PERHAPS it is a stretch of the imagination to call a banana giddy? But is it not as healthful to stretch our imaginations as our legs? I suggest that, as a rule, bananas are taken too seriously, too solemnly. Let us see if there are not many pleasant ways of breaking that rule, of "unstodging" them, of leading them *into giddy ways*. It should not be forgotten that they are not only nice but nourishing; quite a "chief nourisher in life's feast," as Macbeth said of "great nature's second course."

Jelly Him.

TO my mind the flavour of a banana is all the better for a support, or even a contrast. Contrasts are sometimes odious, but not always so. Here is an example of what I mean: Line a simple jelly mould with thin slices of banana, cut across, pressing them well against the bottom and sides, but without smashing them. Or you can mash enough and so make your lining. Then carefully fill up with lemon-jelly, not very hot. There it is and there you are. Cream or thick condensed milk go very well with this. Yes, they do "go."

Banana Medley.

I DO not know why a mixture of fruits should be called a "salad." Why not call it a Fruit Medley? This way with bananas is very nice: Make a syrup of sugar and water, and the grated zests, that is the lovely golden jackets, of three oranges and one lemon, boiling it until it is fairly thick. Meanwhile take off the white waistcoats of the oranges, which then cut into slices, curing them of the "pip" at the same time; but do not let go of the juice. Then, in a glass or china bowl—first a layer of thinnish banana slices, then of the oranges, and so on. (Note.—Of course you can increase the given quantities, if desirable, observing the same proportions.) Sift over the top one of each two layers, a little soft sugar. Add to the syrup whatever orange juice you have and that of the lemon, and pour the lot over the medley. A little drop of sherry will not do the syrup any harm, or you. "On with the medley," as someone sings in some famous opera. I have a dreadful memory.

Something Hot!

FROM anywhere you like, only do be careful not to be caught, take half-a-dozen or more bananas, undressing them and taking off all the "bits." Give each a few drops of lemon juice as a pick-me-up. Then roll each in well-beaten egg and then in well-baked breadcrumbs. Bake them on a buttered grid in a fairly fast oven until quite tender, which should be in about twenty to thirty minutes. Do not keep on tasting them to see if they are done, or they will all be finished before they are done. Serve them very hot, with a hot sauce of one part of sugar to two of lemon-juice to make them more exciting. Even a few specks of red pepper are permissible. They are delicious grilled in their skins. Eat them as hot as you can stand or sit, with the same sauce as above.

More Colds!

A VERY simple and delectable method is to slice them quite thin on to a deep dish, or soup plate, sprinkling them with a little sugar and on top a little grated nutmeg. Leave them alone for half an hour at least, and immediately before eating pour on some cream or thick condensed milk. This is a way they have in Hawaii. Then in custardy fashion: cut three bananas into thin slices and rub three others through a finish sieve. Beat three eggs into three teacupfuls of very hot milk, adding a couple of tablespoonfuls of soft sugar and the banana mash. Next, fill up a piedish about halfway with crumbled stale sponge cake mingled with chopped bananas, and then pour on the custard. Bake in a moderate oven for about half-an-hour. A trifle of grated nutmeg or cinnamon atop is a nice finisher.

Banana Pudding.

PUT a layer of stoned cherries at the bottom of a quite plain mould or pudding basin; then a few slices of banana; then alternately a thick layer of crumbled sponge cake and a thin layer of banana slices. Over this pour a mixture made thus: three well-beaten eggs, a breakfastcupful of milk, slightly sugared and flavoured with vanilla, or cinnamon, or anything you think you will like better. Let it soak well in. Then steam the pudding for about an hour. This is pretty, and, like a pretty lady, is always welcome at dinner. With it a lemon-sauce, which is capital company for many other steamed and boiled puddings. Thus: mix two tablespoonfuls of soft sugar with the same quantity of flour, and stir in a breakfastcupful of boiling water; add the juice of one or two lemons, according to your discretion, and boil up for a quarter of an hour, stirring occasionally. Lastly, but not leastly, stir in a tablespoonful of butter. Stir, stir with care. Serve very hot, and you will serve yourself right.

Banana Pie.

MASH enough bananas; skin and core carefully enough apples; mix together and stew together until the apples are quite soft and the two fruits have become one; if any, use the smallest possible amount of water. Then stir in the grated rind of a lemon; sugar as you will; a few cloves. Put the lot into a well-buttered piedish or a deep fireproof dish. Moisten some stale breadcrumbs with milk, and put these on top. Then a plentiful sprinkling of brown sugar, animated, if you like, with a trifle of cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven. This, unlike ices, is equally good hot or cold.

Sandwichery.

QUITE a large variety of sandwiches can be contrived with the assistance of bananas, always using brown bread well buttered for the containers. One filling is made by mashing bananas in the proportion of one to a teacupful of chocolate powder, but the proportion of chocolate must be regulated by your own sweet tooth for your own sweet self. Another way. Mix mashed bananas with the quantity that meets your approval of not too juicy strawberry, raspberry or other jam, or with marmalade. Other additions that can be advantageously made to banana mash are chopped blanched almonds; chopped nut kernels; peppered and salted grated cheese; sugar and cream cheese; and I dare say that you will be able to discover other admirable adulterations for yourself.

Spongey.

YOU know the round, split sponge cakes you purchase at the confectioner or make for yourself? Instead of putting jam between the top and the bottom, you can use one of the banana fillings given above, but I suggest only one of them at a time! Or bananas prepared thus: enough of them stewed with a little sugar, a grating or two of lemon-peel and a very little milk or cream.

Banana plain!
Baby complains!

Do not be Greedy!

ALL "children of a larger growth" love sweet things; when they do not do so they are no longer children at heart. But we must not be greedy and forget that children of a quite small growth are taught by Mother Nature to hanker after "sweets." Of which none are more wholesome or more appetising than many of those made of bananas, which fruit is chockful of nutriment. This is well worth bearing in mind when the catering for the nursery is under consideration, particularly as many youngsters do not much care for bananas plain and simple. "Sweets to the sweet." And I do not hold with forcing children to eat what they dislike any more than I would compel myself to do so. I do think it unkind and unappetising to be saying: "This is so good for you." What a dreadful "put-off."

Does Your Child Read Too Much?

Reading May Become a Bad Habit.

A REVOLUTIONARY doctrine this. Especially from the point of view of those harassed beings—nurses, governesses and parents, whose chance of peace and quiet depends upon the charges' love of the printed page. And there lies the danger. Aren't we grown-ups perhaps inclined to encourage children to read indiscriminately, for one reason, because it "keeps them from bothering," for another, because we have perhaps an undue appreciation of the person who absorbs quantities of print daily?

Mr. Lloyd George became quite heavily indignant recently because Mr. Baldwin described him as a person who never read; he explained that he reads every day, makes a habit of reading. And certainly being well-read used to imply being well-bred. To-day with the output of books so much greater, and, in proportion, so much less worth consideration, reading is, with many people, a species of dope. Every moment not actively employed is filled with reading—anything and everything, with emphasis on the *anything*. It would seem that we moderns are as afraid of imaginative thought as a child instinctively fears the dark. And in consequence, even the nursery bookshelf is too well filled with books that have been chosen for the covers rather than the contents, and the love of reading in children is put down as a virtue, without any consideration of *what is* read.

MANY people exclaim in horror at Ruskin's recommendation that children should be turned loose in a library unsupervised. They are not thinking of their poor little brains, but of the possible effect on their morals, of the "strong meat" so many libraries contain. But, after all, as complete comprehension is by no means necessary to the enjoyment of a book in early childhood, the implication of our modern authors would most certainly pass them by, whilst a certain amount of good literature might be assimilated. For, what a child reads when he or she begins to read alone and of his own accord—which in the healthy, normal child is not much before eight or nine—depends largely upon what mental food he has been given from his earliest years. Much of the knowledge of real literature possessed by the previous generation, was due to browsing in libraries where all the books were not only grown-up books, but of the serious variety. There was nothing else to read and so they learned to enjoy books through which no modern child would ever wade.

Having given to children a love of rhythm and of the magic of words, they have only to be guarded against the "trash," of which there is far too much about, and it will be preserved.

The great danger with the childish bookworm, whether he is fed from a grown-up library or confines himself to the nursery or schoolroom bookshelves, is the spoiling of memory; the effect of one book is washed out by the prompt beginning of another. That is why I say, although it sounds almost like a heresy, that children should have the quantity, as well as the quality, of what they read supervised, and advise parents to curb the enthusiasm of fond uncles and aunts who pour books into the nursery or schoolroom, or at least to put away a certain number of books as a reserve in case of illness or accident. Wide reading has many advantages; but wide reading need not be incessant reading, which is good neither for the body nor the mind.

Children should always be encouraged to finish a book once begun, unless, of course, the "going" is too stiff, for the modern child often fails to penetrate far enough into a worth-while book to be caught up by the story—an attitude of mind fatal to the cultivation of perseverance!

The child who has no inclination to read at all need not necessarily be put down as mentally inferior; the reading habit comes later to some children than to others, and no attempt should be made to force reading upon them or to assume that it is a virtue to be fond of reading. Many successful men and women with keen, practical brains have been non-readers. The modern tyranny of phrases which hypnotise the public is largely due to the fact that few people think for themselves—they are drowned in the thoughts of others.

J. W. E.

Small children will love—

UNCLE REMUS, by J. C. HARRIS.

JUST SO STORIES, by KIPLING.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. MILNE.

THE WALLYPUG OF WHY, by G. E. FARROW.

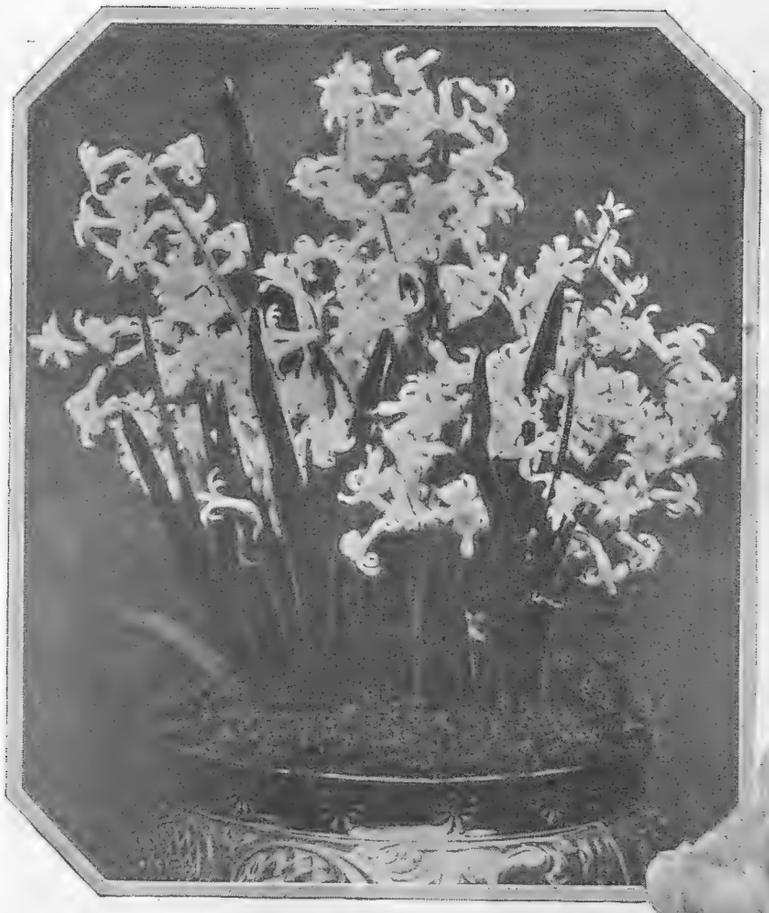
THE WOULD-BE-GOODS, by E. NESBIT.

And for the older ones—

KING SOLOMON'S MINES, by RIDER HAGGARD.

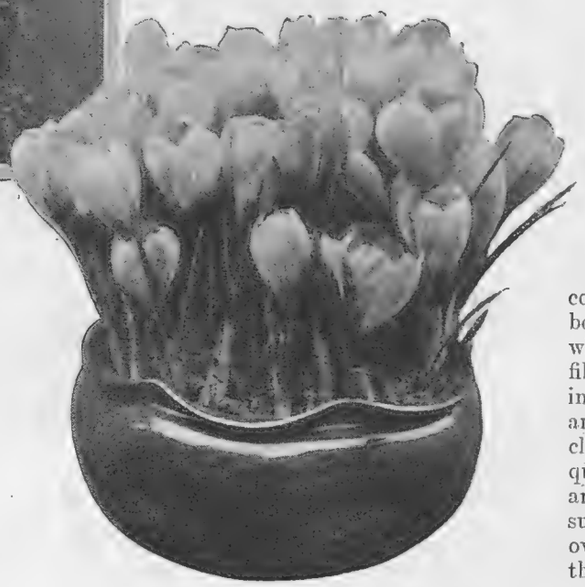
TREASURE ISLAND, by R. L. STEVENSON.

A PRISONER OF ZENDA, by ANTHONY HOPE.



Spring Flowers in Winter

THE ART OF INDOOR BULB GROWING.



Hyacinths and crocuses are the simplest things in the world to grow. With them you may bring Spring prematurely into your home during the dark days of Winter, to linger until the real Spring sunshine comes.

A WEALTH of charming flowers, a riot of glorious colour in every living-room during the dark, drear days of winter! An ideal that appeals to all. An ideal, perhaps, but one of easy fulfilment, since bulbs—the plants relied upon for its attainment—are simplicity itself to grow to perfection. No vast fund of gardening lore is needed. By following a few simple rules failure is out of the question. Bulbs may be grown in fibre in ornamental bowls; in soil in pots; in shingle or pebbles and water; in water alone; and in one or two instances without any rooting medium whatever. All bulbs, however, do not lend themselves equally well to each mode of culture. To secure a large variety of flowers and a succession of bloom that will linger until the spring flowers come into their own in the open, two systems of growing should be adopted.

Bulbs in Fibre.

THE use of fibre is recommended when the plants are required for table decoration. Ornamental bowls without drainage holes are employed, so there is no risk in standing them upon highly polished surfaces. Many bulbous subjects may be grown in fibre. The most suitable are hyacinths—white Roman, early miniature, and early Italian; daffodils—golden spur and Lucifer; narcissi; crocuses; scilla (extremely beautiful when planted in conjunction with narcissi); grape hyacinths and snowdrops.

The bowls should be greater in diameter than in depth; tall narrow ones are neither beautiful nor practical; while a colour, such as black, white, primrose yellow, apple green, or lavender, should be chosen according as these blend with the foliage and flowers. Specially prepared fibre is essential, but it is quite inexpensive. The fibre is sorted over and the larger pieces of charcoal abstracted. The remainder is spread out on a tray and soaked with water, being turned over and over and squeezed in the hand until the whole is soaked throughout. At the same time, the bowls are filled with water and left for an hour or two.

A few pieces of charcoal are placed in the bottom of each bowl, which is then filled with fibre to within half an inch of the rim. The bulbs are pressed into the fibre—close together, but not quite touching—until they are almost buried. The surface is then smoothed over. If water oozes from the fibre when the bulbs are being inserted the bowl should be tilted and the excess drained off. The bowls are then placed in a dark cupboard or outhouse for six or seven weeks to ensure strong root formation before top growth begins. When the shoots have pushed through and are about an inch in length the bowls are placed in a dim light for a fortnight and then moved into full light.

Here is a bowl of tulip bulbs ready for covering. The bulbs should be placed close together without touching, and the bowl should be shallow rather than deep.

The two bulbs on the left were knocked out of their pots for the purpose of showing the amount of roots formed before the top growth begins.

A bowl of snowdrops grown in fibre makes a delightfully unsophisticated table decoration, particularly if used in conjunction with scilla. Choose a bowl without drainage holes and you need not fear for your highly polished surfaces.

What could be more beautiful than a bowl of Narcissi such as these? And they are simplicity itself to grow. They will add such a happy touch of Nature to your living room.

During the day the bowls are placed in front of the window and turned round occasionally to prevent lopsided development. As the fire dies down at night the bowls are brought into the centre of the room, so that they are not subjected to too great a variation in temperature. Press the fibre periodically; if water wells up watering is unnecessary, but if the mass be only spongy fill with half an inch of tepid water.

Soil Culture.

ANY of the bulbs mentioned in the preceding paragraphs may be cultivated in soil. There are, however, others which are peculiarly suited for growing in this medium. These comprise tulips, especially those of the Duc van Thol class (six or seven in a six-inch pot) which are among the first to flower, and the Darwin tulips (five bulbs in a six-inch pot) which are noted for their long stems and rich colouring; freesias; Glory of the Snow; anemones; African corn lily; sparaxis; and Spanish iris.

A layer of broken crocks is put into the bottom of each pot and a mixture of equal parts of loam, peat, leafmould, and sand added to within one inch of the top. The bulbs are pressed into the soil and another half-inch of soil added, this also being pressed down firmly.

After planting in soil, tulips are treated in the same manner as bulbs in fibre, but the other bulbs enumerated as being specially adapted for growing in soil require different management. After potting, stand out-of-doors, but sheltered from the rain, until the necessary top growth has been made. They are then brought into the living-room for forcing into flower.

Water as a Rooting Medium.

HYACINTHS and narcissi are the only two bulbs which can be grown with conspicuous success in shingle and water, or water alone. These two methods are identical in that the shingle is only used to hold the bulbs upright when these are inserted in bowls. When water only is employed special bulb glasses are needed. A small piece of charcoal is placed in the glass, the bulb being inserted in the neck. The glass is then filled with rain water to within a quarter of an inch of the bulb. Hyacinth bulbs should not touch the water, although this does not apply to narcissi. The water should be renewed when necessary in both bowl and glass by gently tilting out the old and refilling with fresh.

Dry Bulb Culture.

Colchicums and the Monarch of the East do not require fibre, soil, or water. Place the bulbs on saucers and stand in warmth and light and the flowers develop. Several flowers are produced by each Colchicum bulb; as old ones fade new ones appear.

You may have all these beautiful growing flowers in your own room if you follow the simple instructions given.—Bowls of snowdrops, narcissi, hyacinths and tulips to cheer you at a glance.—Have an eye to the colour scheme of your rooms when choosing both bulbs and bowls—golden-yellow, and lavender are charming and go well with almost any scheme—so does black. Imagine a shallow black bowl filled with glowing tulips!

GARDEN DIARY for the week.

Clear up dead stems and flowers and fallen leaves.

Make a heap of the leaves for compost.

Begin to plant young fruit trees.

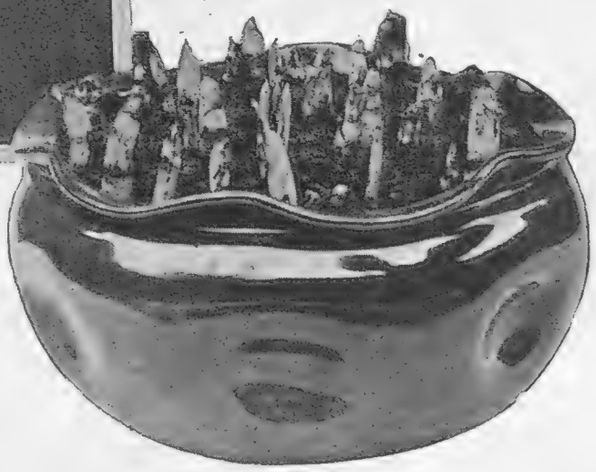
Plant out the rooted cuttings of all-woody and hardy border pinks.

Cut the rooted carnation layers and plant them out.

Give the hardy lobelias by the water-side a protective covering of bracken or ashes.

And re-pot your Cinerarias.

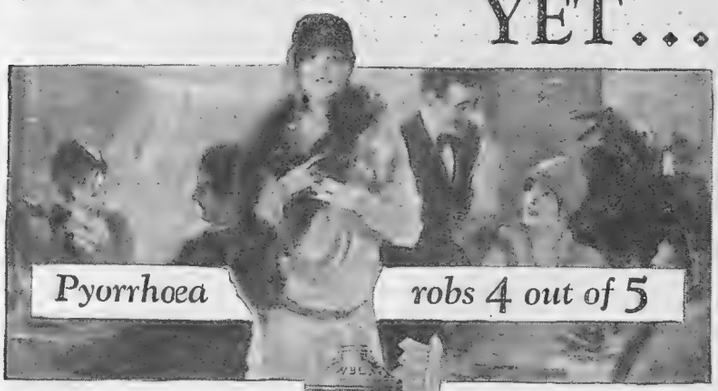
MARION CRAN.



Narcissi bulbs in a shallow bowl commencing growth. The shoots are about an inch in length and almost ready to place in a full light.

Send your queries, marked "Garden" to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Apparently safe with teeth so glistening white YET...



WHEN regular brushing of teeth keeps them glistening white, all seems so safe.

Yet . . . there is an insidious foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums. Unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, sacrifice precious health needlessly. This sworn enemy of mankind — Pyorrhœa — avoids firm, healthy gums.

Take this precaution: Use a dentifrice that keeps teeth white and strengthens the gums. Every morning and every night, brush teeth and gums with Forhan's For the Gums. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it cleans teeth, restores them to their natural whiteness and protects them from acids which tend to cause decay.

Take precautionary measures that will help to safeguard you against the ruthless attack of Pyorrhœa. See your dentist at least twice each year. Let him examine teeth and gums thoroughly. And start using Forhan's For the Gums, morning and night, every day. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in later years. At all chemists.

Make this 10-day Test.

Morning and night, before brushing your teeth, massage your gums with Forhan's For the Gums, closely following the directions in the booklet. . . . See how much better they look and feel.

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FOR THE GUMS

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The Old Woman Deplores

By Aunt Eliza

HAVING lately acclaimed the present-day British maiden with all the virtues thick upon her, I desire naturally to mitigate her superiority with a *but* or so. And the biggest *but* pronounces her unconscionably greedy. She has joined the American legion, the army of "gimme, gimme girls," and her favourite note is no longer on the super-cocktail, the more seemly chocolate, or the lounger's luncheon, but a common cry for cars. She must be supplied at least over the week-ends.

"Met a terribly nice boy last night," said Miss October, as she swung her slender legs from the edge of the writing-table where a young matron was looking important in the intervals of choosing a cigarette, and throwing bills and letters into a large waste-paper basket, which deserved even more than it received.

"Good for you," was the reply to the announcement. "What sort?"

"All right, Civil Service, Morris Cowley."

So shall they be known by their fruits, as the Bible teaches.

He who is without a car is without honour in his country. Every modern novel emphasises the car craze. An automobile waits at all the best thresholds of all the best heroines. The least manicurist controls a lad with "a runabout;" the best secretary eagerly does overtime to please her elderly employer, a bachelor with a saloon.

OWNERS of the super-dear *limousines* insist upon their constant use as a vehicle for conversation as well as transport; and if you travel much with a possessive chauffeur you must be content to allow its merits to fill the bill of talk; of observation, argument and comparisons which are odiously dull.

Confess you never sat in a more comfortable carriage, you never dreamt of such hill-climbing, you had no conception of such skilful speed, and you will be taken out again.

Our ancestors did not bore their companions as much whilst they spanked their greys, through Richmond Park, or tooled their chestnuts down to Hurlingham. But then the social gauge computed differently. "Jolly man, phaeton," would not have been the description of the Major with the dark moustaches. "Delightful creature, *Hispano*," admits an undesirable or so; and she may by happy chance be found to be a heroine meriting a Green Hat.

ONE Sybil and I discussed, with much disagreement, the eternal subject of Conduct then and now.

The male, being few in the land, whilst the female predominates largely, "catch what you can" is vulgarly accepted as wise politics, and girls take boldly the freedom of the city of courtship.

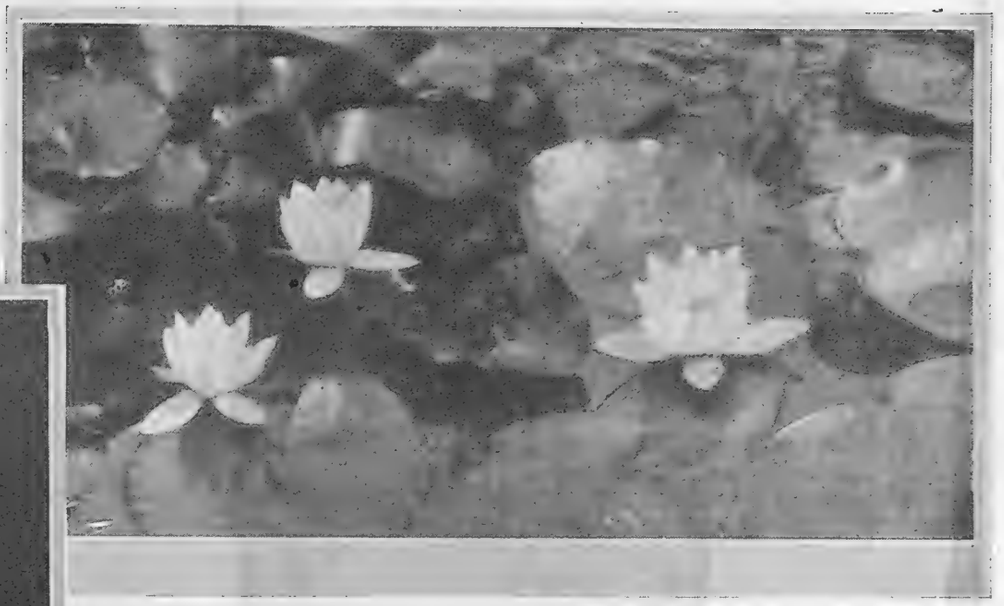
And how liberally they use it! Familiarity, as an abiding rule, breeds more familiarity and perhaps some contempt for those who eschew it. Thus a formal introduction, should such a case be considered, will, at mutual approval within ten minutes or so, lead to "You don't mind if I call you Louise, Violet, Bridget or Pamela" (as might be justified), "surnames are such rot." Acquiescence will follow at once, and after three successful dances the address casual will be "My dear," and during the telephone message which, on the following day, makes arrangements for luncheon together, "Darling" will be recognised as the righteous convention.

There is a story told that a cynic, when courting an easy-goer, suggested "What about Brighton for the week-end?" and was answered "No! I don't think so." "Well, make up your mind, I have no time for wooing," was the ultimatum.

There, that is the secret. There is no time for wooing, and the would-be wooed takes on chance anyone who is not actually repellent, and owns a car in working order.

TURNING the pages of the *Lady's Magazine*, dated 1813, it is amusing to realise the truth of that voluble Frenchman who declared that the more a thing changes, the more it is the same. A dear old gentlewoman, in a ball-room, beheld a group of little girls with bare heads and bosoms, gossamer gowns and lilliputian fans, and much freedom in their merry conversation; and found the belles did not seem to regard it as unsuitable that the gentlemen should appear without lace and embroidery, and were quite willing to promenade arm-in-arm with their black-legged beaux. Ye gods! What would the poor old dear think of the prevailing familiarity, and the frank revelation of legs, complete with knees, and of painted lips and blackened eyebrows?

If you wish to know where special preparations can be obtained, or you want advice on your own Beauty problems, write to me. Queries should be marked "Beauty" and addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



THE SKIN GAME— Yours and Mine.

By Sonia.

WATERLILIES . . . can you recall the creamy softness of their shapely petals, as they float lazily amid green leaves, cool and aloof, in the calm water? I would liken their delicate beauty to the velvet-smooth complexion of a woman whose beauty is begotten of the only true foundation of beauty . . . Purity and Cleanliness.

YOU will think that I am for ever harping on the need of cleanliness as an aid to beauty. You have probably already made up your mind that I have a "cleaning complex," but, somehow, I feel sure that all my readers—like the sensible folk they are—know that this aspect of beauty culture cannot be emphasised too strongly.

In my opinion we still do not pay enough attention to the care of our complexions. We talk quite casually about "the pores of the skin" and keeping them free from powder and dust, but few of us realise how *vitally* important it is that they should be kept unclogged, so that they may have every chance of taking in the oxygen, which is their natural food.

Broadly speaking, there are two main types of skin—the dry and the greasy; and each of these requires its own individual treatment.

The dry skin should be washed in soft water, *always*; with very little, if any, soap. Apply cream, of course, each night, leaving it on, if possible, for half an hour, and then wipe, but never wash off.

THERE is a feeling to-day, amongst prominent beauty specialists, that the face should never be washed in water at all, but cleaned with a cleansing cream; and I am inclined to advise this treatment for those who possess a very dry skin.

Since the days of Ancient Rome milk has been used for softening and whitening the complexion, and it is also excellent for cleansing purposes. I know of an especially good complexion-milk which is a veritable food for the superficial layers of the skin, and will, at the same time, soothe irritation and retain smoothness and fine texture.

The greasy skin, on the contrary, requires a different mode of treatment. Caused by an undue secretion of oily matter by the sebaceous glands, it can be washed with soap at least once a day, but cream should be used sparingly—especially cream which is made from animal fat. It is advisable to use, from time to time, a good cleaning lotion which acts as a tonic at the same time.

For specially cleansing the face and neck soften the water with a few drops of benzoin. It has a whitening and strengthening effect on the skin, and you will find that it will, eventually, lessen the oily tendency.

SOME skins are flabby! They easily wrinkle and furrow; so our object in treating them should be to tone them up. Once more, then, a good skin tonic must come to our rescue. A few drops of eau-de-Cologne in a little rose-water will produce excellent results. Apply it to the face on a wad of cotton-wool. Or, again, one or two slices of cucumber placed in the washing water.

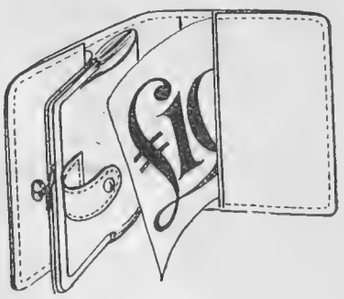
Often one's complexion becomes disfigured by blackheads, brought about by sluggish action of the pores of the skin—which should, in the ordinary way, contract and expand like elastic. The best method of getting rid of them is to hold the head over a basin of boiling water for about five minutes, with a towel enveloping the head and basin to keep the steam confined; then remove the blackheads by gently squeezing, with your fingers wrapped in a soft, clean fabric. After this, you will require an astringent lotion to close the pores, followed by the nightly use of a good pore cream.

Here is an old-fashioned remedy you can easily make yourselves which will help to preserve the colour of the skin:

2	tablespoonfuls	of lemon juice.
6	,,	rain water.
1	,,	simple tincture of benzoin.
½	,,	rose-water.

This is also excellent for toning up and keeping the flesh firm, but don't use it too often.

Spending



By MARJORY CHARLTON.

THE RIGHT WAY AND——

A WINTER outfit and some change out of a £10 note! And not one of the cheap variety, but *chic* and up-to-date, being the hall-mark of a well-known London house! Is it possible? Yes! If you know where and what to buy. You know any number of women, I'm sure (we all do!), who spend quite a lot of money on their clothes and yet always look dowdy. And this because they buy in a haphazard way. A coat takes their fancy. So they order it, giving no thought to the frocks they already possess. Or, feeling in a hat-buying mood, they stroll into a milliners'. "That's *your* hat, darling," says one of their best friends. "This one suits Moddom beautifully," says the assistant. The result! A wardrobe full of hats, but not one that is just *right* with any one of their outfits. So with jumpers; so with shoes. Dressing well, you see, isn't only a matter of spending. Indeed, it is often a matter of saving! Common-sense and the possession of a clothes flair are what are needed, and luckily these *can* be cultivated.

Read this tale of Diana and Dorothy, whose Fairy Godmother, up-to-date, knowing that a Dress-Sense was one of the happiest gifts which she could bestow on her god-daughters, gave each of them £10 for the purpose of buying a practical winter outfit.

DIANA, as I think you will agree, has achieved success for under £10. First of all, her coat. Of tweed this, in one of the new shades of fawn, perfectly cut and tailored, and collared and cuffed with coney. The price? £4 18s. 6d. Then a knitted suit, also fawn in colour and bordered with navy. Note that a cardigan with sleeves "belongs," so that the suit can be worn out-of-doors "on its own," and in the house, as well as under the tweed coat. This cost £2 12s. 6d. Now her hat of navy felt. This she bought for 12s. 11d., and isn't it a delightful little shape? Her shoes of the fashionable one-bar shape and lightly brogued are thoroughly practical for all their smart appearance, and are made of tan willow-calf. Price 30s. And, finally, her practical bag of leather, brown in colour, and at the surprising figure of 5s. 6d. So her total expenditure was £9 19s. 5d. Sevenpence change out of the £10 note, which we can assume paid her fares to and fro! A pretty good morning's work, considering the quantity and quality of her purchases. Go and do likewise. It really isn't difficult, if you know the way!

	£	s.	d.
Tweed Coat, trimmed fur	4	18	6
Fawn Knitted Suit	2	12	6
Navy Felt Hat ..		12	11
Brogued One-bar Shoes	1	10	0
Brown Leather Bag		5	6
	£9	19	5

AND Dorothy! Well, she got together some sort of an outfit, but, as you will see from her picture, she does not, unfortunately, understand the first rules of the best game in the world—dressing well on a small income. For, listen: she began by falling for the very first thing that took her fancy—a rather elaborate frock of Georgette, printed in multi-colours; in itself quite charming, but hardly suitable for winter wear in the morning, and *bang* went five guineas, leaving only £4 15s. for the rest of her outfit. She did succeed in finding a tweed coat for 42s. 6d., checked orange and blue, but its most devoted admirer couldn't accuse it of being a suitable thing to wear with the Georgette frock! One guinea went for an attractive velvet beret, but velvet and tweed aren't a happy combination, are they? Another guinea purchased a handbag, gaily embroidered in wool on canvas; quite pretty—but, again, it and the tweed coat didn't agree, and she could have got something far more suitable at a lower price. Only 10s. 6d. left for shoes! The one item of her wardrobe on which no sensible woman economises! And then her choice fell on an unpractical pair of fancy buckled shoes, made of the thinnest patent leather.

Diana has a dress allowance from Godmamma now and Dorothy hasn't. Can you wonder?

——THE WRONG WAY

Send your queries, marked "Fashion," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Brighter Millinery

FASHION PLAYS SOME VARIATIONS ON VELOURS.

FASHION has taken velour for one of her most important Millinery themes this Season and is playing some fascinating variations in the form of contrasting trimmings—in felt, crinoline, insertions, tinsel, etc.

DON'T you like the model above? Velour, of course, soft, pliable and becoming. The natural-looking flowers that trim it are made of felt. Note particularly the new bonnet effect at one side, occasioned by the brim being cut low.

TO the left, velour, with crinoline insertions in the shape of Butterflies, strikes a most original note.

FOUR very interesting styles that speak the last word in chic, and their approximate price is from three guineas.

ON the right, there is something very new indeed—velour, tinsel trimmed. And on the extreme right the same fabric in two contrasting colours, cleverly transposed, is most effective.

Send your queries, marked "Fashion," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Dear Little Frocks THAT ARE NOT Dear.

MID October! Isn't your fancy, and every other woman's too, turning, not lightly, but insistently, to thoughts of winter clothes? Now, of course, you may be one of those lucky people who have been able to attend not one, but half-a-dozen Dress Parades for the last three or four weeks, consuming innumerable cups of tea (or perhaps cocktails!) while mannequins glided, swaggered or tripped by, to the strains of an excellent band. In which case you will, of course, know all about everything and must forgive me. On the other hand, you may have been otherwise occupied, or have, perchance, seen so many lovely frocks, that in the end you have been left, so to speak, guessing!

So let's consider how the world is going to dress round the clock.

Coats? Of faced-cloth or tweed these. Velour has gone out of favour, and they are one and all trimmed with fur and rather generously trimmed, too, with deep cuffs and snug collars that show a long revers line when they are open and fit snugly to the neck when they are closed. When fur borders are used, they are quite wide, almost skirts, in fact; it doesn't take much to make a skirt nowadays! Some models are straight, with pleats at the sides to allow freedom of movement while the silhouette remains straight and others are cut with a slight flare and side trimmings, in the form of stitching, applied panels, etc., are popular. A few tweed models have detachable capes, rather a good idea, when a little extra warmth for motoring, etc., is required.

Tailor-mades, carried out in suitings and tweeds of rather sombre hue and always "in" are even more "in" than usual, mostly cut with short, double-breasted jackets and skirts with side pleats. The tendency to-day is to exaggerate the masculinity of these trim little garments; so tailored shirts with ties are worn with them, and "no trimming allowed" is the slogan for close-fitting felt hats. But Fashion, as usual, strangely inconsistent, has given orders that a jewelled brooch shall be worn in the buttonhole, in place of a flower!

And while on the subject of tailor-mades, I must mention house-frocks for the morning, however irrevelant it may seem, for I do hope you are not one of those terribly wicked people, who wear your tailored suit in the house, on those rare occasions when you are at home during the day. "Sitting about" in them (yes, it does sound vulgar, but it describes what I mean) spells ruin to coats and skirts. Lots of charming house-frocks have been shown in the new Collections, carried out in various fancy cloths, and in the most fascinating wool-crêpes. Simple affairs, usually one-pieces, although, because bodices and skirts have often amicably agreed to differ, in colour and fabric, they sometimes look as if these were separate.

And ensembles! For morning wear, these usually consist of a long coat of tweed, collared and cuffed with fur, a matching tweed skirt and a stockinette, tweed-bordered jumper that tones.

Afternoon ensembles, for we are moving round the clock now, take the form of frocks of crêpe-de-chine or crêpe satin, with fur-trimmed cloth coats, exactly matching in colour, lined with the material of which the

THIS delightful little morning frock, suitable for wear indoors or under a coat, is carried out in wool crêpe de Chine, the bodice being woven with tinsel, and it is obtainable in various colours. . . . mushroom navy, and rust, etc., 98/6

EITHER Suèdella or crêpe Marocain are used for this original afternoon model. The colourings are black and white, or navy and white, the white being used as narrow border on the bodice, and to line the side drapery, 98/6

PICTURE frocks are more fashionable than ever! Isn't this a delightful one? Mauve Haitienne, one of the season's new silky fabrics and net cleverly combine to make it an outstanding model 98/6

Spotted silk net over Georgette! Isn't it smart, the spots the size of sixpences and the flaring skirt cut with two tiers of handkerchief points. For its next-door neighbour, satin beauté is used; this has a flounced skirt, picot-edged and cut with the fashionable side dip. Stocked in all the new colours. (98/6).

Net, Georgette or Satin Beaute in which to dine and dance?

Fashion says "Yes" to them all.

frock is made. And talking of afternoon coats, nothing, let me tell you, is smarter than velvet—in black, and in sapphire-blue and deep bottle green and warm brown, too.

You play bridge, of course? Then let me suggest to you that you should play it in a simple little frock of printed crêpe or floral chiffon or velvet brocaded georgette. Lots of house afternoon frocks are of the three-piece variety to-day and are made with long matching coats. Frail affairs to keep you warm, you say, when people's houses are so cold. But they are lined with georgette and *do* help! Or if you are really a chilly soul, you can become the happy possessor of a bridge coat of soft metal brocade or velvet.

And so we come to the magic hour of the dance. What are you going to dance in? A picture frock, with a tight-fitting bodice of tissue or satin, and a billowing skirt—composed tier upon tier of tulle. Or something in satin, cut on severe lines having side panels or wide drooping sash, that will lend it grace. Or something in georgette, embroidered in steel, or crystal or diamanté or beads. From the fashion point of view, it simply doesn't matter. Styles are so varied this autumn. What *does* matter is for you to choose something you look nice in. No one will believe you if you say you can't find it!

Your evening wrap? This can take the form of a cloak or coat, perhaps of velvet, lined with metal tissue, perhaps of brocade, lined with satin. Choose a cloak if you include a picture-frock in your wardrobe; otherwise that wide skirt will give you trouble!

Sports Clothes! These are more attractive than ever, for they are worn to-day, not only on the Moors, Golf Links, etc., but under top-coats in town in the morning, and are not out of place at restaurant lunches, or for informal calling. How does a jumper-suit of fancy tweed strike you? Striped deep brown against a background of self-checked beige, with a scarf collar and narrow brown belt. Or green Kasha, both the cardigan coat and skirt bordered with crêpe de Chine that shades from light to dark green and a jumper of green stockinette, similarly trimmed.

Knitted Sports Wear? Is it still fashionable? Yes, in the form of jumpers and cardigans; one certainly sees fewer whole suits. Very often knitting is combined with stockinette. A stockinette jumper and skirt, for instance, will have a knitted jumper, bordered with stockinette, or a stockinette two-piece will be completed by a knitted cardigan, with stockinette edgings.

KATHLEEN GRANT.

Send your queries marked "Dress" to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

And in conclusion, black again, in the form of a lovely little georgette gown, worn over Jap silk. The fabric is picot-edged, the skirt being cut with the fashionable side dips and the becoming V-shaped bodice is embroidered with silver and crystal. (98/6).

DRESS TO YOUR TYPE—

Whether you are Tall or Short, Plump or Thin—Dark, Fair or "in between"—Handsome, Pretty or Chic—and you will Dress well

CAN you recollect the first time you became disillusioned about yourself? That day you made the discovery that what you had imagined to be you, just wasn't? A bad moment! Still, it was perhaps the best thing that ever happened, especially if you were still very young and innocent. To make a long story short, you found out that you'd been wrong about your type. If may have been that your mirror, truthful (provided it was placed in the right light), proclaimed your hair to be fairer, or skin to be darker than you'd fancied. Your tape measure which, of course, you use regularly (!) was emphatic about those extra inches, in more than one place, too, and, last but not least, the colour which had never before omitted to make you look your best, failed completely.

Only then did the awful truth dawn—that you'd been mistaken about your type and, worse still, must have been wearing the wrong clothes altogether. The shock was great, but good, since it taught you that everyone changes and that in the matter of dress the same colours and lines that suit a woman to-day will not do so a year or two hence. It means, therefore, that she must always be ready to reconcile herself to the fact that she alters—to be prepared for each new phase as it arrives and vary her dress scheme accordingly.

TO begin with, colouring. It's terribly important to know whether this is really dark, fair, or decidedly in-between, It is so easy to make a mistake, for there are people who consider a fair skin alone makes for fairness, and vice versa. Women who are neither fair nor dark as to hair and skin should avoid dressing in neutral shades. Because their colouring lacks richness, they can make up to it by wearing warm, glowing tones and, in so doing, cheeks, eyes, and hair will borrow brightness. A word of warning, though, for these in-betweens. Let them watch their eyes; for no shade that ever tends to make these appear lighter must be worn. And the very dark woman? She of the rather brilliant complexion must be careful. Her personality is vivid. She should be discreet as to colours. Her own will show to perfection against a plain background—in other words, quiet tones will suit her best. If she has hair dusky as night, eyes of dark grey, and a pale clear skin, the world of colour is at her feet; for she can wear any shade. As to Goldilocks, she, too, will be wise if she is content to be, so-to-speak, her own colour scheme. If her complexion is good, she will scintillate in black, white, and most dark shades. But she must never dim the glory of her hair by challenging its brightness.

THE world is full of contrary Marys. Women who disregard the fact that they are just meant to display a certain style of dress and because of that decide to adopt something absolutely the reverse. Having heard another praised for her taste in clothes is the cause of some of the astounding visions met with to-day. To the one who is copied, imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but to her imitator it inevitably spells disaster. The originator has without doubt had a special reason for buying each item of the admired *ensemble*. Hence its success. The copyist overlooks this, merely seeing the result. Failure, instead of achievement, crowns her efforts and she cannot understand why. Imitation is unsuccessful in nine cases out of ten, because, the two women concerned are of totally different types. The tall one, instead of thanking Providence for her stateliness, hankers after modes for "Misses." No less foolish in her own way is the short woman who, if not actually caught hovering suspiciously near the "Outsize" Department, is uncommonly far away from those "Small Sizes" where she belongs.

It is often a good plan to emphasise a pronounced characteristic, instead of endeavouring to conceal it. Extreme thinness can be amazingly attractive if pandered to in a subtle way. Present-day styles, too, are cunning collaborators, lending themselves admirably to such conniving. In a world made up of "all sorts," no type need fear for admirers. So let the plump woman take heart and, instead of assuming the craven look of the criminal, adopt a "presence" in conjunction with clothes which stamp her as an important member of society.

"HANDSOME is as handsome does," not always in dress, though, for there is a tendency to mistake this kind of good looks for mere prettiness. Flounced frocks, carried out in flower-patterned fabrics, bonnet-shaped hats that frame only small features becomingly, are not for the handsome woman, who makes the greatest mistake in the world when she "falls for" frills and furbelows. She is, as a rule, at her best in tailor-mades and plain well-cut gowns made in the more solid kind of materials. To-day, however, she cannot complain that dress designers have not taken all her needs into consideration. In the morning she is served by suits, top-coats and coat-frocks—in the afternoon, gowns, severely simple in cut and carried out in heavyish silk fabrics, exactly meet her case—even in the evening, she can adopt tailored styles, choosing a satin model devoid of trimming, with draperies so cleverly cut that the straight silhouette is maintained. Then there is the picturesque type—the pretty one and the chic. Each require what the decorator terms "different treatment." The first succeeds by striking out a dress line for herself in which the Fashions of the moment play as backward a rôle as possible. The second by adopting "that feminine touch" in clothes. All that's pretty, all that's dainty will serve to enhance her charms. The *chic* type is a law unto herself. To tell her what to wear or how to wear it, is impossible. She alone knows, though how, she knows not. She needs no advice.

Amber Challice.

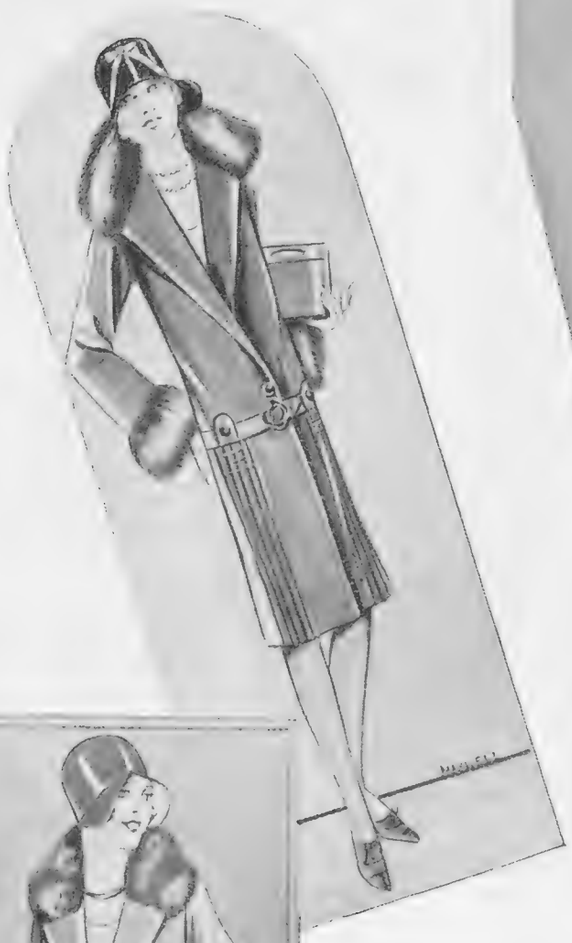
Whereas the short necklace is the one worn with the open necked dresses of Summer, the long one comes into its own when the darker coloured, higher necked Autumn frocks arrive. Chinese cord, or a strand of fairly thick mercerised crochet cotton is a good medium for threading purposes. A knot put between each bead will prevent them from scattering, should a break occur. Large knots add greatly to the length of chain and the beads of two short necklaces threaded alternately will make a handsome long one.

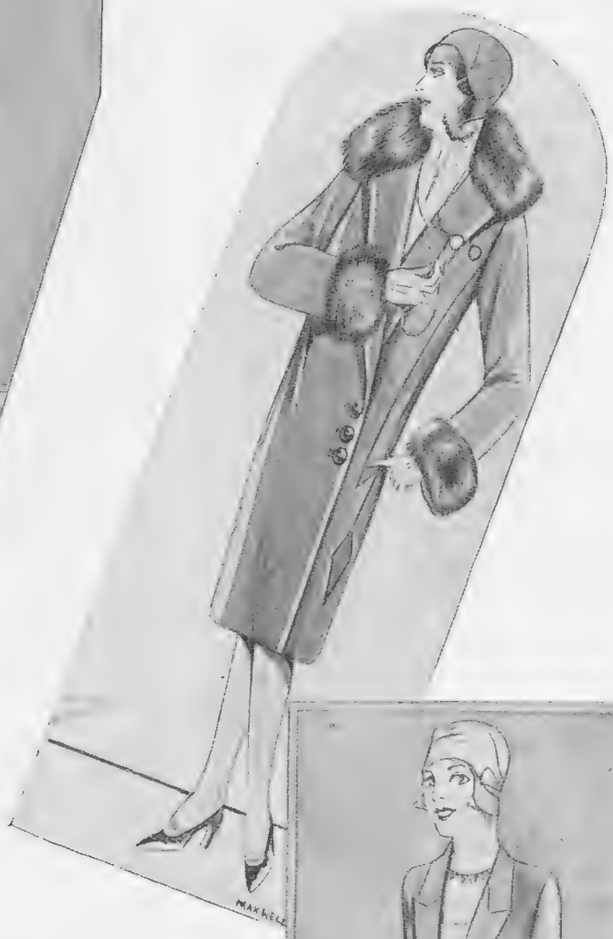
The pressing of cloth suits and coats when practised by the inexperienced person does not always meet with success. The following instructions come direct from the tailor himself. A garment should first be pressed on the right side, covering it with a damp cloth and ironing with a heavy hot iron. After this, the material should be dried from the inside, holding the iron lightly against the wrong one. It is the last point that makes all the difference. Creases removed in this way will not easily return. In the case of light frocks crushed in packing, lay the affected part over a hot water jar, covered by a damp cloth, then hang to dry.

Long white gloves of kid, except on rare occasions, are seldom worn to-day and many a woman has a number of old pairs put away. When the inside of the soles of evening and light slippers get soiled, a good plan is to cut new ones out of very thin cardboard and paste on to them similarly shaped pieces of white kid cut from the arms of the gloves. These fresh in-soles take up no room in the shoes and are easily slipped in and out to clean with petrol when soiled.

Suède coats and shoes, because they are liable to get greasy-looking patches, are often a matter of despair to their owners. The very latest remedy for this is the small brush with rubber bristles. It will keep the surface of the suède in perfect order and can be carried in the handbag.

Face to Face With Chic and Economy





A model that has a particularly chic and original side effect is seen above. Fashion at the moment favours side effects with panels, stitching, etc. The collar and cuffs, cut on generous lines and made of Kolinsky Coney, rich and warm in colour, provide the most charming of finishes. (42*s.* 9*d.*)

The coat with pleated side panels, above on the left, allows the wearer perfect freedom of movement, whilst the silhouette remains narrow. Note, too, the clever arrangement of the belt. Natural Skunk is the fur employed. the collar fitting snugly to the neck when the coat is worn closed. (5½ *guineas.*)

On the left is an attractive Nutria trimmed model, fastening with three buttons and cut with a slight flare in the skirt. Flared coats, particularly becoming to slender women, are included this autumn in La Mode's programme, as well as straight ones. The collar is, of course, adaptable. (4½ *gu neas.*)

Above, to the right, stocked in special outsizes, is the ideal model for the big woman, whose interests are all too seldom considered. It is cut on trim, fashionable lines and finished with Skunk-Opossum. The easy fit, long revers and cleverly arranged side panels give length to the figure. (59*s.* 6*d.*)

AN attractive example of the coat that is not trimmed with fur is seen on the right. (35*s.* 6*d.*) *All these delightful models are carried out in faced-cloth—the fashionable material for coats this season—in black, navy, fawn, the various new browns, beige, etc., and are lined with fancy artificial silk.*

Send your queries, marked "Fashions," to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—*Pope.*

THE appeals in the Charity Page last week were concerned with organisations which exist to help the sailor in the dangers, privations and other troubles incidental to his calling.

This week place is given to the pleas of some of the Societies which are at work to help our seafaring population spiritually and mentally as well as in matters of material moment.

An appeal is also made for the training of boys for a sea life. This latter work is, from the BRITANNIA point of view, worthy to be regarded as charitable. Whether it provide a boy who is the son of poor parents with a home during his period of training, or whether it work through sea cadet corps whose members live at their own homes, it has this character.

Charity is not gauged by the amount of pity it can excite, and the provision of training which "makes men" of boys, and men with a desire and capacity to serve their country, is a very charitable business indeed, both for the boy and for national life.

Missions to Seamen.

The sailor's position is unique in an Empire founded on the seas. He is our partner in almost every enterprise, because through him we function to the utmost parts of the earth. Salt water is the life-blood of our being.

To these utmost parts the Missions to Seamen Society endeavours to follow him, nor has it fallen far short of its endeavour. Nearly 130 stations show its flag in the ports of the world, and the institutes which fly it stand to seamen for a home remote from home, and a fragment of Britain set under alien skies.

Here they may work off that longing for strenuous exercise which the confinement of shipboard has denied them. In the football fields of Buenos Aires 10,000 sailors played the game last year, while in its boxing ring the combatants faced each other almost nightly. These, with the concerts and entertainments, keep them healthy and clean-minded amidst the poisonous temptations around. And Buenos Aires is only one amongst many stations, all with the same boundless hospitality and wholehearted welcome.

Here the social side joins to the spiritual without the slightest touch of unreality. Always facing death, the sailor's religion is hard-hammered and tenacious. But he looks to the brief service or private prayer in the chapel to keep it strong, and worship is not a formality to him but a necessity. Perhaps land folk hardly realise this.

The world-wide work and influence of the Society are yearly winning fuller recognition. When the Sudan Government calls on it to start a station in fiery Port Sudan, it does so on terms of partnership. The Government supplies the Institute, and the Missions to Seamen finds the Chaplain. This is its appeal: "You provide the material means, and we will answer for the trained worker."

Kobe called for a man, and the man came and died for the sailors. Now Kobe calls for money, so that the work he did there may not fail. And all the ports call to Britain, because she is the mother of those who adventure in ships.

Any contributions for this world-wide work for our seamen will be gladly received by Stuart C. Knox, secretary and treasurer, The Missions to Seamen, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

British Sailors' Society.

To-day there are many societies in existence for the welfare of sailors, but it was the British Sailors' Society that inaugurated this important movement so far back as the year 1918, and with the main object of preaching the Gospel to Sailors. The society's meetings were first held in an old sloop of war named the *Speedy*, afterwards christened the *Ark*, which was then anchored in the Thames off Wapping.

As the work progressed, Institutes and Homes for Sailors ashore were established in home ports and overseas. Over 100 are maintained to-day. To meet local and pressing requests, funds are now being raised to extend our sailors' homes at Cardiff, Hamburg, Plymouth, Southampton and Swansea. The society maintains orphan boys, sons of sailors, at their home in Farningham, Kent. The training of boys for a mercantile career is also carried on at the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel at Limehouse, and during the past six years some 570 boys have gone to sea from this hostel. In September, 1924, the Empire Memorial Hostel was opened at Limehouse to commemorate the gallant deeds of he 18,000 merchant seamen whose lives were given to the Empire during the Great War, 1914–1918. How well it has answered its purpose may be gathered by the 196,457 sailors who used the home in 1927, and that 70,459 beds were occupied during the year. Further, berths were found for 1,536 unemployed seamen. The funds for the building and endowment of this hostel were raised by the women of the Empire, and its erection was inspired by the Dowager Lady Dimsdale, under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild—the Women's Auxiliary of the British Sailors' Society.

Another important feature of the Society's activities is the placing of ocean libraries, consisting of interesting and wholesome literature, on over 800 ships at sea. Literature is also provided to 300 lighthouses and lightships.

The Marine Society.

This society was instituted in the year 1756. In 1757, his then Majesty King George II became its patron. From that date onwards the reigning sovereign has always been its patron.

From 1756 to 1763 the society clothed and fitted out for sea service 5,174 boys. Between that period and the end of 1926 it sent into the Navy 29,898 boys, 3,760 into the Indian Navy and 30,071 into the Merchant Service. The boys who were thus trained and sent into the various services were poor lads of good character. It is for such that this society has constantly worked. I cannot do better than quote a portion of the report made by the admiral commanding Reserves on his inspection of the *Warspite*, the training-ship of the society, on June 22nd, 1926.

"I carried out a most searching inspection of the *Warspite*, and was highly pleased with results. The boys were exceptionally well turned out, and looked very happy, healthy and clean: petty officer boys going through orders well. Spoke to a number of boys, and was amazed by their general intelligence. Massed physical drill was well executed. Classes were visited during instruction, and I was surprised at the knowledge shown by the boys in seamanship and signals. Fire Quarters, Abandon Ship, etc., were executed to my entire satisfaction."

The spiritual welfare of the lads is well cared for, 73 of them were confirmed during this year. The work of this old and honoured society is obviously deserving of support.

Navy League Training ship "Stork."

The boys who are received on board the *Stork* are all sons of ex-servicemen. The objects are: To provide a home for boys; to train them in habits of discipline, to foster patriotism and a high sense of duty, and to make them good citizens; it seeks to attract boys from the congested areas of our great cities to a healthy life at sea, and with this in view trains them for the Navy and the Mercantile Marine.

I warmly support the appeal of the committee for help from some of the many people who are nterested in this service. Donations and subscriptions should be sent to the hon. treasurer, Commander Clarke Jervoise, Leehurst, Esher, Surrey.

Navy League Sea Cadets.

There are thirty-two corps of boys in the United Kingdom who learn seamanship, boat-pulling, signals and many other useful accomplishments three or four times a week, and are organised by the Navy League. An example is the Kingston T.S. *Steadfast* Sea Cadet Corps, consisting of three voluntary officers and sixty boys. This corps has won seven challenge cups and other trophies in the competitions this year, and holds the champion flag: it has a good band and several boats on the river. Another sea cadet corps is in Stornoway, and is engaged in teaching the boys of that out of the way place many useful things which they could not otherwise hear about.

The Navy League, which finances the various sea cadet corps, is holding a flag day in London on October 22nd, and donations will be welcomed towards the Nelson Day Fund, which is allocated to the sea cadets. Many of the corps require new boats and other expensive articles of equipment, and the provision of these depends entirely upon this appeal and the result of the flag day.

Other organisations for training boys for the sea are the *Arethusa* training ship at Greenhithe, which is connected with the Shaftesbury Homes; the Nautical School Training Ship *Mercury* at Hamble, under the direction of Commander C. B. Fry; the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel at Limehouse, worked by the British Sailors' Society; the Watts Naval Training School at Elmham, and the Russell-Cotes Nautical School at Parkstone (both connected with the Barnardo Homes), and the Liverpool training ship *Indefatigable*. This last should appeal especially to people who have interests in the great Mersey port.

All these institutions, and no doubt, there are many others, may be commended as charities intended for boys whose circumstances require help, and whose characters and physical fitness encourage the patriotically benevolent by appealing to a nobler sentiment than pity.

A Plain Man in Trouble.

SIR,

In your journal of October 5th—the description of the Conservative Conference at Yarmouth by D'Egville—there are two paragraphs to which I take exception. I refer to the criticisms on the seconders of Resolutions, viz.:

"Such a man was Mr. Harrison, who occupied the full allowance of five minutes to tell us that he agreed with every word Sir Frank Meyer had said. Of course he does, otherwise why the devil does he second him ! ! ! ! "

As a matter of fact Mr. Harrison did not second Sir Frank Meyer's resolution, but moved an amendment to it. In fact, it was I who seconded that particular resolution under somewhat unusual circumstances.

On behalf of the Mitcham Division of the Surrey Association a resolution of the same purport as Sir Frank Meyer's appeared on the Agenda, before his, with my name attached. Seeing that Sir Frank Meyer is Member for Yarmouth, I asked the Chairman of the Conference for leave to withdraw my resolution and to second Sir Frank's.

I did not take five minutes, I took nearly 10 (seconders are allowed ten minutes). My main points were (*a*) that the derating is not, as alleged, a dole to the landlords; (*b*) that the scheme benefits most the distressed areas because three-quarters of 33s. is greater than three-quarters of 12s.; (*c*) that the scheme is not perfect, nor would any scheme of any party be perfect, because all policies are evolved by imperfect human minds; (*d*) that the main point is will the scheme be beneficial to the basic industries with their 10 million (approx.) workers and through them to the millions in the distributive trades? If so support it, never mind about political stunts.

Really! these may be considered gaseous platitudes by Captain D'Egville, but you may think otherwise.

Sir Frank Meyer prefaced his speech with an expression of thanks for the courteous withdrawal of a resolution preceding his own and, as the chairman consented to my seconding, I fail to see where I was wrong; at any rate I should do the same again under similar circumstances, as the reputation of my Division is very much my concern after many years work on its behalf and for the cause.—Yours faithfully,

F. HAWTHORN.

Don't Snort at the Organist.

SIR,

Will the Editor take any notice of an ordinary woman's opinion? If so, I give it.

I got the new magazine and hailed it with pleasure to send to two boys out in Rhodesia, because one is glad to have the light of torches thrown over old topics even and certainly on new ones.

But I, like Harvey Preen, say do *not* run down Stanley Baldwin. He is a man who loves his country, and with patience there's a good time coming I feel sure. I feel inclined to add the old American saw, "do not snort at the organist; he is doing his best."

What we want is taxation turned on to cars, pianos and luxuries, and taken off our daily food.

I wrote asking Mr. Churchill to tax cats. They abound everywhere, but though a polite answer came saying that he would think of it, cats still remain free, while a useful dog pays 7s. 6d.

We cannot compare with France as far as unemployment goes. They have enough work for years in rebuilding the waste places caused by the war. Things would be easier here if women would leave the posts they nobly filled for a time to the men who are home again. This, in my mind, ought to be compulsory.

I could say a lot more—women mostly can; but I shall only be a deaf mute in the pages of BRITANNIA.

ELIZABETH BALME.

Too Much Peace Propaganda.

SIR,

The pontifical Mr. Garvin (than whom there is no more sincere lover of peace in this country) has an unfortunate habit of imputing quarrelsomeness, and a lack of the pacific spirit, to those who disagree with his prescriptions for peace.

The prescription of his at present most advocated by his able paper appear to be "The League of Nations," and a sort of censorship by the United States of America over our foreign policy.

May I humbly suggest that you order one of your staff to contribute an article to BRITANNIA setting out the provocations of excessive peace propaganda?

There are many ways of seeking peace, more of ensuing it, and still more of talking about it, but it is not yet proved that to avoid war you must incessantly talk peace. The association of ideas is a phrase one often hears; the association of antithesis would prove a more valuable study.

Men who are always talking of keeping the peace are really keeping the idea of war alive. The man who tells another, who is in the middle of an excited argument, "*Don't hit him!*" is in a fair way to start a fight neither of the controversialists had thought of till then.

Ten years ago everyone had had enough of war; except those nations who had not had enough of it! But, after ten years of continuous conferences, all screaming warnings to us not to hit each other, we have arrived at a moment when newspapers actually discuss "The Next War!"

Let us call a truce to these symposiums abroad; cease wondering if there will ever be a war with the United States—a purely academic and absurd speculation, whatever the sensation-mongers may say—and concentrate on the quiet and pacific business of building up national prosperity once more.

To the mind of at least one Man in the Street, the international discussions on keeping the peace have provoked more rancour, envy, malice, uncharitableness, and dangerous controversy, than anything else since 1914.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY.

Unfair Competition and Textiles.

DEAR SIR,

I think the first article in BRITANNIA sounds the right note, and most people who read it will be pleased to see that "hard facts" are substituted for "soft roes."

The Prime Minister's attitude on "safeguarding," as on most other questions (excepting the "Flapper Bill") tends to outrival a former Prime Minister in his "wait and see" policy; a policy which, had it been allowed to prevail, would have proved fatal to us in the early years of the war.

If some of our politicians had also been in Pittsburg they, too, would better understand what an extra output of 4,000,000 tons of steel would mean in wages to the workers of this country.

I have some knowledge of the conditions of the textile trade, and, partly due to unfair competition, it is pitiful to see large mills in Yorkshire closed or working half time, and I know from personal knowledge that, whilst a British manufacturer is very delighted to see an order to-day for a few hundred pieces, orders for a good many thousands of pieces are going to the Continent weekly, and millions of pounds worth of woollen and textile goods are being delivered here annually.

The only expense incurred by the foreign manufacturer in getting his goods into this free old country is a selling commission of 1 or 2 per cent. to his agent (who also is often a foreigner). Try to sell him the same kind of goods of equal merit and see with what success you meet.

No criticism could properly be levelled at our system if the fiscal system of other countries were based on reciprocity, or if all the merchandise arriving here were necessary (I am not speaking of necessities), but in the majority of cases the only people who derive any profit from these unnecessary imports are the buyer and seller. In other words, many of them are luxuries which at present we cannot afford. . . .

In conclusion, let me be permitted to congratulate you on a very excellent paper. Coming up from Manchester yesterday I noticed that three people out of four in a first-class carriage had possessed themselves of it. The necessary improvements will have already occurred to you.

G. EVANS,
Managing Director, Evans and Weale, Ltd.

A Prime Minister's Qualifications.

DEAR SIR,

I have read the two issues of your new journal and must comment upon the high level of everything contained therein.

It must succeed by reason of its obvious sincerity and unbiassed opinions.

Your criticisms of Mr. Baldwin were destined to raise protests from a host of readers, but they must remember that the criticism was directed not against the man but his statesmanship. A man may be a thoroughly honest Christian, British gentleman and yet be a rotten Prime Minister.

It is a great pleasure to be able to read a *really* non-party paper, where *all* politicians are weighed in the balance impartially. Wishing you every success.—Yours truly,

SYDNEY H. GORDON BOX.

Scheming Politicians.

SIR,

I was amazed to see, among the correspondence printed in the second number of your excellent paper, BRITANNIA, that not a single letter openly expressed satisfaction with your political views in the first number.

As one of the "younger generation," who sees his country rotten with scheming politicians, scrambling for seats at elections, promising anything to get into power, and wasting valuable time when they get there instead of really helping the nation in a time of great stress, I welcome an independent view of the situation.

To anyone who values the Empire and all that it means, Socialism, and especially the new Labour programme, spell anathema.

The Liberals, divided in themselves, have no cry but the old catch-words "Free Trade," or "Your food will cost you more."

And finally the Conservatives lack a leader who has the courage of his convictions to do what we are all waiting for.

In the forthcoming elections, out of the three alternatives, one can but vote for the party which is at least for Empire, and which has the best "intentions," namely the Conservative party.

But what we want is "deeds," and it is by such opinions as yours, Sir, expressed candidly and fearlessly in the face of your opponents, that we may succeed in waking the nation to the necessity for action where industry is concerned, before it is too late.

In conclusion, I wish you every success in your "new adventure," which is in a class by itself. May it live long!—Yours etc.,

P. S. PALMER.

Bureaucrats and Others.

DEAR SIR,

Rule and hail BRITANNIA!—she is a sturdy maiden—and I must thank you for thinking the reader does "abhor the turnover."

I like the sly hits at politics and you voice my strongly held convictions about the Government's shameless surrender to bureaucracy.

I wrote to the *Daily News*, as the protagonist of liberty, saying I'd rather go to prison than vote compulsorily, but of course, Liberalism is hoping to capture youth and particularly female youth, so they lie low; as if an unwilling voter could be coerced or even persuaded! But perhaps they can. We are a craven crowd to-day and women are loathsome.

They make such a song about it, but so long as they function physiologically as they do, so long are they at the mercy of their physiological make-up and unscrupulous men—and they have broken down and flung away the safeguards that good men knew were necessary for the social weal.

I have felt unbounded contempt for Stanley Baldwin since 1924, when he should have stopped all doles in six months and made every trade support its own unemployed, giving the biggest Government subsidy to those with least unemployment.

I think Samuel Johnson's concluding paragraph the "best ever"—and Socialism is from Christianity as far apart as Dives from Lazarus, and there is a great gulf fixed.

I do wish you would slay the slobberers who eternally chant Blake's Jerusalem, "I will not sheath, etc., . . . cease from mental fight"—they don't know the meaning of the word "mental" nor of Jerusalem—and that instead you would publish his dicta:—

"He that would do good to another, must do it in minute particulars."

I am not wishing to discourage but to encourage your brave attempt to enlist the interest of, I fear, hopelessly inert (thanks to politicians, corrupt bureaucracy, and ministries) and utterly demoralised people.

BEATRICE H. DERRY.

The Whip of Unemployment.

DEAR SIR,

Your paper has been a joy to read. Recently I had occasion to visit one of the poorer localities of Glasgow.

Those people who boast about the strides of civilisation should visit some such similar place and see how backward the present generation really is. Certainly I admit we have advanced, but it is only the wealthy who have anything to show that we have done so. The hovels of the poor are symmetrically arranged ancient Briton mud-huts.

No wonder the Socialistic germ swells and grows fat in such environment. What a life! What an existence! Streets and streets of houses filled with dirty children, unemployed men and grunting wives. Everywhere squalor and filth. How can any woman respect a man who crawls from bed, having slept the round of the clock, and who spends the rest of the day avoiding the sweeping brush?

Than such an existence I would rather have a cabin in some wild spot, where nature would hide the wretched wounds of poverty and would send her free gifts—the flowers, the summer foliage—and I could rejoice in the innocent brightness of a summer's day. It is a work of humanity, indeed of God, to ameliorate the existing vile conditions.

The whip of unemployment is stripping the skin of patriotism from the backs of the working class as a result of which they are ever ready to swallow the false teachings of Socialism. They say, "could we be worse?" and I must answer, "In truth I think not."

What are motors, yachts, bathrooms, electric light, sumptuous furnishings and wholesome food to the people of the poorer quarters, that is, to the vast majority? It were better far that this great civilisation had not placed these tempting things before their eyes.—I am, etc.

PETER A. MALONE.

Anti-Vaccination Views.

SIR,

It would have been more in compliance with the accepted code of ordinary politeness to have forwarded me a copy of your periodical BRITANNIA, in the current number of which one of your anonymous contributors makes a singularly abusive and ill-informed attack on myself and my attitude towards vaccination.

By accident I learnt of same to-day, to-morrow I will reply to this most unenlightened disciple of Esculapius; he excels in nothing but abuse, and his appalling ignorance is only paralleled by his ineptness to quote figures truthfully. He is not the only one of his ilk. My criticism has stung, and stung badly too; hence his virulent screed. I trust you will grant me the same publicity as he; I am at least as trustworthy.—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES BENNETT.

SIR,

As you have given the management of the Health Section of your magazine into the hands of the British Medical Association, I do not suppose you will admit any criticism of their statements, however debatable these may be.

I might, however, remind you that eminent doctors and scientists have denounced vaccination as a superstition and a fraud, and that more than half the parents of this country refuse to have their children vaccinated. Your magazine promises to be an addition to the literary publications of the day, but I for one (and I know my views are shared by many other possible readers) will not take it if I am to have silly nonsense thrown at me, such as the remarks on vaccination on page 137 of the current issue.—Yours faithfully,

L. LOAT,
Secretary, National Anti-Vaccination League.

Divorce Laws.

DEAR SIR,

In your issue of September 28th, the article by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead upon the "Cruelties of Divorce" reads, "It will surprise some to learn that if a man marries a woman who has deceived him, though she knows, and he does not, that she is pregnant by another man, the marriage is valid . . ." If such a trick were played on the sovereign, it would "by statute of Henry VIII be high treason."

It seems to me that this statement is an essential feature of the argument of your learned contributor, and I therefore call attention to the fact that this Act of Henry VIII was repealed by 1 Mary, Ch. 1. I quote Blackstone, 14th edition, pages 86-87; "between the reign of Henry IV and Queen Mary, particularly in the bloody reign of Henry VIII, the spirit of inventing strange treasons was revived; among which we may reckon . . . marrying with the King, by a woman not a virgin, without discovering to him such her unchaste life . . . all of which new-fangled treasons were totally abrogated by the statute 1 Mar. c. 1, which once more reduced all treasons to the standard of the statute 25 Edw. III."

It will no doubt interest your subscribers to read a contradiction by his Lordship of his statement of law as published.—Yours,

LEX.

Petty Frauds.

DEAR SIR,

It is very difficult to agree with what your learned contributor, "Woolsack" has to say under the heading "A Harsh Sentence." For the individual, it is, of course, a tragedy, but we must consider the victims of this very prevalent form of petty fraud, which, one feels, can only be stamped out by the sternest measures against those who perpetrate it.

There are many people, otherwise entirely moral and law-abiding, who regard such institutions as tea-shops, railways and omnibus companies as a perfectly fair and legitimate means to frauds, and it is only by such measures as those of Mr. Mead—for whom I hold no brief whatever—that these can be protected against the dishonesty of such swindlers.

Justice, certainly, should be tempered with mercy, but pretty fraud for the sake of a few pence, even if against a great and rich company, is so despicable as to put those who practice it outside the pale of consideration.—Yours faithfully,

D. GRAHAM DAVIS.

Otter Hunting.

SIR,

I see that your excellent paper has a page devoted to the glorification of blood-sports. In your first number your correspondent had some interesting facts relating to the history of otter hunting, and last week he denounced the cruel act of two young men in shooting an otter.

A few weeks ago I read in a hunting paper the reports of five otter hunts of about six hours each. May I quote just one?

> "She (the bitch otter) went away upstream, and turned through the stickle at Bottom Ford . . . hounds forced her upstream again, and through the stickle. Nearly six hours had gone by, and the pace began to tell. She landed and went into a rabbit hole, hounds close on her, and Warrener had her out. Time 6¼ hours."

So this, I take it, is the humane method of killing otters advocated by your correspondent?—Yours truly,

J. C. SHARP.

Is Cockfighting Sport?

DEAR SIR,

The immense pleasure afforded to me by the first two numbers of BRITANNIA was somewhat marred by the article in your second number entitled "A Modern Cockfight."

The author seemed to be of a mind that your readers were devotees of cock fighting. What I presume to be technical terms were used throughout his article, and I found it difficult to follow in this respect.

Surely he might have used lay synonyms. Are the general public familiar with such terms as "Main," "in go," "sharpheeler," or "first fly"? If he must write on such topics may I suggest that "M. T. R. C." does so in a lucid manner? But must he?

"The ancient sport of cock fighting"—what a pity Cicero cannot come back to earth! The Verrine speeches were so expressive in the matter of barbaric practices.

If "M. T. R. C." has not gone to Spain for the bull fighting season I shall be glad to hear him justify the application of the term "sport" to cock fighting. Perhaps, under his initials, he will take up the cudgels in your columns with me? Shall I sign myself "A. B. C." or Yours faithfully,

DENIS P. MOSELEY.

[*Other letters on Otter Hunting and Cock Fighting have been received from May Rowland and C. L. Morant.*]

Cyclists and Rear Lights.

DEAR SIR,

As a reader of your new paper and a keen cyclist belonging to the ranks of the Cyclist's Touring Club, I would like to say a word to the hon. lady who writes on rear lights, which she seems to think are little different than before the Act came into being.

Now cyclists, even though they be in the way, owing only to selfish motorists, have a sense of duty, and our rules are to ride in twos (which we do under our leader, and also carry reflectors). If she toured Lancashire, or any county for that matter, she would find thousands of reflectors.

Why I feel so put out is that only last evening I was one in a club of thirty odd, all with shining reds behind. As regards sign posts, only lunatics could get lost in wonderful England. Yours truly,

(MRS.) G. MARTIN.

[*Other letters criticising our Motoring Correspondents' references to "Selfish Cyclists" have been received from T. T. Jasper, W. D. Cooke and "A Mere Cyclist."*]

Rossetti's Death.

DEAR SIR,

In your review of *Recollections of Rossetti*, by Sir Hall Caine, it is stated that the author "enjoyed Rossetti's close friendship and he died in his arms." As a matter of interest, may I draw your reviewer's attention to the following extracts from Appendix I to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin* (1914 and subsequent editions)?

"Mr. A. C. Benson, in his monograph on D. G. Rossetti in *English Men of Letters*, says 'It was for a long time hoped that Mr. Watts-Dunton would give the memoir of his great friend to the world, but there is such a thing as knowing a man too well to be his biographer. It is, however, an open secret that a vivid sketch of Rossetti's personality has been given to the world in Mr. Watts-Dunton's well-known romance *Aylwin*, where the artist D'Arcy is drawn from Rossetti.'" . . .

It may be added that Rossetti's *Ballads and Sonnets*, published in 1882, were dedicated to the author in these words, "To the Friend whom my verse won for me, these few more pages are affectionately inscribed."

When he drew his last breath at Birchington, *it was in that friend's arms.*—Yours faithfully,

(*Continued overleaf.*) E. ROBERTS.

Dog Racing Government.

DEAR SIR,

I notice in the second edition of your weekly paper an article on greyhound racing by Mr. A. Barker.

As I understand the object of your weekly is to place only true facts before the public, I would like to point out several serious statements which are entirely opposed to fact.

Your contributor states that there is no Jockey Club of greyhound racing; presumably, therefore, he thinks there are no rules governing the sport.

May I draw your attention to the enclosed Club Rules of the National Greyhound Racing Club, which came into being in January this year and took over its duties controlling greyhound racing on April 23rd, 1928. I also enclose you copy of the Rules of Racing under which the licensed tracks race.

The Club now controls some forty-three licensed tracks throughout the country. Apart from these licensed tracks there are only about eight unlicensed meetings, or flapping tracks, and these are rapidly diminishing since the public is learning the difference between attending licensed and unlicensed meetings, from the point of view of the straightness of the racing.

Mr. Barker also draws attention to the case of the white dog being painted black. This was an admitted fact which happened on an Irish course, and the owner of the greyhound was warned off by the controlling body of Ireland, which is the Irish Coursing Club. As the N.G.R.C. has a reciprocal agreement with the Irish Coursing Club and the National Coursing Club of Great Britain, the owner of this greyhound has also been warned off by this Club for malpractice. You will see therefore that far from there being no control, there is a very rigid one kept, which has the recognition of such an old body as the National Coursing Club.

The Stewards appreciate the fact that doubtless Mr. Barker has been misinformed, and they would like your assurance that the true facts will be placed before the public through your valuable medium. —Yours faithfully,

A. C. CHAPLIN,
Secretary, The National Greyhound Racing Club.

[Letters on the subject of Greyhound Racing have also been received from T. N. Bennett and Harry Bury.]

Left-hand Advertisement Pages.

DEAR SIR,

I read with interest your notes in the first number of BRITANNIA, particularly those recording the wonderful "brain waves" for which you claim personal responsibility.

I take exception to the statement you make in one paragraph as follows:—

> "Was I right when I adopted the one practical method of avoiding 'turn-overs'—the interleaving of reading matter and advertising, with only left-hand pages for the advertisements—which no paper except BRITANNIA, up to this moment, has dared to employ?"

I have posted you a copy of *The Field*, dated September 20th, because it contains the obituary notice of that great editor, Sir Theodore Cook. You will observe that advertisements facing matter in *The Field* are printed on the left-hand pages, and this, I believe, has been in operation for a considerable period.

I feel sure that this evidence of "daring" will be sufficient to justify you in withdrawing the claim contained at the conclusion of the paragraph.

May I venture to impress upon such an accomplished "romancer," and even somewhat of a poet, that editors like Sir Theodore Cook are not in the habit of saying "Am I right." They regard it as a rudimentary rule of newspaper direction to make sure of the facts first.—Yours faithfully,

J. MACKENZIE.

October 3, 1928.

The Naturalisation of Aliens.

DEAR SIR,

I trust you may find space in your splendid journal to call attention to the very urgent need that exists for restricting the naturalisation of aliens, so that while our own people must emigrate or go on the dole, hundreds of foreigners of all kinds are yearly admitted to naturalisation.—Yours faithfully,

FRANK ROSS.

Science and Religion.

DEAR SIR,

Is science principally to blame for the fact emphasised by the Rev. R. J. Campbell that religious faith is not so strong as formerly nor so forcibly a motive governing current activities?

Day by day she gives us spiritual enlightenment as well as material comforts and, had she control of the instruments she has evolved for the dissemination of knowledge, I think she might convince us that her march is away from materialistic dogmatism.

Moreover, if she were afforded such control—not necessarily suggested as essential or even desirable—I do not think she would be greatly perturbed by that proportion of her devotees who, for material reasons or perhaps inspired by false notions of a narrow patriotism, continue evolving new engines of destruction for future wars.

I think the main body of her adherents would be content with the destruction of those engines, and their faith would restrain them from burning at the stake their "extremist" designers. Science in control would serve—not destroy—us.

The mind, or understanding, of a man of science is, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest influences for good. Not his private enterprise, but its abuse by others having no claim to scientific accomplishments, I regard as the first cause which religion has to combat.

The misunderstanding of science by the layman is perhaps the most pertinent and most evil consequence of her exploitation—and the march of education, step by step, will cope with that evil. Until democracy has grown to its full height, we should not censure the layman, whose main fault consisted of idolising almost to the point of deification a man of science, who conceivably might bring within the range of human knowledge such a startling matter as that elusive fourth dimension.

We should make sure first that his fallacious worship was not encouraged by sensation-loving newspapers and other instruments of propaganda, which pander not to science but to interests vested in exploiting her workers and their works. We cannot blame Science when we know that the intellect capable of setting out to comprehend that fourth dimension is never so low as to be unable to recognise its own creation by a Supreme Being of infinite power and majesty and, if I may add, with full reverence, of infinite dimensions.

The majority of scientists, I imagine, feel grateful for the joys bestowed upon them in the three-dimensioned existence they know and understand. Is not their progress in increasing our knowledge and understanding of that existence a worthy expression of their gratitude?

The root of the trouble between science and religion is not science herself, but those battening on her, and the solution of that trouble is education, in the furtherance of which men of science and ministers of Jesus have both their services to render. —Faithfully yours,

W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW.

What is Wrong with Religion?

SIR,

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D., in writing on this topic states in BRITANNIA:—"Our ancestors a few million years ago were crawling worms on a steaming seashore . . ." etc.

Is it permissible to ask this eminent divine what evidence he possesses in support of this dogmatic assertion? Is he, or is he not, a Minister of the Church whose Articles lay down that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the Faith or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation"?

In Genesis I, v. 27 it is written:—"God created man in His own image. In the image of God created He him. Male and female created He them."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, however, says that:—"Our ancestors a few million years ago were crawling worms on a steaming seashore." There is no need to ask what is *wrong* with religion when religious "leaders" talk tosh.—Yours truly,

A. LANCASTER SMITH.

Problems of Migration.

DEAR SIR,

You are pointing a finger to-day at the rust and moths that corrupt, and the thieves that break through and steal. However, although you claim to be an ardent Imperialist, with an understanding of Empire affairs, in addition to acting as pillory clamper to your intellectual inferiors, I beg to state that your conception of the most important factor in Imperial affairs, Emigration, is so narrow that it becomes merely the shortest distance between two points.

The day of the small rancher will go, even as the small business man is going. Combines, with constructive intelligent men at their heads, must replace them. One by one, we of the bourgeoisie are becoming employees, if not shareholders in the combines. We are becoming links in the chain of commerce. It is well, for it is progress. A combine must tackle the pioneering of Canada. It must buy from the Government of Canada its thousands and thousands of miles of waste country. It must drive a railroad through the wilderness from south to north, and east to west. It must build villages at convenient distances along the line.

These villages (for the pioneers) must be under the control of experts in agriculture and must possess the amenities of an English village. They must transfer those of our unemployed who wish to emigrate to these districts from the depressed areas of Britain, and they must pay them a living wage. The land to be cleared, and later cultivated for agricultural purposes, will radiate outwards from the villages, whence the workers will return after the day's work.

The first three years will show no returns, but after that, time, science, efficiency and organisation will prove that mass production farming can pay. Ford has proved it and others are proving it in the South-Western States. An entirely new market will be created. The advance of Britain in the nineteenth century was entirely due to the opening up the Colonies and America, for it is pioneering that sets in motion the stream of commerce. Without exploitation of new territory, trade stagnates. The old Victorian stuff of "Out and Pioneer on your own, my Boy!" is dead. You can change an idea in modern youth, but you can't change a state of mind. Youth to-day wants wages and comfort. Ambition and success are for the very few, so give youth what he wants and let him work for it. Nine hundred and ninety men out of a thousand are born employees. The one leads. Let us collect the ones and make a scheme a fact.—Yours, etc.,

LEO. HARDING.

A Plea for Small Charities.

DEAR SIR,

There are many features in your delightful paper that appeal, and by no means the least must be that devoted to our charities, and may I add one could hardly wish for a more valiant, outspoken and at the same time sympathetic champion of deserving causes than the Rev. Prebendary Gough.

May I express the hope that "Charity at Home" will give some of the lesser known, but nevertheless excellent, institutions a leg-up now and again? There are many such, struggling along year after year, and unable to focus the limelight on themselves through lack of influential titled committees, struggling to balance income and expenditure and without the means to indulge in "stunts" because their small income must be devoted to the actual work of alleviation.

I notice in this week's article considerable space is devoted to the magnificent work that has been and is being done by St. Dunstan's for our men blinded in the war. No one has greater sympathy or realises the debt we owe to our sightless ex-service men more than myself, but in spite of this I contend there are a number of charities (blind and otherwise) more in need and consequently more deserving.

St. Dunstan's, according to its last report, has a surplus of assets over liabilities exceeding one million pounds. Its income last year was over £200,000.

At the present time (ten years after the war) it still has something under 100 men in training, but these naturally will decrease each year. I am not a carping critic of St. Dunstan's, or its administration who have done so wonderfully in safeguarding the future of the 2,000 men blinded in the war.

My object is merely to emphasise the fact that there are many really "needy" institutions in desperate want, and to express the hope that BRITANNIA will, through the medium of "Charity at Home," give the small fry the benefit of its influence.—Yours faithfully,

"BRUNO."

THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA

BY MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE, D.S.O.

In this concluding article Major Segrave gives further impressions of the Motor Show.

MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE
(An exclusive portrait).

IN the last number of BRITANNIA I reviewed the "Show" from a general point of view, in accordance with the Editor's instructions. Now he allows me to go into a more detailed criticism of certain of the more interesting features of the various new models and bodies, etc. exhibited.

Before doing so, however, I reiterate again the thought that strikes me most strongly regarding the 1928 show. This is, that radical alterations in the designs of the engines and chassis of the better known makes are few and far between, relatively speaking. What alterations there are, are principally improvements to existing models; improvements in appearance, and improvements from the general point of view of comfort.

"Morris Minor."

OF course, as everybody knows, one of the most difficult stands to approach is that of Morris Motors, Ltd. This has been made even more difficult to approach this year because of Mr. Morris's introduction of a new light car called the "Morris Minor." This will compete with the Austin "Seven." It is a remarkable little car in many respects, and one which should make history in the motor industry of Great Britain very rapidly, both at home and in the Overseas markets.

At the moment the engine performance of this little car is not quite up to the standard of the Austin "Seven," but this is rather to be expected as this model has only just come into production, whereas the Austin "Seven" in its present form has been on the road for some considerable time, and all its teething troubles have, of necessity, been eliminated.

I venture to suggest, however, that, once some hundreds of this model have been produced the public will be very agreeably surprised with the value which they receive for their money.

A Car for the Expert and Novice.

PERSONALLY, I have always liked the Morris line. I have owned several Morris-Cowleys, both the two- and the four-seater, and have never had the slightest trouble with them.

The engine having plenty of power and a good turn of acceleration, together with an ample maximum speed for a car of this type and price, sells to a market principally composed of novices who serve their apprenticeship of driving on this car.

What the general public demand to-day in a car of low initial cost is reliability to the exclusion of nearly all other factors. The question of speed does not appeal to or interest them, because they are probably learning to drive, and, therefore, do not wish to go very fast. Reliability, however, they must have because, if any thing goes wrong, they do not as yet know how to rectify it, and this reliability factor has developed to a very high degree in Mr. Morris's products.

But, looked at from another angle, the more cars that you, as a manufacturer, turn out, the more you naturally learn about your own product, and taking a firm like Morris Motors, which turns out nearly 70,000 cars a year, it would indeed be a surprising thing if there were any serious snags in the models offered to the public.

Foolish Advice.

TO revert for a moment to another aspect of the motor industry, which comes naturally to my mind. How often do you hear totally ignorant people laying down the law with regard to this and that car and saying to each other: "Don't buy a so-and-so car because its back axle breaks," or, "Have you heard about the new model this and the new model that? I hear they are no good because their engines always give trouble."

There might have been a certain amount of trouble of this nature 20 years ago, but to-day the manufacturer of mass production motor-cars who puts on the market a model with certain fundamental weaknesses would be signing his own death warrant. Such a thing could not possibly happen.

If a certain portion of a standard motor-car gives trouble or breaks under fair wear and tear conditions the experimental department of the works in question immediately goes into the matter very seriously and strengthens the part concerned. Otherwise the customers buying this particular car would create such a disturbance that the sales would be seriously diminished.

Furthermore, nearly every car to-day is sold with a guarantee, which, from the manufacturer's point of view, is a very two-edged weapon, because, in effect, it means that the manufacturer has to satisfy himself and be certain of the excellence of his product before he puts it on the market, knowing full well that he is sponsor for its up-keep for the period of the guarantee.

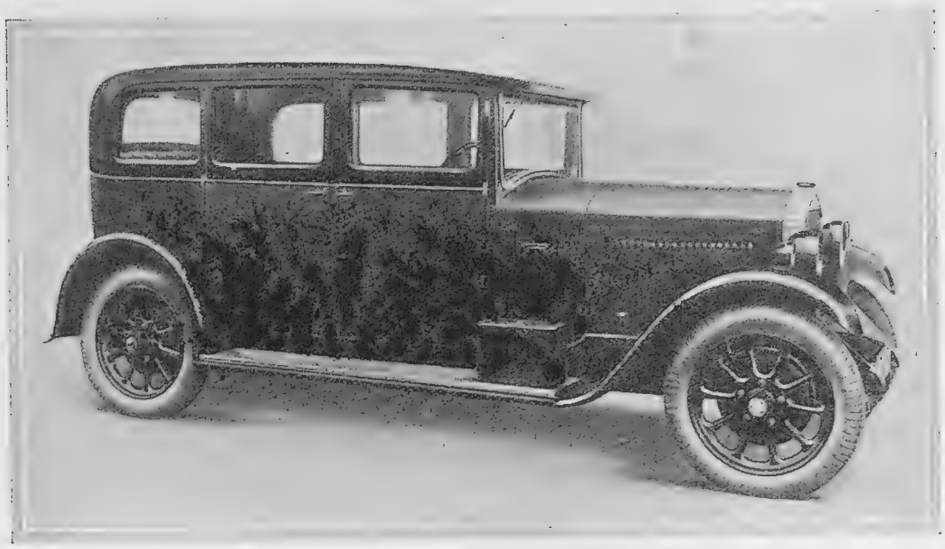
To-day, practically speaking, all cars are all equally reliable. They vary only in two details, comfort of riding and initial cost. The more you pay for a car, the quicker it will probably get you to your destination and the greater the degree of comfort. Otherwise the salient features are the same.

The Absence of "Eights."

I AM rather surprised, however, that there are not more 8-cylinder cars shown this year at Olympia. In Paris there were 25 8-cylinder cars on view and 64 6-cylinder models. The number of 4-cylinder cars was on the decline, there only being 23 types to be seen.

In England we are slower than other countries in arriving at a decision, but once that decision is arrived at and proved to be a good one, it remains with us for keeps.

The 8-cylinder models still seem to present a certain number of difficulties to the average firm and to the average designer, and, therefore, few people have shown the necessary initiative to tackle the job among the low-priced cars. The only new 8-cylinder in line unit that I



Humber 16-50 h.p. 6 cylinder saloon.

have seen is the Straight-Eight 18-20 h.p. Hillman. This is a car which comes within the reach of the majority of people, and selling as it does at £435 as a touring car, and £475 as a saloon, presents remarkably high value for money.

Any member of the trade who reads this article, having read the foregoing paragraph, will probably laugh and say: "Segrave says this about the Hillman because he is interested in the firm." The answer is that, of course, I am interested in the firm, and if the models they produce were not, in my own humble opinion, thoroughly excellent in every way and from every point of view, I should not be connected with the Hillman Co. at all. But, as I am connected with them, I won't say more than advise people with moderate means to examine the Hillman list thoroughly and see what value they get for their money.

A Sturdy "Baby."

NEXT to the Morris, comes, of course, the Austin. In fact the two makes are almost synonymous.

Go to the Austin Stand and you will see the same conditions prevailing as on the Morris. An immense crowd prevents you from getting more than a cursory glance of Sir Herbert Austin's products, but when one has forced one's way through and has been lucky enough to take up a position where one can look at the exhibits, one sees the same sturdy features. Nothing particularly new, nothing experimental and nothing unorthodox. Pleasing body lines, superior comfort and better accessories. A thoroughly sound proposition, British in looks and British in execution, and this should be enough.

Of the Baby Austin, suffice it to say that it is one of the most remarkable types of vehicle ever produced and put on the market. This toy car with a performance of over 50 m.p.h. has staggered the Continent and staggered our Dominions as well. Furthermore, the greatest credit is due to the production of this model because it was in every way entirely original when it was first thought of. There had never been quite such tiny car designed from a commercial point of view, and I, for one, laughed at the idea of such a thing selling abroad when I first heard of it. How wrong I was and how wrong we all were has been amply proved by the ever increasing demand which continue to flow in from abroad for this particular car.

Sunbeam Workmanship.

NOT very far from the Austin stand is the Sunbeam. Let us walk over there now and look at a higher price motor car, selling to a different market altogether. Excellence of finish has always been a characteristic of Sunbeam workmanship, and their 1928 exhibit by no means falls short of this mark. For some years now the public have, for some reason, been of the opinion that the Sunbeam company changes its models too frequently, but I would call readers' attention to the fact that no radical alteration has been made to the 25 and 20 h.p. and 3 litre models for the last two or three years.

The alterations which have been made have been alterations in the way of obtaining more power from the engine and more efficient braking. The detail work of this company's products is a joy to look at, as it has always been in the past.

The 20 h.p. Sunbeam, in my opinion, stands absolutely in a class of its own, regarding sweetness of running, acceleration, and power developed. Admittedly the price is high, but then if you want the three factors mentioned above you must expect to pay for them.

The racing experience which this company has had for the past nine years, adapted to commercial use under the able direction of Mr. Louis Coatalen, has proved just how useful is the winning and losing of international events abroad.

Humber's Redesigned Radiator.

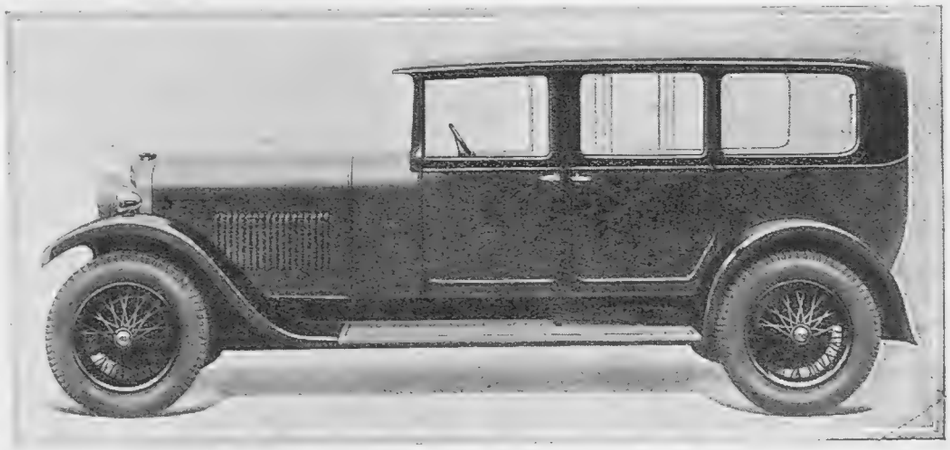
HOW much attention certain companies are paying to the improvement of exterior appearance to their product, can be seen from a glance at the Humber Company's stand. No one could ever have said that the old pattern Humber radiator was exactly a thing of beauty. It was low, and did not lend itself to pleasing body lines.

This year their radiator has been re-designed to a very pleasing appearance. While their engines have been modified and built "up-to-date," giving a performance approaching, if not quite nearly, to the 20 h.p. Sunbeam, which sells, of course, at a higher price. I think that everybody will unite with me in wishing the Humber company the greatest success in the future as a result of these radical alterations they have made to the outside appearance of their new models, as one of the oldest firms in the British motor industry.

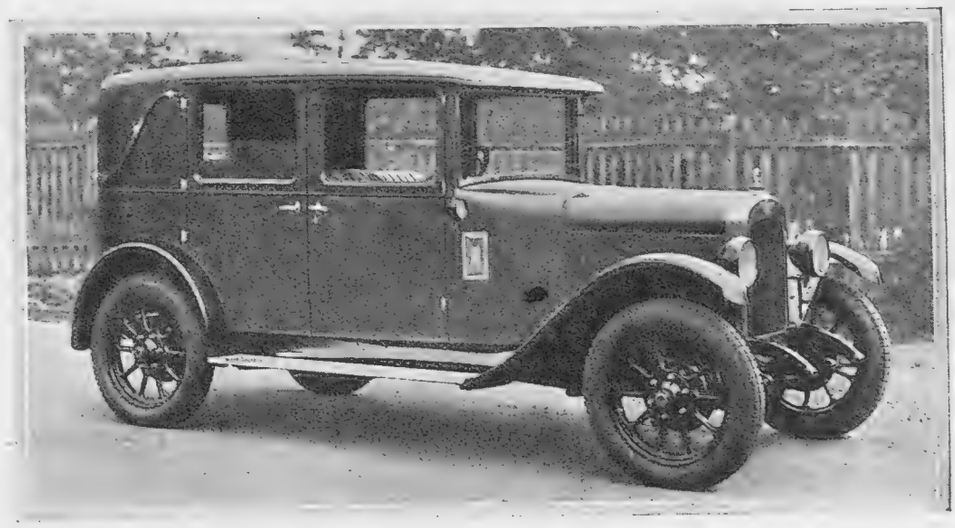
Smaller Cars.

PASSING to the smaller cars, the Riley Co. have always shown something of interest, and this year is by no means an exception to the

(*Continued overleaf.*)



25 h.p. six cylinder Sunbeam enclosed limousine.



The Austin twelve four window fabric saloon.

The Motor Show at Olympia—*contd.*

rule. Their small sports model presents many distinctive, interesting and ingenious features. Please note again the influence of road racing on the commercial design. The low centre of gravity, improved braking, and increased power output of their engine enables their sports model to be handled almost as a racing car and yet gives every degree of comfort and safety so necessary to the public buying a car of this type. The engines of the special sports model are all passed out by the successors of the late Mr. J. G. Parry Thomas at his works at Brooklands, and they enable these cars to attain a very high road speed with safety.

The Riley company were also the precursors of the tumble-home type of body in Great Britain in the commercial form. They have not made radical alterations to their body line this year beyond improving the general finish.

The Freewheel Clutch.

CLOSE to the Riley is the Alvis, with its front wheel drive Sports Model. This firm have always been the pioneers, and they are now living up to their reputation in adopting the Humfrey-Sandberg freewheel clutch, which has now been commercialised by Capt. J. S. Irving, the company's chief engineer. Much has been said of the freewheel clutch and infinitely invariable gears, but the fact remains that of them all the Humfrey-Sandberg, as far as I know, is the only one which is now a thoroughly commercial and satisfactory proposition from every point of view.

The Bentley Light Speed Six.

ON the Bentley stand you will meet some of the elite of the motoring world, particularly in racing circles. Coupled with the Sunbeam, the Bentley company has been one of the few firms in England which has consistently upheld the prestige of the British motor industry abroad in Continental races. They have never gone in for the super-efficient racing car, but confined themselves, and probably rightly for their own policy, to the production of high speed touring models together with a big six luxury car.

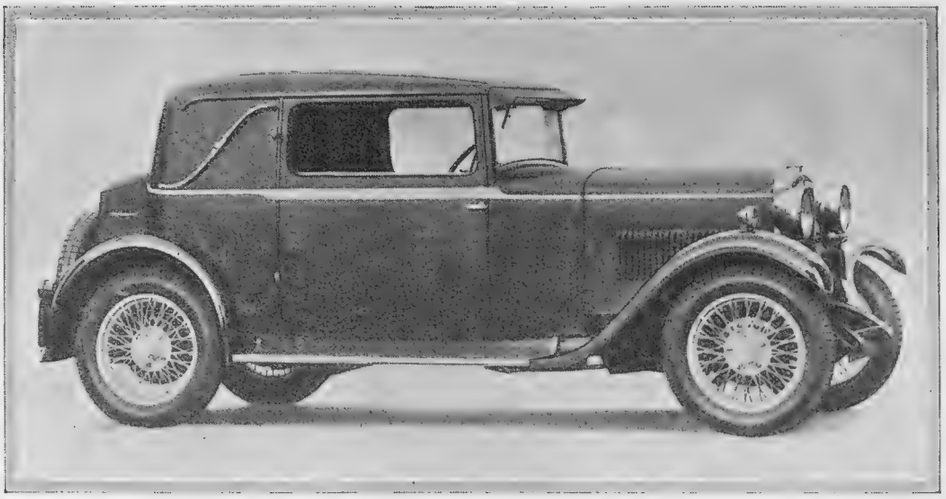
This year, however, they have put on the market a new "Light Speed Six," which certainly fulfils all one's expectations of what a really high speed touring car should be, silent, flexible and very fast. It constitutes one of the most interesting products shown at Olympia, in the high speed touring class.

I could go on mentioning individually certain cars for much longer than I am allowed to, but this year nearly all the cars shown are of such a high standard of workmanship, performance and efficiency, that it must suffice for me to mention the few that I have above, and for the reader to realise that whatever British car he buys at Olympia he will certainly have full value for his money from every point of view.

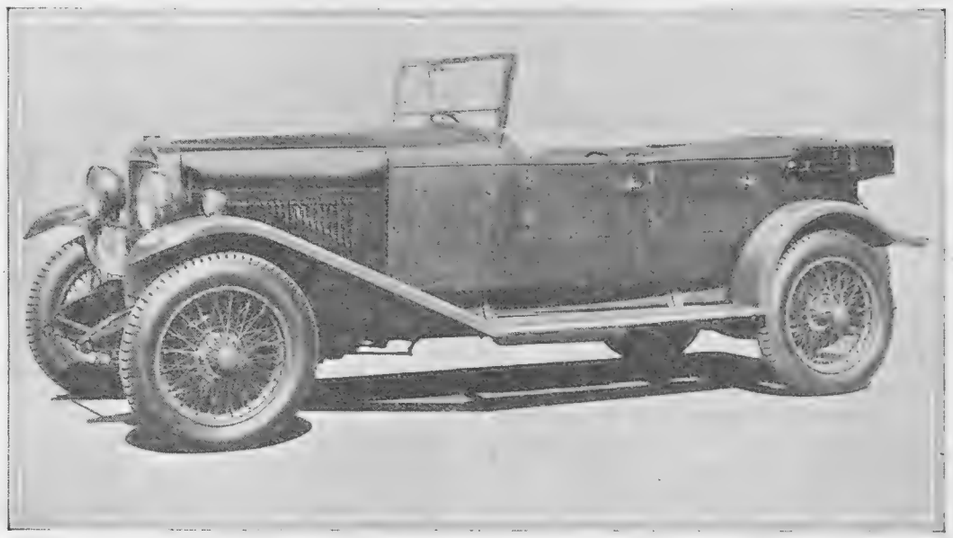
Coachwork Design.

GOING to the coachwork section one cannot say quite the same thing, and the impression which one gets is that of the many designers of bodies, few have ever left their home town, so to speak; they have apparently no idea of the trend of design abroad. And this is very clearly shown in the following way.

In Europe to-day France and Italy are undoubtedly ahead of Great Britain in one respect. The coachwork which they put on their cars is not only pleasing in appearance but it does not give one the impression that it has been designed by a mechanical engineer, and is not a square box stuck on a chassis with a few mudguards added here and there as an afterthought.



The Segrave Hillman.



14 *h.p. Hillman Husky Model.*

I wonder how many designers of some of the coachwork exhibited at Olympia would care to take their masterpieces, say, to Vienna with them. If they did I wonder whether they would get there whole!

One salient feature discovered by the foreign coachwork manufacturer is that the mudguards must be absolutely rigidly attached to the chassis. The English mudguard is very prone to droop and finally drop off like an over ripe plum if you put it to the test on Continental roads.

Room for Improvement.

THIS is a very serious fault, and one which causes annoyance to owners, and it is also a fault which is caused through ignorance of the conditions which the car is going to be called upon to meet. Here you see the needs of the overseas markets. Firms exporting cars abroad have had this criticism, and others like it, levelled at them for many years and they have rectified it. It is the body manufacturers who do not realise that a feature such as this plays a very important part in their sales.

Unoriginal Design.

ANOTHER point which strikes me, looking at the bigger and better known coachbuilders, is the "stagnation" of design—if I may use such a phrase. There is nothing new or novel or original from the point of view of lines.

Of all the body-builders exhibiting at Olympia, the stand having most appeal is that of Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley. Here you see the progressive mind of Mr. W. E. Rootes, the owner of the firm. Their exhibits on the Rolls Phantom and Bentley Chassis are harmonious in line, excellent in finish, and strong in execution. I do not say that their finish is any better than any of the other "Big Four" coach-builders, but their lines appeal to me personally more because, I think that you will agree that they are more up-to-date. It is a curious feature that to find originality and modernity of line one has to go to the smaller coach-builders.

Possibly this is because they are not so well established as the older firms and therefore the struggle for existence for them is harder. Consequently they have to pay greater attention to detail and "up-to-dateness" in order to appeal to the public.

The Weymann company's exhibit illustrates what I mean regarding Continental conditions. The salient point of their bodies is the sturdy construction, enabling them to withstand all the shocks they are likely to receive under foreign conditions.

I would also recommend people to examine closely the "Tôle-Souple" or patent leather finish on the fabric exhibits. So like has this become to metal panels that it is really hard to tell the difference unless one actually touches the body in question.

Regarding Weymanns, this Olympia might almost be classed as a triumph for Weymann construction, proved by the large number of firms now listing Weymann bodies as standard has increased ovar any Show previously staged

Auto Suggestions

THE PARKING MUDDLE

Winter Motoring

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

ONE day only remains of the Motor Show, and I think the general opinion is that this has been the most successful exhibition of its kind that has ever been held. When one considers that after all the Motor Show is only a trade show just like many another, and yet draws many thousands of visitors from all over the country, and indeed from all over the world, some idea of the immense popular interest which is taken in motor-cars and motoring can be obtained.

The constant, surging throng, it must be remembered, is composed, for the most part, of purely private individuals having no commercial interest in the subject of the show; some are merely curious sightseers, but the vast majority are there with the single purpose of spending money—either then or in the immediate future.

At what other trade show does one find conditions even remotely approaching those of the motor exhibition? And, with all those thousands positively aching to be parted from their hard-earned cash, what is the matter with the motor industry? The obvious reply is "It's all right!" The industry has had its troubles, many of them sufficiently serious, since the war, but on the evidence of this year's Olympia it must be quite clear to everyone that the longed-for condition of stability has been generally reached.

The Lessons of the Show.

Stability in finance is accompanied by stability in design, and I think that one of the principal things which the show has taught us is that there is unlikely to be any sensational development to cause an upheaval in the future. There is always the possibility, of course, that some totally new system of power production or transmission may be discovered; but the ground on which such finds might be made has been very thoroughly prospected, and I do not think that this is a possibility which we need fear, or hope, for, according to the point of view. The motor-car of to-day is so efficient, reliable, economical and simple that it is difficult to imagine directions in which anything more than the honest, steady detail improvement of the past few years could be made.

From the personal point of view of the motor-car user, the position is very satisfactory. He has a thoroughly good car which entirely pleases him, except perhaps in a few small details, and he is assured that no reason other than a personal desire for change will render it necessary to dispose of the car before a reasonably calculated system of depreciation and allowance has wiped out the original capital cost. Car purchase, therefore, has reached the stage where it may be regarded as a sound investment, rather than a risky speculation or an expensive luxury.

The Parking Muddle.

Other aspects of the motoring question are unfortunately far less satisfactory. I will not harp upon the general problem of traffic congestion, though this is rapidly reaching the stage of tragedy. Town parking, however, is another matter in which wholesale revision of existing methods is urgently needed. Any stranger driving through London must be impressed by the vast amount of open space of which no use whatever is made. Londoners know that in each case there may be a reason why such spaces are wasted—objection of householders in the London squares, for instance, to the destruction of the air of peace which so strongly characterises those squares. But that is pure sentiment in the majority of cases, and even allowing that sentiment and the maintenance of property values must be considered, there are many ways out of the difficulty. Others, no doubt, could be just as easily dealt with. But the plain fact of the matter is that something must be done for the public good, even though individual interests, sentimental or commercial, suffer slightly.

Parking and the Parks.

It is not only the private individual who must come down from the splendid isolation of his pedestal, but the authorities themselves—the Office of Works, for instance. What possible objection can there be to the use of many absolutely wasted spaces in the parks themselves as motor parking places? I can quite believe that members of clubs backing on to the Mall would resist any attempt to encroach upon the austerity of their precincts, but there is something over a third of a mile of splendid wide roadway between St. James's Palace and the Admiralty Arch where a single line of cars could be parked *en echelon*, with their backs to the kerb, without causing the slightest inconvenience to anyone.

The road is so wide and the traffic so light that even the necessary manœuvring into position could be carried out without interference, and there is a space for considerably more than two hundred cars. Then, again, just inside Hyde Park there is a large triangular space, with its base towards the Marble Arch, upon which there is never a wheel track. Just how many cars this could accommodate I cannot say offhand, but its utilisation would not only serve to lighten the parking problem, but would be actually beneficial in splitting up the different lines of traffic and eliminating the confusion which sometimes exists at this point.

Away with Sentiment!

There are no doubt several, or even many, such places where cars could be parked, but are not parked. In each case there are reasons which, up to the present, have appeared thoroughly sound, why such spaces have not been utilised. But in view of the crying, national necessity for constantly extended parking facilities, is it not time that we revised our opinions on the adequacy of the reasons that have been put forward for exemption? Exemption in the war, and in other serious matters, demands defensive argument; why not in this? Car parking, expressed baldly like that, does not sound awe-inspiring or nationally important. But, as a matter of fact, I defy anyone to name a single phase of commercial life, that is—not more or less affected by the traffic congestion problem.

The parking of cars while their owners are engaged, either in temporary calls, or in their daily avocations, is a major part of the problem. Something must be done about it obviously. There is no need to explain my use of the word "obviously." Every motorist knows; most non-motorists (if there are any left) know, that the defect in our modern civilisation which is most seriously responsible for the holding up of development is traffic congestion. Well, the parking problem, then. What about the parks—the Royal parks and the public parks? May we use them? I suggest that it is up to the Office of Works.

Who is Responsible?

The Office of Works will, of course, reply that it is beneath their dignity to do anything in the matter until they have been officially consulted. And when they have been consulted they will demand notice of the question, in true Parliamentary style. I don't blame them. It is a big thing to defy etiquette and custom. And in such a case it is customary that the exemption from use should be prayed for by those authorities who are most concerned. Well, let us try to be constitutional. Who is most concerned with the problem of traffic congestion? I shall answer: The Royal Automobile Club. You, possibly, will say the Police.

I think we are both right; but at any rate

(*Continued overleaf.*)

A belated motorist who has exceeded her time limit.

Auto Suggestions—*contd.*

either the R.A.C. and the A.A., or the Home Office—or, better, all—should approach the Office of Works on the subject of the use of the various parks as motor-car parking places. It is a national question, a vital question, and it is a question which can be solved in part by the throwing open of certain portions of the parks, under police supervision, as car parking places.

Winter Touring.

Just because the sun rises later and sets earlier, and hasn't the same vitality when it is out of bed, is no reason why we shouldn't be able to enjoy the use of our motor-cars, as well as taking advantage of their convenience for business purposes. Those who insist upon a fully-closed saloon because the number of days when the weather in this country is such that an open car is essential, probably do not realise how many pleasant days there are during the alleged-to-be dead season. And those who have open cars—some of them, anyway—think to save money by laying their vehicles up for the winter.

The number of motorists who adopt this plan is steadily and not so slowly, becoming smaller. They realise that the saving of the tax for three or six months, a matter of less than ten pounds for the full period, for the majority of cars, is more than counterbalanced by the loss of the convenience of a car constantly available. Even financially, I doubt if it can often be shown to be worth while. Taxi and train fares, which would not otherwise have been incurred, may easily alone wipe out the saving; and, in many cases there is the loss of business, which could have been transacted with the aid of the car, to be considered. In any case, the business end of the question is one for individual consideration; but the loss of the convenient and cosy means of transport is not; it is a matter of universal importance.

Precautions During Storage.

Still, there will no doubt always be people who would rather not be bothered with a car, no matter what the cost, during the winter time. For these, it may be advisable to suggest a certain degree of care in the drydocking of the car for three months or so. The parts most likely to suffer are the tyres, the accumulators, and the bright metal work.

If there is available a dark storage space with an equable temperature—neither hot nor cold—it is better to remove the tyres altogether from the rims, and leave the car propped up in some manner for its close season.

In the New Forest. The Rufus Stone.

Even though it is not possible to take the tyres off and store them in this way, the car should be jacked up as to all four wheels, in order to take the load off the covers. If sunlight can enter the motor-house, and there is any likelihood of its striking on the tyres at any time of the day, they should be covered up to protect them from the direct rays.

If such precaution is not taken, and if reasonable care is not exercised to prevent the tyres from perishing, there will be no question as to the relative economy of using or storing the car during the winter months! A set of new tyres, to replace those which have perished, will cost more than a six months' licence for most cars.

Enjoyable Winter Runs.

Although pleasure motoring in an open car seems to apply only to warm and sunny weather, many a thoroughly enjoyable run may be taken at any time throughout the autumn and winter, and I think that in time the majority of motorists will come to the conclusion that the small sum saved in taxation by putting the car into dry dock for three months or so at the wrong end of the year does not compensate for the inconvenience and loss of pleasure caused by the unavailability of the car.

And of the many runs that may be indulged in on a fine autumn day, I know of none more pleasant than a trip through the New Forest districts. One seems to get right into the heart of the tradition of England, and, hackneyed though it may be, the Rufus Stone possesses a palpitating significance—if one is in the right mood. Those who do not know these districts should be warned to keep a sharp look out for roaming forest ponies, and at this time of year to remember the danger of skidding on the carpet of fallen leaves which often covers the road.

Protecting the Nickel.

Before putting the car away, it should be thoroughly cleaned, especially as to all bright metal work. This may be lightly vaselined to prevent it from becoming tarnished, or a mixture may be made of equal parts of linseed oil and methylated spirits and lightly applied to the vulnerable parts. This has almost the effect of lacquering the nickel, but is more easily removed than real lacquer would be. There are several "dopes" on the market which may be used, but I cannot conscientiously recommend them. They are of a cellulose nature, and certainly form a protective coating—which, unfortunately, it is my experience, is almost impossible to remove completely.

But, after all, what a pity it is to put the car away, even for three months. There are so many days on which long and enjoyable runs may be taken, so much beauty left in the countryside in spite of the withering touch of winter, and so little real economy effected that I doubt whether very many motorists actually do lay their cars up. Those who do probably fear the wet and sometimes slippery roads as much as anything, but the best precaution against skidding, apart from careful driving, is the use of sound tyres. Covers on which the tread has worn almost smooth are distinctly dangerous, and should be replaced. They can be put aside and used as spares in finer weather, but in winter time it certainly pays to be well shod.

Leaf-strewn corners need to be treated with care with even the newest of tyres; and one other little point—that water splash which you have known during the summer as harmless may not be so later on, when rains have swollen the stream which feeds it. Treat it with respect, therefore, until you know it is safe.

South for Sunshine.

Nothing that I can say will disguise the fact that our climate leaves a little to be desired in winter-time, and to those who are not content with the occasional fine day, I would like to suggest the idea of a tour to the south of France. The Riviera will supply in sunshine that which England lacks, and there is no easier run than the long trek down to Monte Carlo, even if it happens to be the tourist's first experience of motoring abroad.

The Harbour, Monte Carlo.

WATER SPEED

Miss America VII and Miss America V racing in a storm.

THE BRUCE CHANNEL CUP

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce.

THOUGH one might think that the outboard season is drawing to a close, I have learned with interest that the clubs are considering the possibility of continuing to hold their meetings throughout the year. For those who do not mind the risk of a rather colder bath than usual, it is pleasing to know that they will be able to continue to indulge in the fascinating sport.

The question of suitable locations for hydroplane meetings is becoming serious. The Welsh Harp, at Hendon, seems to be lost to us, for I hear that, not content with depriving this popular if somewhat odorous lake of its water in order to feed the canal, there is now actually a proposal to build upon it!

Edgbaston Reservoir, near Birmingham, and other similar sheets of water nearer London are regarded with longing eyes by outboard enthusiasts, but the most interesting suggestion that I have heard at all is that a water track should be constructed at Brooklands inside the car track, and the water of the River Wey turned into it.

There is not, as a rule, any lack of water at Brooklands as it is, and I think there might be something in this idea of advantage both to the Brooklands Club and to outboardists.

Hush, Hush.

A BOOM in outboard hydroplaning is confidently predicted for next season, and I have it on very good authority that a famous firm of British car manufacturers is contemplating the mass production of both hulls and engines. Good luck to them, for if this programme is carried out in time for next season, Britain will have a chance at last of being well in on the ground floor to meet foreign competition.

The Bruce Channel Cup.

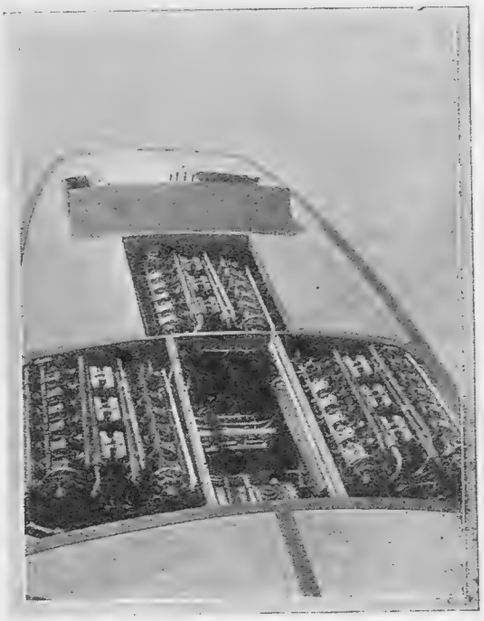
ARRANGEMENTS for the timing of any attempts to gain the Bruce Channel Cup, offered for the fastest time which beats the existing record for the double crossing of the Channel from Dover to Calais and back before the end of the year are temporarily held up, pending the decision of a leading motor-boating organisation which has been asked to undertake the matter.

The timing of such an event presents considerable difficulty, since an attempt must often be made without more than a few minutes' notice, in order to take advantage of tide and water conditions. I hope that the decision will not be long delayed, and when the official conditions are available, they will be published in full in BRITANNIA.

Weather Protection.

THOSE who propose to continue the use of their boats during the winter, with a view to improving efficiency ready for the higher speeds that are certain to be made next year might devote a thought to the screening of the sparking plugs and high tension wires from the disastrous effects of spray and water.

Even on inland waters considerable trouble is experienced from this cause where no special effort is made to protect the plugs, but the salt in sea water aggravates the matter considerably. The Channel crossing, for instance, would be practically impossible, and I consider that the ingenious detachable screen which I used was largely responsible for the success of the attempt.



Sea Power.

World's Speed Record.

As the world's water speed record now stands at something over 92 miles an hour, it is obvious that really strenuous efforts will be necessary to beat it.

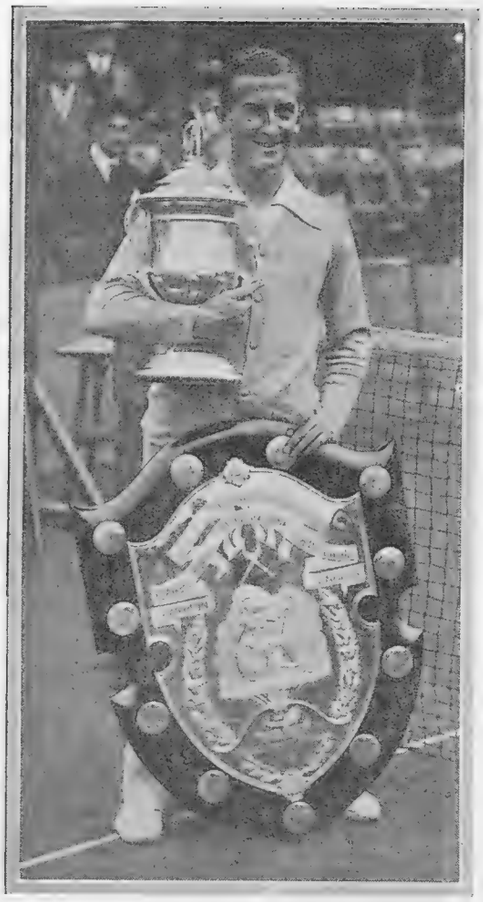
I hope to see that "famous racing motorist" who is reputed to be preparing a speed boat capable of 100 m.p.h. carry out his plans, for, unfortunately, at the recent meeting in America the only British representative, Miss Betty Carstairs, came to grief.

I am able to publish two exclusive photographs taken in connection with the American meeting. The picture of the three-engined boat in particular emphasizes the magnitude of the task before the speed boat builder who hopes to beat the record.

Outboard Motor Racing at Chiswick.

The World's Professional Lawn Tennis Championship.

By F. GORDON LOWE.



R. Ramillon—Winner of the Lawn Tennis Professional Championship, and the Britannia Shield.

A Very Real Success.

THE World's Professional Lawn Tennis Championships, which came to a close last Monday at Queen's Club with the final of the singles between Ramillon and E. Burke, was voted on all sides a very real success. True, the attendance was disappointing, but it was probably as good as the promoters expected at their initial venture and for the time of year. There is no doubt that the public by staying away missed one of the greatest tennis treats of their lives. As the event gets better known they will turn up in their hundreds and then in their thousands. As it was, there were many well-known amateurs present to cheer the professionals on in their important matches.

Britannia's Contribution.

At the close Major Cooper Key, surrounded by competitors and committee men, presented the three beautiful BRITANNIA shields to the first world champions. The biggest to R. Ramillon, winner of the singles championship, and the two smaller ones to A. Burke and Najuch, the respective winners of the doubles.

Mr. Frankau sent along a cheque for £300, BRITANNIA's contribution to the cash prizes. It was a very distinguished gathering containing everyone of note in the professional world except Kozeluh, Richards and Kinsey. It is confidently expected that these three delinquents will come next year to complete the picture.

Ramillon, Albert and Edmund Burke.

The championships were dominated by the four well-known Cannes professionals, Ramillon, Albert and Edmund Burke and Najuch, a Frenchman, two Irishmen and a Pole respectively. Incidentally, before the Meeting began, the Burkes and Ramillon decided to pool their prizes. In the end therefore, the Carlton trio had won exactly £322 10s. between them, which made their trip very much worth while.

Things, however, did not go by any means according to plan; instead of Albert Burke being the star turn it was Ramillon, his young nineteen-year-old assistant, who astonished the world and the experts at Queen's. On the Continent, Albert Burke, the holder of the Bristol Cup in 1924 and 1925, is a forceful hitter and no mean volleyer; at Queen's, perhaps owing to the slower conditions, he became ultra-defensive in all his matches except for a few purple patches in the doubles. Burke had a tremendous set-to with Richter, a sturdy little German, who is a pugnacious player of the baseline variety. The Irishman had an excellent chance of gaining a 4-2 lead in a critical third set. Richter, however, was yielding nothing, and in the end fought his way out to victory cleverly by three sets to one.

In a way, Najuch's form was disappointing; his devastating drives were not finding their mark quite as they do in Berlin or at Cannes. All the same, it was remarkable that Edmund Burke, who is of slight build, in striking contrast to his elder brother's massive frame, by clever finesse should overcome this hefty Pole in five close sets. This victory is one of the best tennis feats that Edmund has ever accomplished, and proves once more that brawn is by no means the chief factor in winning tennis matches.

Ramillon was truly the discovery of this professional meeting. He is a most attractive player and employs a taking little flourish when preparing for each stroke; his backhand is a little reminiscent of Lacoste and his volleying not unlike that of Cochet's.

Ramillon's Victory.

In his final against Edmund Burke, whom he beat by 6—1, 6—3, 5—7, 6—4, Ramillon played masterful lawn tennis worthy of the occasion. He was scoring beautiful winners including many perfectly-played drop shots all round the court. Burke made his great effort in the third set. From then on it was a tremendous struggle until Ramillon had won his opponents' service in failing light in the tenth game of the fourth set to give him the match. Everyone was loud in their praise of Ramillon. Edmund Burke, too, has improved enormously.

Queen's Club to the Fore.

Three professionals from Queen's Club did reasonably well; the clever googlies of Read, for instance, seemed to nonplus Najuch completely for a time, and the British champion is to be congratulated on winning the first set from his formidable rival. Against Albert Burke, Maskell should certainly have secured the second set. This young Englishman only needs more match experience and better control; he has plenty of time before him. Just a little below Maskell comes Dear, who did well to run E. Burke to 8—6 in the first set of their match.

The Doubles Championship.

The best contest in the doubles fittingly came at the end when Albert Burke and Najuch just conquered Ramillon and Edmund Burke on the post. It was a thrilling encounter in which the losers really deserved to win, if only because of their brilliant display during the first two sets. Edmund Burke missed a golden opportunity of winning the match for his side in the fourth set. Ramillon gave a dazzling display in every department of the game; his serving, smashing and volleying being delightful. Because of his gruelling against Najuch, Edmund Burke was visibly done towards the closing stages and Albert, through anxiously watching his brother's single in the morning, had his eye right out at the start! It was indeed only through a superhuman effort on the part of Najuch that the latter was on the winning side.

Value of Training.

The professionals certainly enjoyed every minute of their game; indeed it would not have been possible to see a finer set of sportsmen than those gathered together at Queen's last week. As with the amateurs, it was the game itself that counted above all else.

A possible lesson which the professionals might be able to teach a good many amateurs except Lacoste, Tilden and a few others, is the value of training.

On the whole the method of allowing the competitors to select their own make of ball for a particular match or to decide it by tossing was not really popular. Next year it would certainly be fairer for all concerned if a particular make of ball was definitely settled on beforehand.

Congratulations and Criticism.

Major Traill, the honorary referee, is to be congratulated on the way he piloted the meeting through. The committee men, Captain Rogers, Heirons, Jones and Read, in particular gave him good assistance.

Next year it might be advisable for the management to spend a little of their funds on advertising the meeting. A good publicity agent is clearly wanted in 1929. The date must also be changed; October is, of course, too late for an open-air tournament. Early in September would be more suitable, or what is wrong with the end of April, the beginning of a new season? Some were even suggesting the week before or the week after Wimbledon!

As the entries were restricted to forty-eight players it was rather a pity that a few of those entered were obliged to scratch, thereby keeping others out who would have been able to play.

It is not easy to gauge the respective merits of these professionals and the best amateurs, although it was a question often cropping up last week. Many people, for instance, wanted to know how Austin would fare against Ramillon, a conundrum that at present cannot be answered, although it is possible that the more robust game of the professional would prevail.

In doubles, as judged by the highest amateur standards, the professionals' court positions must be improved. Their double last Saturday was very spectacular, chiefly because all four men from force of habit were playing their volleys from fairly far back. The amateurs stand closer up, which introduces more close quarter volleying and might give them an advantage.

Our best amateurs would have no difficulty in beating our best professionals, but they would have few backers against a team selected from Ramillon, Albert and Edmund Burke, Najuch and Richter. There are indeed very few amateur sides who could beat this combination. Let the professionals be reinforced by Kozeluh and Richards and they would severely test any Davis Cup team in the world, including the four musketeers from France.

KAPP GOES TO QUEEN'S CLUB

C. R. Read
(*England*)

Albert Burke
(*Irish-French*)

Evans Baillie Noel
Secretary, Queen's Club

Personalities at the Professional Tennis Tournament

Najuch (*Poland*)

Negro (*Italy*)

WEIGHED IN

By "Blackfriar"

SPORTSMEN in general and racing men in particular, no matter how humble their station in life, will unite in congratulating Lord Lonsdale on his appointment as a Knight of the Garter. Lord Lonsdale stands for all that is good in sport to-day as he has stood for nearly half a century.

On the Turf there is no more popular figure. He treats everyone alike, and whether chatting with his compeers or exchanging a word with "Old Kate," the quaint old race-card seller, who is almost as familiar a figure as his lordship himself, the same cheery, breezy spirit of good fellowship animates him. "The finest example of what a sportsman should be," I once heard some one remark. A more apt description could hardly be applied.

Lord Derby's Record.

There is no greater lottery in the world than the breeding of racehorses. No matter how much capital one invests or how carefully one selects one's stallions and mares success cannot be commanded without a big slice of luck.

The good fortune that has attended Lord Derby's colours in recent years is really amazing. In the course of the last decade he has won seven English Classics, innumerable big handicaps and trophies, and in stakes money a fortune. In the last three years alone his winnings have totalled something like a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Of this sum over sixty thousand has been won this season, and there is every reason to anticipate that before the curtain is rung down at Manchester next month all records will have been broken.

A Lean Prospect.

It is too much to expect such phenomenal success to continue, and next season it is possible a comparative slump will set in. Stanley House, for once in a way, has failed to produce a first-class two-year old. Easily the best of those seen out is Ann Hathaway, and she is not home-bred, having been purchased as a yearling by Lord Derby for one thousand guineas. Moreover, she is in none of the Classics.

What a contrast to last season, which gave us Fairway, Toboggan and Pharamond, the last of whom was good enough to win the Middle Park Stakes—generally styled the "two year-old championship"—last October!

Toboggan as Champion.

I see, by the way, that Mr. Dawkins, in compiling the new Free Handicap for three-year olds, has placed Toboggan only one pound below her stable companion Fairway. That is tantamount to declaring Toboggan champion of her year, as, of course, in any race other than a handicap, she would be entitled to three pounds sex allowance. Quite a lot of people will agree with this view, myself among the number.

Photo Roach.

Mr. Reid Walkers' Delius. Will he repeat the performance of Verdict in the Cambridgeshire?

Arabella Again.

When Arabella only just scrambled home in front of Reedsmouth and The Black Abbot at Doncaster it looked as if she might not be quite the smasher anticipated. But after her striking victory in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton her stock has touched high-water mark again. To the casual observer it looked as if she was all out to win, but Joe Childs really did not have to press her unduly to keep Cavendo at bay. No one was more impressed by her performance than the Manton people, who made no secret of the fact that they thought Cavendo would be the one to sully Arabella's unbeaten record.

Whether she is as good as Lord Ellesmere's Tiffin is still open to doubt, and apparently the point will have to remain in abeyance until next season when the pair can meet in the One Thousand Guineas. Gordon Richards, who has steered Tiffin each time she has run, has never ridden a classic winner. He should achieve his ambition next May.

Delius's Defeat.

So Delius did not quite do the trick for us. Only in the last few strides was he "Rob"-bed of victory; but he was beaten nevertheless. I thought Graves took things a little too easily at the finish. It looked as though he was caught unawares by the very astute Fox. Graves explained afterwards that Mr. Reid Walker objects to the whip being applied to his horses. A very laudable sentiment; but it probably cost him the Duke of York Handicap.

Abbots Speed, as I anticipated, was beaten by his weight. He ran well enough for seven furlongs and then began to lose ground. The fact that he was struck into and somewhat damaged was not the cause of his defeat. He was well beaten before this happened.

The Cambridgeshire.

Delius will now loom up as a big possibility for the Cambridgeshire, in which Graves will again have the mount. I do not consider, however, that Delius has the necessary stamina. Lack of it brought about his defeat in the race of two years ago and for which he started favourite. It is a gruelling nine furlongs this Cambridgeshire—a dead straight course with a rising finish; a stiffer test, in my opinion, than the Kempton mile and a quarter, for example.

I intend to deal with the Cambridgeshire fully next week, however, when I expect my final selection for the race will be made from the many high-class three-year-olds engaged, like Sunny Trace, Gang Warily and Guards' Parade.

Costaki Pasha.

By the time these lines are in print the Middle Park Stakes will have been run and we shall know whether Reedsmouth, The Black Abbot, Reflector or Costaki Pasha has established himself as the best two-year-old colt in training. If Costaki Pasha has gained the honour I shall be in no way surprised. This Whatcombe colt has certainly inherited the speed of his dam, Cos, and if Gainsborough has been equally successful in transmitting stamina to his son it is well within the bounds of possibility that the owner of the Derby winner of 1929 will be H.H. the Prince Aga Khan.

Reflector may have been kept in reserve for the Prendergast Stakes to-day, in which case I shall expect him to confirm the superiority to Mr. Jinks which he displayed at the First October meeting.

The finish of The Duke of York's Handicap at Kempton. Rob winning from Delius.

Weekend Selections.

FRIDAY—NEWMARKET.

Southfield Stakes.—Kindred.
Exning Welter Handicap.—Saint Fortunat.
Royal Stakes.—Lodore.
Prendergast Stakes.—Reflector, if abs., Mr. Jinks.
Kennett Stakes.—Golden Oracle.

SATURDAY—LINGFIELD PARK.

Rustic S. Nursery Handicap—Brasier.
Cage S. Plate.—Pounce.
Lingfield Autumn Oaks.—Toboggan, if abs., Bagatelle.
Lingfield Handicap.—Golden Chalice.
October Nursery Handicap—Cherrypicker.
Non-Stayers' Plate.—Royal Crusader.

FRIDAY—CATTERICK BRIDGE.

Hartforth Nursery Plate.—Uncle Dick.
Leyburn Handicap Plate.—Sessay Wood.
Kiplin S. Handicap.—Eventide.

SATURDAY—CATTERICK BRIDGE.

Bridge Handicap Plate.—Nicolette.
Croft S. Nursery.—Royal Emerald f.
Frenchgate Handicap Plate.—Wypo.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

THE VALUE of PRACTICE

By Gerard Fairlie

A Parable.

A BIG game hunter, out on an expedition by himself, pitched his tent in a convenient clearing, and went out for a stroll after his evening meal. Suddenly a feeling that he was not alone came over him; he looked round sharply, nervously. To his horror he found that the space between him and his tent, in which he had left his rifle, was occupied by an enormous tiger.

He was unarmed, he could do nothing. The tiger leapt at him. He ducked, and running rapidly back to his tent he reappeared a moment later with his rifle.

At first he could not see the tiger. Then, in a far corner of the clearing, he caught sight of it.

It was practising low jumps.

That tiger knew its business. It had jumped—and failed. No second failure was going to occur if by practice it could be avoided.

The American professionals—they are tigers all—who visited Hoylake for a recent championship found that their natural style of approach shot, that high pitch with back spin which makes the ball bite into the ground on landing, was unsuited to the course as it was then. The prevailing weather conditions after a long drought had made the course play so fast that even they could not prevent a ball landing on the green from rushing madly over into the rough beyond, master pitchers though they all are. Obviously there was only one thing for it; approaches had to be played according to the traditional Scottish method, pitched a short distance only and made to run along the ground. But none of them was conversant with this method.

So while the British professional continued to play two rounds per diem with his friends, out they all trooped to practise, and for two days those men scarcely hit a shot except that pitch and run.

Later came the reward. That year the American invasion was entirely successful.

But Let Us Be Fair.

If our professionals did likewise, they could be as great as their American friends. That they are not is due entirely to the almost complete absence of any intelligent practice in their daily routine. The ability is there all right, but to win a championship ability must be allied to practice. What about Cruickshank, Tommy Armour and a host of others whose names are now household words? They are domiciled in America certainly, but these men learnt their golf in this country and only learnt to practise in America.

What I am about to write now I write in support of the British professional golfer. I assert that he is much maligned, particularly just after each championship when startling headlines proclaim his latest "failure." But, . . .

The British professional is often expected to look after the course of his club, and always expected to teach and play with its members, quite apart from supplying them with well-made clubs of all descriptions. In America all that most clubs ask of their professional is that he should journey far and wide, bringing reflected glory to them by winning some district championship.

You can't have it both ways, and I am convinced that ours is the better. What does it matter who wins the championship? Championships are, after all, only for the skilful few. The professional golfer is the servant of golf, and as such the servant of those who run his club. Who are they? Why, that great host of long handicap players who form the backbone of the game.

Please, all you members of this backbone, don't talk so glibly of the deterioration in British professional golf! If you do you are displaying only your own selfish thoughtlessness. *You* expect your professional to help *you*, and you are quite right. With the best pleasure in the world he will, but it is only human nature for him to resent aspersions on his play when *you* are responsible for the situation which you criticise.

"Golf Illustrated" and Steel Shafts.

I REMARKED the week before last on the decision of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club with regard to steel shafts. This paragraph provoked a letter from *Golf Illustrated*, which, in compliance with a request on their part for equal publicity, was published in last week's Open Forum. There is therefore nothing more to be said on the matter, excepting for me to state that steel shafts are an unfortunate but inevitable necessity for sometime in the future. Luckily, however, that time has not yet come.

T. H. Cotton and America.

It has been known for some time that T. H. Cotton, one of our most promising professionals of the younger set if not the most promising of all, intended to spend some of the winter months making a playing tour of the United States. This in itself would be good news, for the more experience a man like Cotton gets, the better will he become. But, unfortunately, we have grown suspicious of these tours, particularly when they concern a young and well-known British professional. They have a way of developing into the means whereby his talent is lost to us and is acquired by the Americans.

Consider the facts: retaining fees paid by American clubs are very much higher than those paid by British clubs, there are many more competitions to be played for with the resultant increase in prize money which talent can obtain (and be it said that these prizes are of greater sums than are offered over here); and, thirdly, the life of a professional in America is considerably more easy than the life led by his fellow in this country. An American professional is encouraged to go in for as many of these competitions as he feels inclined to, whereas an English club frowns on its professional should he absent himself too often from his ordinary duties in search of playing fame.

The temptation for a man like Cotton to remain in America is therefore obvious, and provided the situation remains unaltered who can blame him if he does?

W. L. Hartley and R. W. Hartley, winners of the London Golf Foursomes at Addington.

The London Amateur Foursomes.

The London Amateur Foursomes, a competition in which golf clubs of the London area compete with each other annually, takes an important place in the golfing calendar. In the first place the playing strength of the clubs concerned is proverbial, and the golf served up is good; secondly, each club is represented by its two best available men, and, thirdly, the competition is played in that most delightful of all forms of golf, the two-ball foursome.

This year's event, which has just taken place at Addington, provided some runaway victories, some interesting matches, some very good golf, and some very bad shots. But, outstanding above all these necessities to any golfing meeting, this year provided as gallant a performance on the part of two elderly gentlemen as one could well wish to see.

No doubt Bernard Darwin and Edward Blackwell, the pair that represented Woking, are feeling a pleasant sensation of something achieved, but the whole of that large community of London golfers are sharing in their pleasure, for what can be more pleasant to witness than such a valiant effort? I have referred to this pair as a couple of elderly gentleman: I was actuated partly by the extreme youth of their opponents in the final, which made me forget for a moment that really neither Bernard Darwin nor Edward Blackwell is in the least old in golfing years, and certainly not at all in spirit.

I think that everyone, these days, is too much inclined to discount mature experience for the dash and flash of youth. That is why I am personally so delighted that Woking reached the final, and with all respect to the brothers Hartley am sorry that Woking's illustrious pair

(*Continued overleaf*)

Through the Fairway—*continued*

did not succeed in negotiating that last hurdle. For the truth must be told: Chislehurst, represented by Rex and Lister Hartley, and profiting by a natural sense of fatigue on the part of their more aged opponents, rather made a mess of Woking in the final. True, they played admirably to do so, as these two brothers playing in partnership are so capable of doing. But they must forgive me if on this occasion I devote more space to the doings of the vanquished than the victors, since I shall have plenty of opportunities of lauding their achievements in the future. Rex is no better than Lister, Lister no better than Rex, and they are both so good that they are bound to go on winning either in partnership or individually.

Lady Alners driving at the eighth, in the final of "Eve's" Tournament at Ranelagh.

One Road to the Final.

Bernard Darwin and Edward Blackwell started off by annihilating the Gerrards Cross couple. They then defeated Royal Wimbledon in no uncertain manner, only to find themselves up against an immensely strong and very much fancied couple in Charles Hezlet and Douglas Grant, who were playing for Royal Mid-Surrey, and playing very well. If it is true to say that they did not play quite so well against Woking as in their previous matches, it is also true to say that Woking played very well indeed.

To watch Blackwell drive was to refuse to believe that he could be a member of the Senior Society, to watch Darwin play his irons was to decline to allow that he soon will be. Woking, after as good a match as happened in the tournament, won by a single hole. Blackwell and Darwin then went on to beat Wentworth in the semi-final in a close game which produced many good shots from all the players.

In the final Chislehurst won easily. But there is a rule in golf which says: "Nothing that the player can do, after he has holed out, can deprive him of the hole or half which he has already gained." Nothing that Blackwell or Darwin did, having already reached the final, in any way dimmed the glory which was theirs.

Unexampled Inexperience.

A certain comparative tyro, playing with a tiger in the London Foursomes, found the nineteenth tee too much for him, and sliced out of bounds. His partner promptly put a long one down the middle, whereupon the tyro made quite certain of it by sending this one out of bounds as well. The tiger suggested that they might just as well return to the clubhouse, whereupon the tyro made the following startling comment: "Oh, but isn't it the best of three holes?"

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke presenting the Challenge Cups to the winners, Lady Alners (Walton Heath) and Miss R. Leetham (Canton).

The *Eve* Foursomes at Ranelagh.

The *Eve* Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, which have just been brought to a close at Ranelagh, have been as successful this year as usual, and that is to say that they have been very successful indeed. There is always a huge entry for this competition, so much so that an overflow tournament has to be held concurrently at Roehampton. The fact that the boxes of chocolates usually presented by a kindly *Eve* failed to arrive in time to be handed out on the first tee only made them better when they did arrive, and their absence had no effect on the quality of the tee shots.

This year the tournament has been noticeable for the failure of the low-handicap pairs. This is not due, as some might think, to an excessive severity on the part of the handicappers, but has been caused by the state of the course. Let me say at once that Ranelagh was in excellent condition and reflected great credit on its energetic secretary, but the dry weather which we have been enjoying made the course sufficiently fast for a short player to reach certain greens in two from the tee, whereas in normal years this task has been quite beyond her powers. Provided therefore that the high-handicapped couples avoided a too serious argument with the trees or water, they enjoyed an advantage outside the mere receipt of strokes.

Lady Alners and Miss R. Leetham won this year, playing from a handicap of ten, and they thoroughly deserved their victory. In 1925 this pair reached the semi-final, and last year they were the runners-up. Success was due to them, but they had to fight desperately hard to win. The final, in which they defeated Mrs. Crosthwaite and Mrs. Cooper only at the twentieth hole, was full of incident since the eventual winners were four up with five to play, and later dormy three. They lost each of the last three holes, however, but struggled through more dead than alive two holes later.

A very exciting final, a tournament full of good matches, and two very worthy winners. What more could *Eve* want?

Mrs. Crosthwaite (Banstead Downs) playing from a bad lie in the final of "Eve's" Foursomes at Ranelagh.

Fixture List:

October 23rd.—Pearson Trophy Final.

" *24th.—Surrey Championship, Sunningdale.*

" *25th.—Kent Ladies' Autumn Meeting, Chislehurst.*

FROM THE TOUCHLINE.

W. W. Wakefield's Impressions of German Rugby

I MET W. W. Wakefield on Tuesday within an hour or two of his return from Germany, where a London team (which included seven internationals) played Hanover on Sunday afternoon. "Hanover," incidentally, was to all intents and purposes Germany.

Wakefield (looking very fit) was delighted with the reception the team received. They were treated with the utmost hospitality, and the spectators were thoroughly appreciative of the visitors' play.

German football is still somewhat elementary in character, but Wakefield was emphatic that with more practice against first-class sides they possess infinite possibilities of development. At present they are inexperienced in the finer points of the game, and most of their movements are too obvious and stereotyped. Nor did they show sufficient enterprise in taking advantage of London's mistakes.

He criticised the German three-quarters for standing too far back, thus leaving dangerous gaps. But their tackling, he assured me, was desperately keen.

Their chief weakness was their lack of mutual support and their poor passing. They scatter too wide and they do not back up the man with ball. Consequently, their passing broke down and they resorted to kicking. Their kicking was good; but too strong. Again and again the ball was kicked into the hands of the London full-back, who wore down the German forwards with his return punts.

The forwards were sound, being especially good at the line-out, and they occasionally attempted wheeling movements. The half-backs did not combine effectively together.

I asked Wakefield if they possessed any player approaching our international standard. He said that no one player impressed him more than another; they were all hard workers and were developing their game on the right Rugby lines, and, above all, they played a thoroughly sportsmanlike game. At present they are slow to drive home their advantages, just as the French were several years ago.

It appears that, in spite of the physical culture craze that is sweeping through the Fatherland, the Germans found the pace of the game a little too hot for them! Nevertheless, they showed distinct promise, and will be welcome guests on our Rugger fields.

Blackheath v. Newport. An Unsuccessful Tackle.

Blackheath v. Newport.

Although Blackheath were somewhat humiliated at the Rectory Field by losing their first match of the season to Newport, the result was by no means a surprise to those who read something more in football than bare results. The visitors, who are a team of comparative youngsters, gave an exhilarating exhibition of that kind of all-round play that one has learned to expect from this famous club, and only at full-back could Blackheath advance any justifiable claim to be their equals. Newport's forwards provided the spectators with a consistent display of typically solid Welsh football, their work in the loose being especially good. But chief honour must be given to the Welsh halves, Griffiths and Jerman, who were always the masters of the English pair, and seemed, at times, to dominate the game.

The close short-passing combination (reverse passes, accurately taken, were plentiful) of Newport's three-quarters was effective but deceptive, in that it was brilliant in midfield, but did not actually produce a scoring machine as such. Newport's first try was due to delightful opportunism on the part of Nicholas, and the credit of the second try belonged almost entirely to Jerman, who did all the donkey work and left Herrera an easy task to score between the posts. Nevertheless, it warmed one's Rugger heart to watch these young Welsh three-quarters, whose tackling was as sure as their passing was delightful. I suggest that even the most uncomfortable journey will be well worth while to see this Newport team in action.

One can award few medals to Blackheath; they were frankly disappointing. Their forwards were clearly outplayed, their three-quarters were disjointed and Arthur Young (thanks to Jerman's close attentions) had an "off day"; but would he be Arthur Young if he were consistent? As a matter of fact Blackheath and Taylor (who was given few opportunities), in particular, sorely missed C. D. Aarvold.

Blackheath v. Newport. Conway (Blackheath) steps away.

Cambridge's Opening Match.

Aarvold, of course, was captaining Cambridge University in their opening match against Old Leysians, whom they beat by 23 points to nil. Although he did not himself score, he played the part of a true captain by his unselfishness and his constructive ability. The match was robbed of much of its value as a test of the 'Varsity's strength this term partly because the Freshmen's match had not been played, and, consequently, no "Freshers" were included in the team, and partly because the Old Leysians were definitely inferior as a side; but the game afforded a useful pipe-opener for a number of the players. Next to Aarvold

From the Touchline—*contd.*

himself, H. M. Bowcott was outstanding; he is very fast and was quick to make the most of his opportunities. If he maintains the high standard of play that he has already reached this season, he is certain of a place in the Trials; but whether at stand-off half or wing three-quarter will depend on circumstances and the will of our very able selectors. The portly Carris played satisfactorily at full-back without being highly tested.

Cambridge's visit to Twickenham to-morrow is certain to attract an interested crowd.

Association Football.

The Transfer Question.

THERE is at the moment a somewhat exaggerated outcry against the existing system of the transfer of paid players, an outcry whose very exaggeration tends to lessen its usefulness.

The difficulty of the problem lies in its uniqueness. This game of Professional Football, and this game alone, has become not only a national entertainment, but a vast financial undertaking, and the problem can only be dealt with from that point of view. The payment of swollen transfer fees, however undesirable, is a natural corollary of the vast sums that are drawn weekly from a public that insists on watching football. However much you may deplore the fact, professional Soccer has clearly become a game of big spending. If a club banks thousands of pounds of gate money in a month, it would be unreasonable (from the purely business point of view) to expect it to buy and sell its main assets for hundreds.

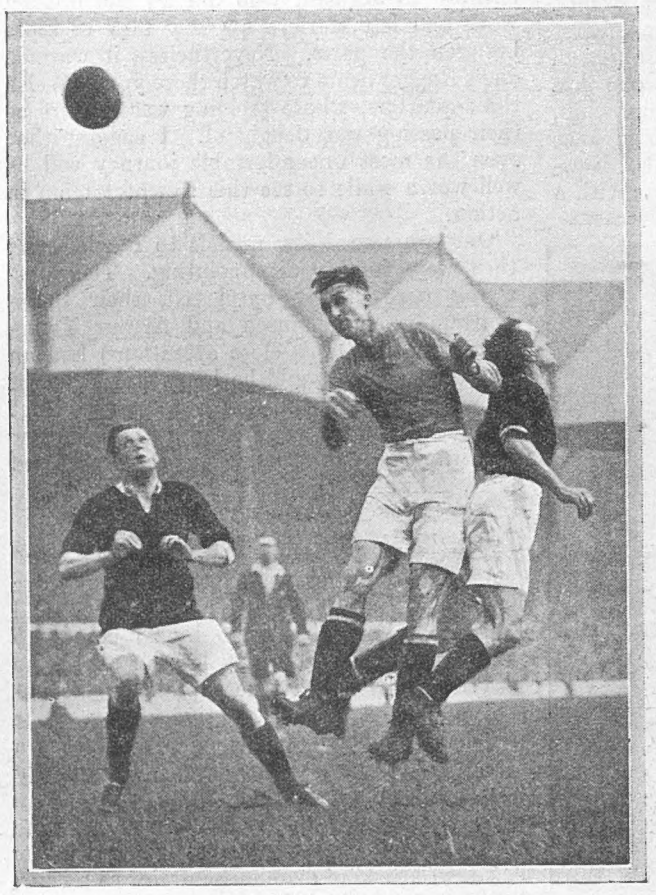
I repeat that the point to keep clearly fixed in one's mind in any examination of this subject is that professional football is no longer a game in the ordinary sense of the word, but has become a huge financial enterprise whose existence has to be recognised. The rightness or wrongness of the transfer system can in the end only be decided by the clubs. This present agitation condemns the indecent size of transfer fees, but the agitation must be illogical since it is clear that to transfer a man for £10,000 is no more immoral than to transfer him for £10—once the principle of transfer is admitted.

A contemporary who is busy attacking the transfer system states that many transfers are proper and legitimate. That is true; nevertheless, this statement constitutes an argument for the system's continuance rather than for its abolition. In such a huge commercialised sport, controlled as it is with an impartial severity that is as admirable as it is essential, it is impossible to legislate for varying degrees of virtue. It would be asking for trouble and even worse abuses would follow.

Keeping the ball in play. West Ham v. Arsenal at Highbury.

The Case of Luton.

Again, it is argued that the sytem advantages the richer clubs. But what about the advantage to the poor clubs who receive large transfer fees for some player who shows promise but has not necessarily "made good" in the highest circles and, maybe, never will? In innumerable cases the transfer system has proved a veritable godsend to the poorer clubs. Money spent in buying players may admittedly be a potent factor, but it cannot and does not guarantee success. Look at the other side of the picture—look at Luton. This time last year they were the bottom club in League 3 (South); to-day, with practically the same team and no outlay, they head the league table. In the same division Watford have spent thousands of pounds and to-day are sixteenth in the order of merit.



One beats two. West Ham (light shirt) v. Arsenal.

Unless you abolish the transfer system altogether (and I question the clubs' agreement) and play purely local players, I do not see how it is practicable to limit the size of your fee. Supposing that the ordained limit were £5,000; immediately there would be more transfers than ever. The swollen fee, the fat £10,000 cheque that has to be handed over, does at least ensure a limited number of such transactions, and, maybe, public opinion may yet have its effect. And above all, remember that no player can be transferred against his will.

So much for destructive criticism! My remedy for what is undoubtedly a growing and contagious disease is that transfers should only be allowed in the close season. At that time a club would not be in immediate danger of relegation and, consequently, the urge to buy would be infinitely less strong. In the absence of such urge, prices would be lower and transfers fewer. In my opinion, this solution suffers from fewer drawbacks and offers more advantages than any other. It at least does away with the indecent buying of players with the immediate object of winning a specific match.

The commercialisation of any sport is regrettable; but the fact remains that this game is not comparable to other games, in that one particular (that of finance) it is as a giant amongst pigmies. When (as sometimes happens) a man grows to 9 ft. we cannot prohibit the workings of nature as evinced in that particular and exceptional case, but we can regulate (if we are tactful!) his activities. We cannot prevent enormous transfer fees, because "it's the nature of the beast"; but we can regulate them by ordaining that they only take place in the close season.

The Leagues.

In that welter of inconsistency that goes by the name of League football, Blackburn Rovers are proving an exception to the general rule. At the beginning of this year they displayed an improvement in team effectiveness that culminated in their winning the Cup Final, and they have maintained that form this season; a team that can beat Huddersfield and Everton on successive Saturdays should strike its flag to few clubs. Beyond Blackburn's victory over Everton, results were generally uneventful. It is, however, worthy of record that not a single London club won its match in any of the three divisions of the League; except West Ham, who won at the expense of another London team, the Arsenal; and that Wrexham and Luton are now the only unbeaten sides, Queen's Park Rangers having fallen by the way.

Chelsea and Clapton Orient gave a splendid exhibition of consistent ballooning at Stamford Bridge. The Chelsea officials are bemoaning the fact that the grounds are hard; in that case, it is all the more important to keep the ball on the ground, since the veriest schoolboy knows that a bouncing ball is hard to control. The best play of the match was provided by the Orient in the first half, and by Turnbull in particular; he can rarely have played better. Chelsea were lucky to save the game on Saturday, and I, for one, will lose a new hat if they succeed in winning promotion to the First Division.

To-morrow's Chief Matches.

RUGBY.—*Harlequins v. Cambridge University, Blackheath v. Cardiff, Guy's Hospital v. Bristol, Newport v. Leicester.*

ASSOCIATION.—*Leeds v. Manchester City (Div. I.), West Ham v. Everton (Div. I.), Celtic v. Rangers (Scottish League).*